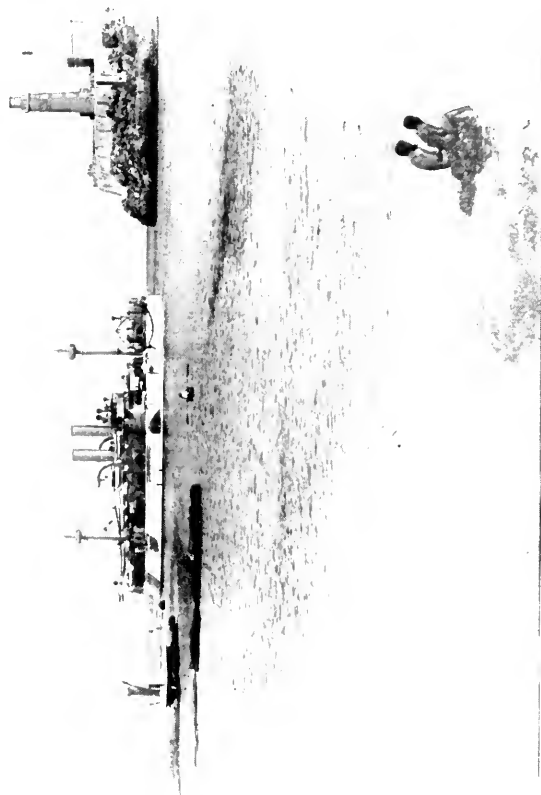


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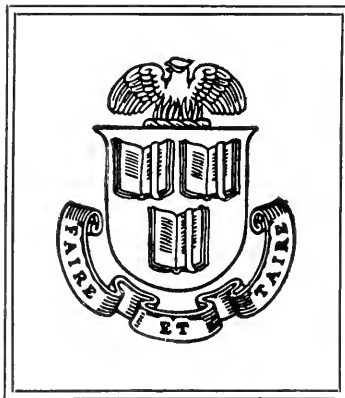


U. S. BATTLESHIP MAINE ENTERING HAVANA HARBOR

THE
Spanish-American War

The Events of the War Described
by Eye Witnesses

ILLUSTRATED



HERBERT S. STONE & COMPANY
CHICAGO AND NEW YORK

1899

NOTE

For assistance in preparing this volume the Publishers beg to acknowledge their thanks to THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, THE INDEPENDENT, MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE, THE NEW YORK JOURNAL, THE NEW YORK HERALD, THE NEW YORK WORLD, THE NEW YORK TIMES, THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, THE CHICAGO RECORD, THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE, THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, THE ILLUSTRATED AMERICAN, THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

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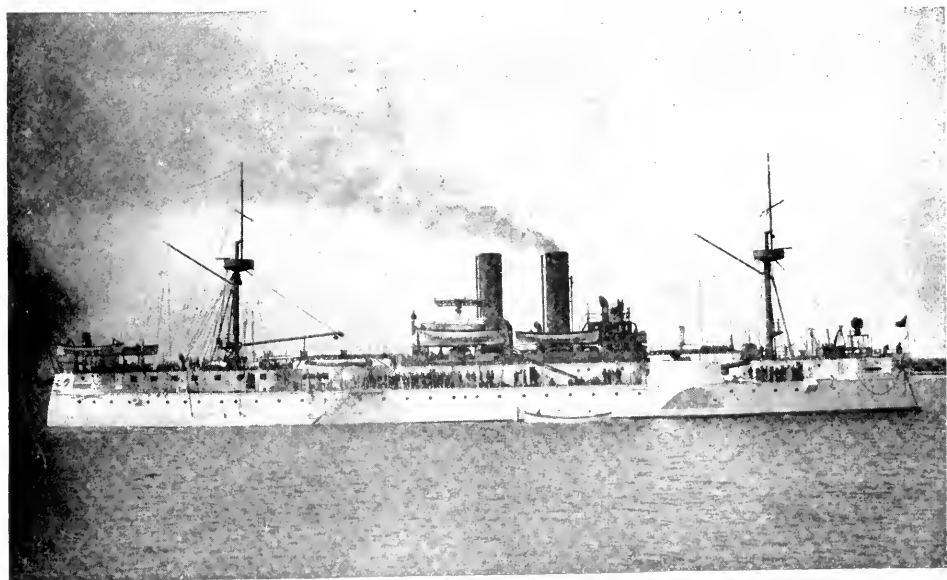
THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

I

HOW THE WAR BEGAN

DESTRUCTION OF THE BATTLESHIP MAINE AT HAVANA—SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS LEADING TO THE DECLARATION OF WAR

About half past ten o'clock on the night of Tuesday, February 15, 1898, the United States battleship Maine, lying in the harbor of Havana, was destroyed



THE MAINE.

Turret Battleship of 6,680 tons displacement; speed, 17½ knots. Battery, four 10-in. and six 9-in. breech-loading rifles, seven 6-pounders and eight 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, and four Gatlings. 34 officers, 370 men. Cost, \$700,000.

by an explosion, and two hundred and fifty-four men and two officers lost their lives in consequence.

The vessel was anchored 500 yards from the arsenal and 200 yards from the floating dock. The night was intensely dark, and clouds hanging low with

the heavy rain that began to fall soon after the catastrophe occurred. The Ward Line steamer City of Washington was swinging from her cables 200 yards away, and the Spanish cruiser Alfonso XII. was also at anchor near by.

CAME WITHOUT WARNING.

The explosion seems to have come without the slightest warning. Most of the men were in bed and asleep below, and many of the officers were on the City of Washington attending a dinner party. Lieutenant Blandin was on watch. Captain Sigsbee was in bed in his cabin, according to the stories of other officers, and Lieutenant-Commander R. Wainwright was half undressed in his own cabin, smoking. Three other officers were in the messroom.

The force of the explosion was tremendous. It shook the whole city along the water front, put out the electric lights near the shore and threw down many telegraph and telephone poles. All the lights on the Maine were extinguished instantly.

KNEW THE SHIP WAS LOST.

The officers say they knew from the great shock that the ship was lost. Those in the messroom ran quickly on deck. Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright struck a match and hurried to the adjoining cabin, which was the captain's. He found

Captain Sigsbee thrown from his berth, but uninjured. The officers found fire following the explosion and immediately began to give orders to the few men who appeared for the rescue of the injured and the prevention of further damage. Captain Sigsbee's first order was to a seaman to flood the magazine



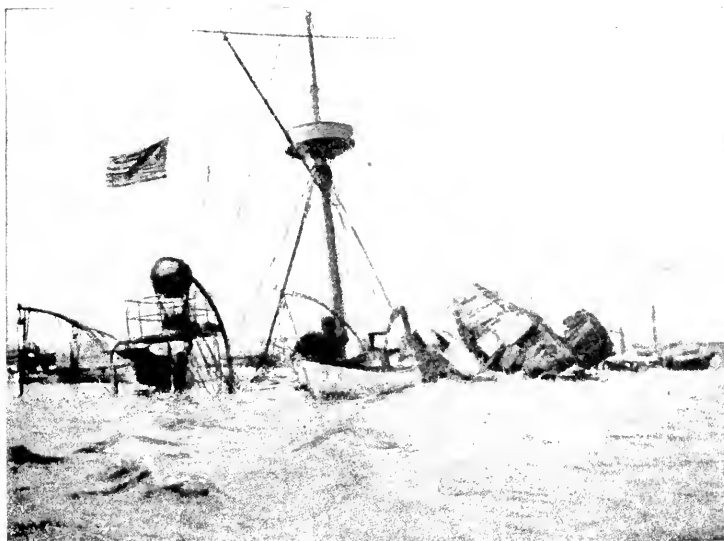
FITZHUGH LEE.

General Lee was Consul-General at Havana during the diplomatic negotiations between the governments of the United States and Spain. He was recalled a few days prior to the opening of hostilities to be appointed a Major-General of volunteers.

containing 2,500 pounds of gun cotton. The man jumped away and did his work, but he never returned.

Four boats were lowered quickly, each with an officer in charge. One was lost, but the three others were used in moving injured men.

The noise and concussion of the explosion had roused the whole city and all aboard every vessel in the harbor. By the time the Maine's boats were swinging over her sides she was settling, and a great glare of fire burst out of her deck forward. People were rushing to the edge of the water along every street lead-



From a photo taken for the N. Y. World.

THE WRECK OF THE MAINE IN HAVANA HARBOR.

ing there and boats were putting out from the shore and the other vessels in the harbor. On the city of Washington an iron truss torn from the Maine and hurled into the air fell with a crash on the pantry, and other smaller fragments struck in different parts of the vessel.

NOT A MAN FLINCHED.

The conduct of the officers and surviving men of the Maine was admirable. With a burning and sinking vessel, containing thousands of pounds of explosives, under their feet, not one of them flinched. Captain Sigsbee was the last man to leave the ship, and stepped into a boat only after he had seen that every living man who could be reached had been taken out.

As well as can be gathered, most of the men lost were killed by the shock of the explosion, which occurred forward and immediately under their quarters.

The boats of the *Alfonso XII.* were the first to reach the *Maine*. They carried away thirty-seven wounded men of the American vessel's crew. The boats from the *City of Washington* were hard after the Spaniards, and took out twenty-four men. The naval doctors gave the required attendance. The Chaplain of the *Maine*, the Rev. J. P. Chadwick, went with the men aboard the *Alfonso XII.* and gave both spiritual consolation and physical aid.

SPANIARDS OFFERED HELP.

Chief of Police Piagliery of Havana went aboard the *Maine* soon after the explosion and offered his assistance.

The *Alfonso XII.* was in serious danger for a time, and her mooring tackles



HAVANA HARBOR. SHOWING THE WRECK OF THE MAINE.

were slacked so that she could be moved further away from the *Maine*. This work was done while the wounded were being removed.

The first men to come ashore from the *Maine* swam to the *Machina* wharf. Ten arrived there wounded and were cared for. The Havana Navy Fire Brigade was ordered on duty and carried stretchers to the wharves for the transportation of the wounded. The Red Cross Society also sent men to patrol the water front with stretchers to pick up the wounded and dead.

The smokestacks of the *Maine* fell at 11:30 p. m. During all this two hours the harbor had been a busy and brilliant scene. The fire of the burning *Maine* illuminated the water for a long distance and search-lights were shining in all directions, assisting the boats in their work of rescue. The *Maine* finally sank, after another loud explosion, at 2 o'clock, only her superstructure showing above the surface. She went down head first.—*Correspondence of the New York Times.*

On the following day the House of Representatives adopted a resolution setting forth its sorrow at the catastrophe and the Senate passed the Fortifications Appropriation bill.

On Thursday, February 17, Admiral Sicard appointed a naval court of inquiry into the causes of the destruction of the *Maine*. Capt. William T. Sampson of the battleship *Iowa* was made president of this board, the other members being Capt. F. E. Chadwick of the cruiser *New York*, Commander Potter of the same

Admiral Sampson. Lieut.-Com. Potter. Ensign Powelson.



Captain Chadwick.

Lieut.-Com. Marix.

BOARD OF INQUIRY IN SESSION ON BOARD THE MANGROVE IN HAVANA HARBOR.

ship, and Lieutenant Marix, judge advocate. The bodies of the *Maine's* crew were buried in the Colon cemetery, in Havana, officials and citizens of the town joining in expressions of sorrow.

The House promptly appropriated \$200,000 for recovering bodies and property from the sunken ship. Two days later the Spanish officials in Havana asked the United States for an order establishing a joint investigation into the *Maine* catastrophe. This was denied, and the Senate ordered an independent investigation of the catastrophe by its Committee on Naval Affairs. On Thursday, February 24, the Senate provided for two additional regiments of artillery, by a vote of 52 to 4.

Tuesday, March 8, President McKinley recommended an appropriation of

\$50,000,000 for national defense. This was unanimously passed by the House and Senate and became a law. Active preparations began immediately.

On Friday, March 11, the House Committee on Naval Affairs voted three new battleships, to cost approximately \$6,000,000 each, one of them to be named the Maine. The War Department redistricted the area of the country into military departments. On Saturday, March 12, Senor Polo y Bernabe presented his credentials as Minister from Spain, vice Senor Dupuy de Lome, resigned.

Two newly completed cruisers, subsequently named the Albany and the New Orleans, built originally for Brazil, were bought in England by agents of the United States. The Senate provided for seven new revenue cutters. The Navy Department began the examination of vessels suitable for auxiliary purposes in New York Harbor.

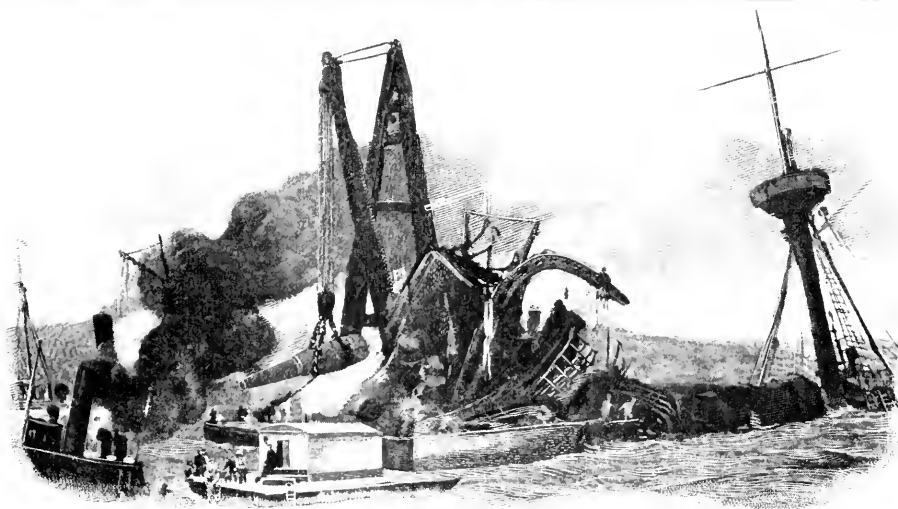
Tuesday, March 15, the House Committee on Naval Affairs provided for five new dry docks, and the day after for six torpedo boats and six torpedo-boat destroyers, and for a factory for making smokeless powder. Spain protested against the warlike preparations of the United States.

On Thursday, March 17, Redfield Proctor, Senator from Vermont, informed the Senate of what he saw and heard during his recent visit to Cuba, making a profound impression upon the country at large. The battleships Massachusetts and Texas were ordered from Key West to Hampton roads. The Terror and Puritan were ordered to Key West.



CAPTAIN CHARLES D. SIGSBEE, COMMANDER OF THE "MAINE" AT THE TIME SHE WAS DESTROYED.

For four years he was chief of the Hydrographic Office, and by his energy brought the office up to a high standard. He was lucky to get so important a ship as the Maine, considering his actual rank, which is that of a commander, but immediately he justified the department's judgment in the selection by running his ship straight into a dock in New York harbor to avoid running down a packed excursion boat. This was a display of quick judgment, nerve and pluck that pleased the department so highly that the officials sent the Captain a complimentary letter.



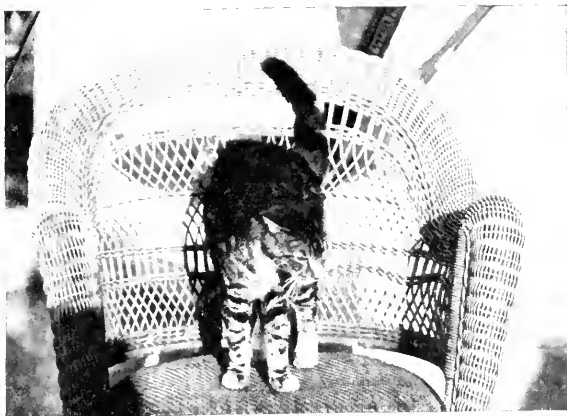
WRECK OF THE MAINE.

Showing manner in which the heavy guns of the battleship were rescued.

On Thursday, March 24, John Milton Thurston, Senator from Nebraska, spoke in the Senate, demanding armed intervention in behalf of the Cuban people. The battleships Kearsarge and Kentucky were launched at Newport News. Captain William T. Sampson was given command of the fleet at Key West, vice Admiral Sicard, retired on account of ill health.

On Friday, March, 25, Commodore Winfield Scott Schley was placed in command of the flying squadron at Hampton Roads. A torpedo boat of the first class was bought in Germany, and the result of the Spanish investigation into the causes of the Maine disaster was received in Madrid.

On Saturday, March 26, the result of the American court of naval inquiry was also forwarded to the Spanish government. The National Guards and Naval Reserves were ordered to prepare for war.

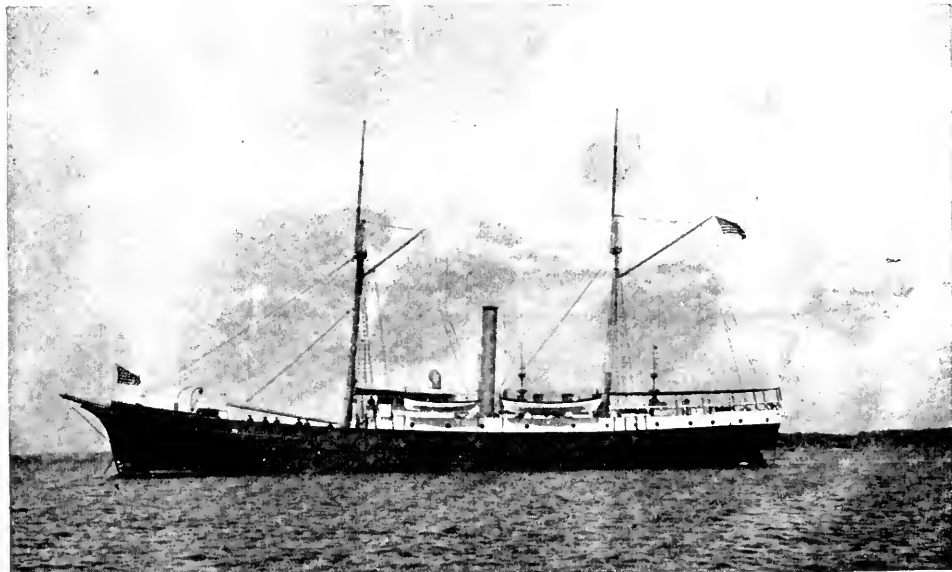


TOM, A MEMBER OF THE CREW OF THE MAINE, WHO SURVIVED THE EXPLOSION.

Monday, March 28, the report on the Maine was sent to Congress and given to the country: Spain was held guilty by implication.

Friday, April 1, the House passed the Naval Appropriation bill, expending \$39,000,000, twelve torpedo boats and as many destroyers were provided for. Iowa appropriated \$500,000 for war.

Steamers were sent to Havana from Key West to bring Americans home. The American flag, half-masted over the wreck of the Maine, was then lowered. The



THE DISPATCH BOAT FERN.

The last United States vessel to leave the port of Havana before the beginning of the blockade. She is commanded by Lieut. H. Winslow, and carried Consul-General Lee from Havana to Key West with the other representatives of the United States recalled home.

Navy Department ordered ten auxiliary cruisers to be purchased and put in commission. Pope Leo XIII. proffered his intervention in behalf of peace. On Monday, April 4, five Senators spoke for an immediate declaration of war. Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee was ordered home from Havana.

The nugatory attitude of Great Britain rendered impotent the action of the six great powers of Europe, whose ambassadors waited on President McKinley on Wednesday, April 6, only to be assured by him that Cuba must be pacified. The Spanish government declared that it had done all that should be done in the way of concessions to the United States. Friday, April 8, the Cristobal Colon and Infanta Maria Teresa sailed from Cadiz for Cape de Verde. General Lee left Havana—"to return at the head of an army."

On Monday, April 14, the President asked the authority of Congress to intervene in Cuba with the army and navy, which was authorized a week later in a scene of turbulence.

On Tuesday, April 19, the regulars were mobilized and ordered to Tampa and Chickamauga.

President McKinley signed the resolutions authorizing armed intervention on Wednesday, April 20, and demanded the withdrawal of Spain from Cuba, requiring an answer before noon, April 23. The Spanish Minister at Washington was given his passport at his own request. The Cortes met in Madrid and a speech advocating war was read from the throne. On Thursday, April 24, United States Minister Woodford was given his passports. He left Madrid for Paris, under guard, before the delivery of the President's ultimatum. Spain ordered the mobilization of 80,000 reserves. The Powers were notified, and Sampson ordered to blockade Havana, the Key West fleet setting sail. Great Britain notified Spain that coal would be regarded as contraband of war.

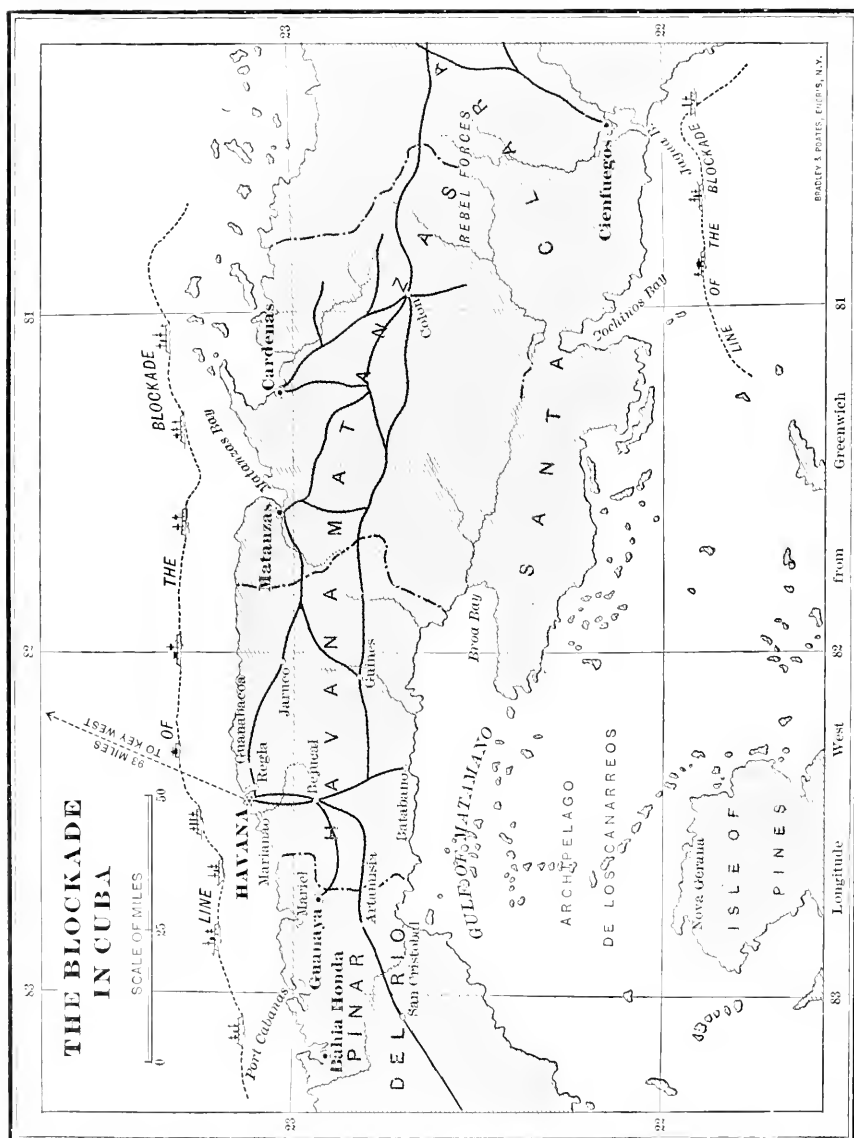
On Monday, April 25, President McKinley issued his first call, for 125,000 volunteers. In Congress the war appropriation bill was introduced and the army reorganization bill passed unanimously.

It was on Tuesday, April 26, that Spain declared a state of war to be existing between herself and the United States. The day following Congress declared that war had been on since April 22. John Sherman, Secretary of State, resigned, and the several states of the Union were called upon for their quotas of troops. Thursday, April 28, President McKinley made public the intention of the United States to inhibit privateering, in compliance with the terms of the Declaration of Paris.



GENERAL RAMON BLANCO,

Who succeeded General Weyler as Captain General of Cuba.



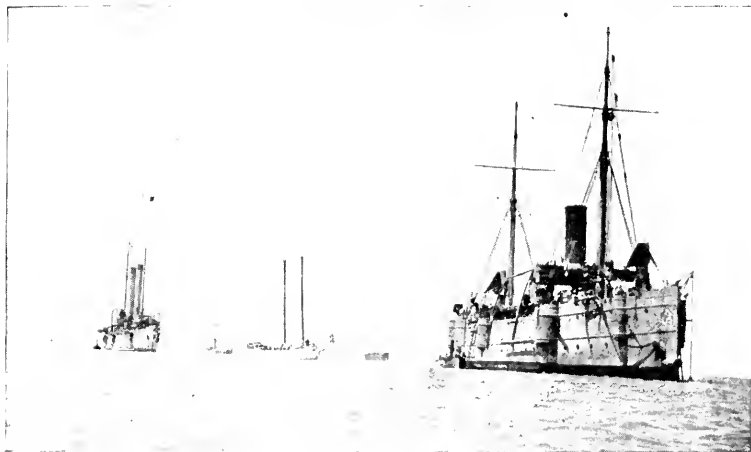
II

PRELIMINARY INCIDENTS

BY H. J. WHIGHAM, CORRESPONDENT OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

MOBILIZING THE TROOPS—THE PRIZES—THE FIRST SHOT FIRED—THE BLOCKADE
OF HAVANA.

In attempting to give some idea of the early stages of the Spanish-American war as it was carried on in the neighborhood of the Island of Cuba up to the time that the fleet of transports finally left Tampa for Santiago, it is necessary at the outset to remind the reader that the wide space over which the contest was spread, the difficulties in the way of obtaining adequate means of convey-

*The Chicago Record.*

THE CASTINE TOWING A PRIZE INTO KEY WEST HARBOR.

ance, the general vagueness as to the first point of attack, and, above all, the extraordinary ignorance upon the American side with regard to the condition of our Cuban allies on the one hand, and our Spanish foes on the other, made newsgathering an unsatisfactory and often exasperating employment. Nor must it be forgotten that just as the general on some commanding eminence sees more of the fight than the soldier on the firing line, so the average man of intelligence at Washington during the months of April, May and June had a much clearer view of the great struggle of 1898 than the war correspondent who was

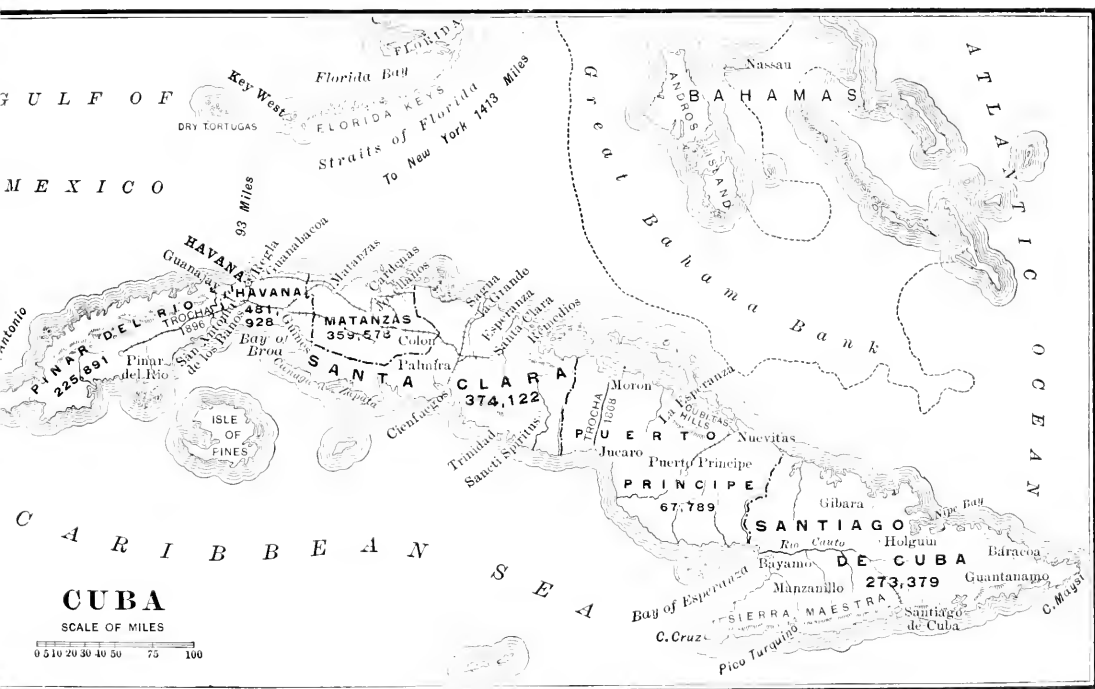
constantly exchanging the hardships of swamp life in Cuba or ocean travel on a dirty dispatch boat for the equally questionable charms of verandah society on the piazza of the Key West hotel. A perusal of the telegrams in the columns of his newspaper during that period, for which he himself was responsible, is not the most delectable form of entertainment for the correspondent who has a strong regard for his own judgment or veracity; the dispatches which he would readily substitute for those in print are as tantalizingly easy to substitute as the after-dinner speech which comes so easily to the lips of the orator as he drives home from the banquet in his cab. And yet if it is his purpose to give to the public some idea of what war is when seen at close quarters, he will prefer to reproduce the gist of these often inaccurate dispatches rather than prophesy, as anyone else might, when the event is over and done with. His experiences at the time at all events were real even if his judgments were erroneous, and he must trust a little to the mercy of the indulgent reader.

If the correspondent was often at sea, he was at least no more blind at the beginning of the war than the public, who cheered the troops on to battle or the soldiers who commanded them. The most vivid recollection of the month of April is perhaps the sight of the throngs of peaceful citizens who gave up their business avocations to line the railroads as the transport trains rumbled through the middle and southern states in the direction of Tampa and Mobile. On Tuesday, the 19th of April, the Senate and House had thrown down the gauntlet and the whole country was obviously with them, nor was the least pleasing feature of the occasion the unbounded enthusiasm with which the entire population of such towns as Lexington and Atlanta turned out to welcome the troops from the north. After a generation and a half, war was bringing together with indissoluble bonds the great sections of the country which war had divided. The farther south one traveled, the greater was the excitement, until Tampa itself was reached and the emotions of the great Cuban population of Ybor City passed all bounds.

The resolution had been passed on Tuesday. By Friday evening there were seven regiments of the regular army under canvas on the fine sandy camping ground under the shelter of the trees which skirt the western bounds of the little town of Tampa. Whatever blunders may have been committed afterward, there can be no doubt as to the readiness of the regular branch of the service. When General Wade inspected the camp toward sundown on Friday evening and watched the Fourth infantry from Fort Sheridan march in to their allotted place, he found under his command a force of some 4,000 men, dirty, unshaven and travel stained, but inferior in intelligence, discipline and physique to no troops in the world. To anyone unaccustomed to military surroundings, the force collected there seemed already no small part of an army, and the men were so healthy and muscular, and apparently all of one age, just at the prime of life, that the spectator would willingly have attacked the whole Spanish army with that small handful. The quartermaster's department was likewise efficient. The whole mobilization of these seven regiments had been effected in less than four days, and yet they were under canvas that night with all their

supplies and equipments, after journeying anywhere between a thousand and two thousand miles, and the sole mishap was the loss by fire of tent poles of one regiment, thus necessitating the use of the little dog shelters instead of the large tents—surely no great hardship in the beautiful April climate of Florida. All were in splendid spirits except the German bandmaster of the Sixth, who, like most musicians of his class, expected better treatment than the colonel of his regiment.

It was interesting to hear the comments upon the coming campaign. At



headquarters in the great Tampa Bay hotel, which was reopened for the occasion, the secretary of the Plant system was giving the staff the benefit of his knowledge of Cuba. It was generally admitted that the first expedition would land at some spot like Matanzas or Cardenas, on the north coast, and would consist of 5,000 men at the very least; it would be folly to attack Havana with less. One man put the whole Spanish force in Cuba at 50,000; another had the word of an American consul lately come from Matanzas that the Cubans could not produce more than 25,000 armed soldiers, although they pretended

to have 70,000 at least. As for the conquest of the island, nothing could be easier, provided that the navy would leave anything to conquer. The only trouble was that when Sampson appeared before Havana Blanco would surely surrender. So fixed was the belief that the war could not last a month that I can distinctly remember the extraordinary impatience with which I bore the delay of twenty-four hours at Tampa. There was no obstacle which could stand in the way of instant victory. It is true the transports were not there, but the Plant system had two steamers which between them could convey 2,500



CAPT. PURNELL F. HARRINGTON, U.S.N.,

Double-Turret Monitor "Puritan."



G. T. PETTINGILL,

Who directed the firing of the opening shot of the war at the Bombardment of Matanzas.

men across the gulf stream, and the trip might be managed in relays. As for the dangers ashore, yellow fever was declared to be a bugbear, the rainy season had not commenced, and when it did the use of hammocks for the entire army would obviate all risk of malaria. The manigua of course was dense, but any army composed of Indian fighters could travel the whole length and breadth of Cuba in three weeks or less. These were actually the prognostications of sober officers in the army and experienced civilians. The idea of attacking Havana with 5,000 men seems now and was even then ludicrous in the extreme, but it was really entertained at that time. Only General Wade refused to make any comment. He preserved the most sphinx-like silence combined with the

most genial good humor. Occasionally he smiled when the anxiety for instant movement became too apparent, but he made no comment. Somehow he struck one as a man who knew his business and could be relied on in a crisis. It was a great disappointment, two months later, to miss him, at the head of the troops in Santiago.

Down in Ybor City the excitement was intense. The thousands of Cubans who inhabit the quarter are possibly as good representatives of the race as can be found anywhere. They are quiet, peaceable citizens, they are industrious and sober

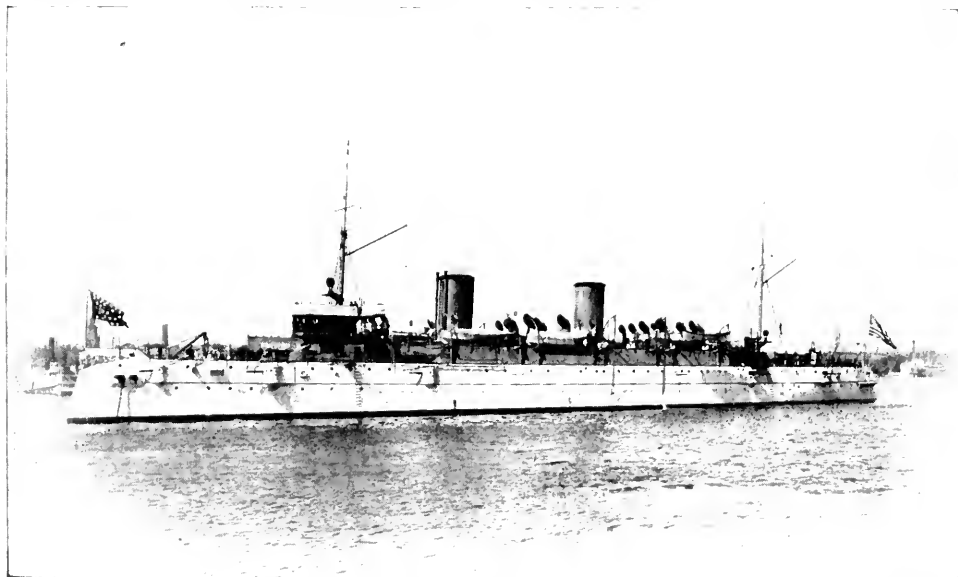


THE ATLANTA.

Steel Cruiser. Displacement, 3,189 tons. Main battery, six 6-in. and two 8-in. breech-loading rifles; secondary battery, two 6-pounder and four 3-pounder rapid-fire guns, four 1-pounder rapid-fire cannons, two Hotchkiss revolving cannons and two Gatlings. Speed, 15.6 knots. Cost, \$310,000. Officers and men, 270.

and they are not unpatriotic, as is shown by the immense contributions paid by them toward the cause of Cuba libre. It was the fashion at that time to despise the Cuban who was not out in the manigua fighting for his country. In reality it was the Ybor City contingent that supplied most of the sinews of war. But it was impossible to take them very seriously. This was my first introduction to the people for whom, ostensibly, we were going to war, and it was something of a shock. I talked with the secretary of the local junta and the editor of the Cuban newspaper and many other patriots, and I expressed my opinion of them in a dispatch at the time which I have not since felt inclined to alter. They were childlike, simple and bland, honest and industrious from all accounts, but

plainly incapable of self-government. They talked vaguely of raising a Cuban regiment in Tampa, which they could certainly have done as far as numbers were concerned, but their sole knowledge of warfare was confined to the use of the machete. In their belief there was nothing so terrifying to the Spaniard as the Cuban sword. Mauser rifle, field artillery and naval guns might be effective in certain ways, but for their own part, give them the machete. For the rest, the resolution of House and Senate chiefly pleased them because it deprecated any attempt at annexation, and annexation to them meant ruin, for by removing the duty on tobacco coming into Florida it would instantly take away their sole



THE MINNEAPOLIS.

Protected Cruiser. Displacement, 7,375 tons. Speed, 23 knots. Deck armor, 2½ in. to 4 in. Main battery, one 8-in., two 6-in. slow-fire, eight 4-in. rapid-fire guns. Secondary battery, twelve 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, two Colts and one field gun. Authorized 1891.

means of support, for they are nearly all cigarmakers. They regarded the United States as a child does its father, and Fitzhugh Lee was their especial object of adoration. He was soon, they told me, to be commander-in-chief of the American army.

Altogether the Cubans were amusing children, but if these Ybor City people were good specimens of the race, it was plain that a free and independent Cuba would be a very dangerous experiment. In the meantime the Mascotto was waiting to carry passengers to Key West, and I hurried off that evening on a very empty steamer to reach the real seat of war.

Early on Friday morning the fleet had sailed from Key West in magnifi-

cent array, the New York in the lead and the magnificent Iowa and the terrific Indiana following close in her wake. At 8 a. m. the first shot of the war was fired, when the Nashville, with blank cartridge and then solid shell across the bows, brought the Buena Ventura to her senses.

The Catalina was a fine steamer of some 6,000 tons, with a mixed cargo on board, and had been captured by the Detroit in the early morning when the mists were hanging off shore so low on the water that the flagship, which came

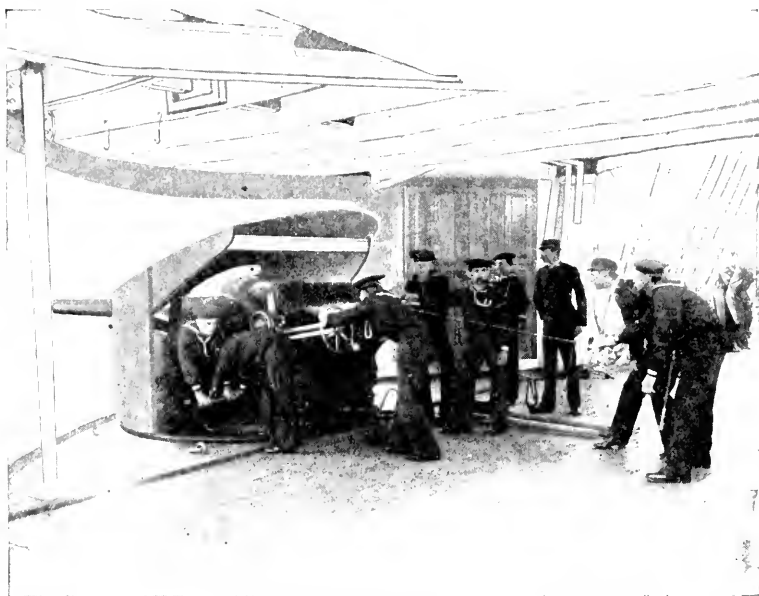


THE SEAT OF THE WAR ABOUT CUBA.

up on the quarter to assist, sent a couple of shots across the bow of the Detroit under the impression that she was also a fat prize.

So far the war had not been heroic, but profitable. The Buena Ventura, the Pedro, and now the Catalina and the Jover Miguel, taken prisoner on the same day by the Helena, together made a good bag for three days' sport, the Catalina alone being valued at something like \$600,000. Later on the President made a ruling in favor of ships leaving port for a neutral destination within a month of the declaration of war, and many of the captured vessels were released. But

for the present "Jackie" looked upon every craft afloat as his legitimate prey, and was proportionately keen at the sport. This very Sunday Captain "Jack" Fremont, of the torpedo boat Porter, brought in a fine schooner in spite of signals from the flagship asking him to desist, and about midday the New York herself, with whom our dispatch boat, the Triton, was holding converse, suddenly went off in the middle of a sentence to appropriate two sailing vessels which were barely discernable on the northern horizon. Nothing is prettier in the world than the sight of a fast cruiser on the track of a prize. On blockade



"FIRE!"

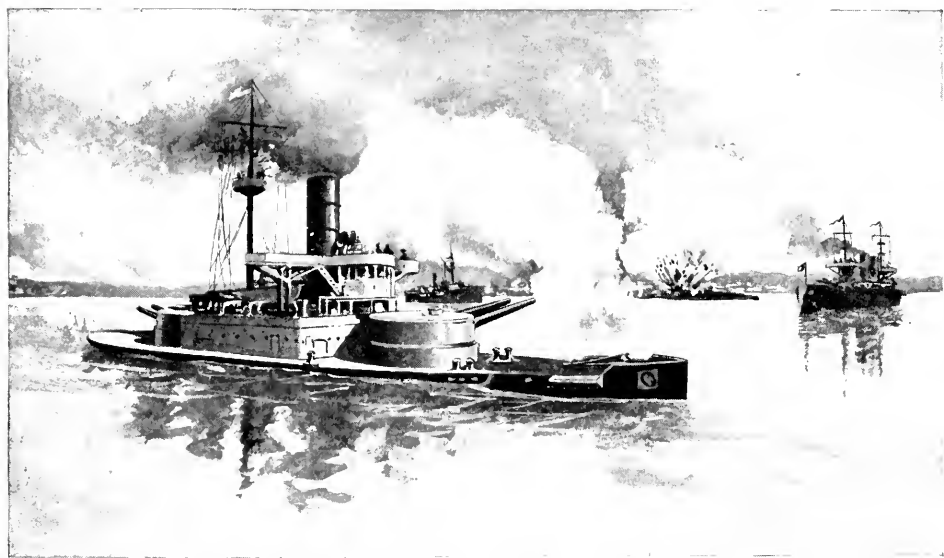
duty the engines are never at rest, so that almost before the word of command has been given to put on full speed the white water begins to foam at the bows and the great racer sits down, as it were, in the water, just as a horse at full gallop seems to skim along closer to the ground.

As the New York steamed out to the north the Triton followed, panting in the wake, falling five miles in the rear with every hour, till the afternoon sun began to throw a longer shadow on the water and the three smokestacks of the flagship were barely discernable on the horizon. Then she turned round and shaped her course once more toward Havana, and we discovered that the quarry had been nothing but a small sailing boat hardly worthy of her prowess.

The cold recital of the fact gives no impression of the excitement of the chase

at sea. I remember one occasion when I was awakened out of a first sleep on board the *Dolphin*, then Commodore Watson's flagship, by an orderly who shook me by the shoulder and said in the voice of a valet communicating an interesting piece of news in the matter-of-fact manner befitting a well-trained servant: "Captain Lyons' compliments, sir, and he thinks it might be worth your while to step up on the bridge."

Although barely half awake, I felt in an instant the quickened action of the screw and knew that we were going full speed ahead. It took just half a minute

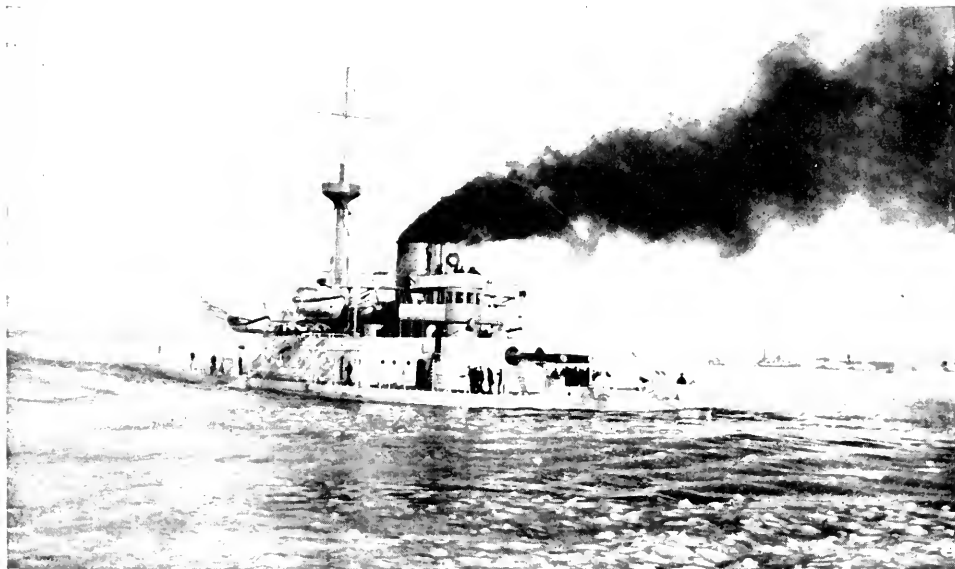


FIRING ON MATANZAS.

The last shot was fired by the *Puritan* with one of her 12-in. guns. The shell struck the battery squarely and demolished a portion of it.

to slip on a coat and stumble through the blank darkness along the main deck to the little bridge, where in the gloom I could just discover the figures of the commodore, the captain, the navigating officer and the chief engineer. They were talking quietly, not because anyone on the ocean could hear their voices, but because a little excitement is apt to cause a lowering of the tones in conversation. We were after a light in the distance, which might be anything from a newspaper dispatch boat to a Spanish man-of-war. Soon, as we gained upon our prey, the light grew larger and larger, until it was plain that the flying vessel was no enemy; a Coney Island steamer was far more probable. But even with the slight chance of a contest eliminated, the thrill of the chase

was just as strong. Nothing is so exhilarating as the sixteen-knot dash through the waters, with no moon overhead and no light on board, nothing to catch the eye but the muffled lamp on the binnacle and the sparkle of the phosphorescent sea as it parts before the bow. As the light of the vessel ahead grew larger and larger, the young officer of the ship began to calculate the value of the prize. It must be an ocean liner at the very least, for the long line of cabin and the red and green lights on port and starboard gave her a luxurious, opulent appearance, almost garish on the gulf, where the rule is complete darkness.



THE PURITAN.

Coast defense double turreted Monitor. Displacement, 6,060 tons. Speed, 13 knots. Battery, four 12-in. and six 4-in. breech-loading rifles, two 6-pounder, four 3-pounder, four 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, and four rapid-fire machine guns. Officers and men complement, 220. Capt. P. F. Harrington, Commander.

"Give the signal," "Get the gun ready," and, "Turn on the searchlight," were almost simultaneous orders. The Ardois signal from our masthead answered twice to the pressure on the electric button, the white shaft of the searchlight sprang out from the focus just above our heads and the deafening report of the three-inch gun on our forward deck followed immediately. When the smoke cleared away a groan went up from the bridge, for there, within a few hundred yards of us, in the full glare of the searchlight, which played over its hull to read the name, was a large side-wheeler with white paddle boxes and a red body, whose name we knew before the letters on the bow were distinguishable. "The silly old Gussie!" was the disgusted chorus from the chief engineer, the navi-

gating officer and the youngest lieutenant, and then the last named made impolite remarks about the army adrift at sea upon a drug store, which, it must be confessed, was a comparison not a little justified by the appearance of the *Gussie*, with her large red and green lights on either side.

To return, however, to the beginning of the blockade. After two or three captures had been made, and it was obvious that there was no intention on the part of the navy to bombard Havana, the only real interest on the American side lay with the preparations in the army at Tampa. The little attacks upon Matanzas and Cabanas, although they were magnified by the press at the time, were merely undertaken for the sake of gun practice. As far as the enemy was concerned,

the shelling of the sea batteries merely entailed the stopping of work for the day and the killing of a solitary mule. In the meantime it became abundantly apparent that no bombardment could have practical results unless there were troops ready to land, and the strategy board was determined to run no risks by transferring an army across the gulf stream until the Spanish fleet were either destroyed or definitely located on the other side of



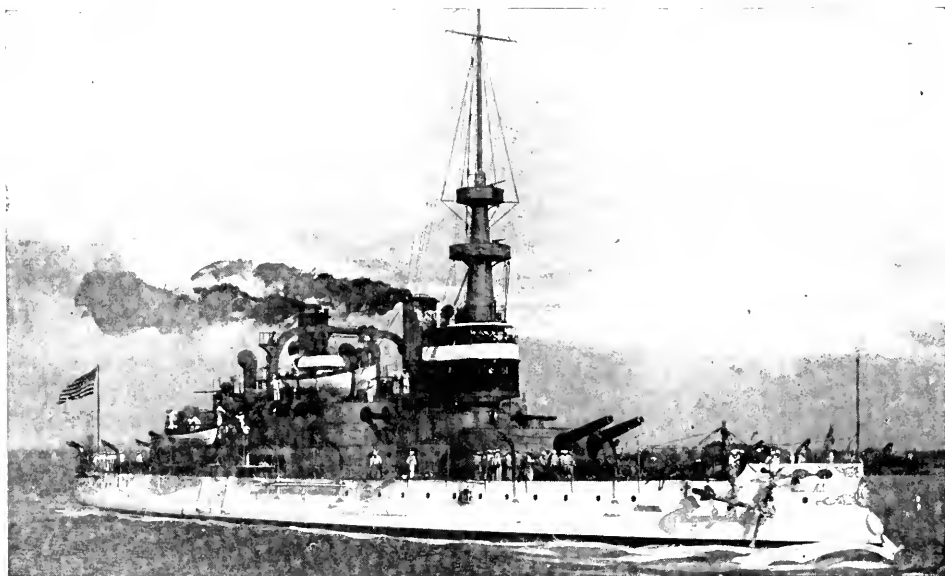
ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET IN DOUBLE COLUMN AT THE ASSEMBLY
OFF SAND KEY LIGHT, PREPARATORY TO BEGINNING
THE BLOCKADE OF CUBA.

the Atlantic. It remained, therefore, to discover what was going on in the Island of Cuba itself.

It may seem strange, in view of the great interest taken before the war began in the Cuban cause, but it is nevertheless a fact that the government at Washington made no attempt worth speaking of to communicate with the commander-in-chief of the insurgent forces. Lieutenant Rowan had entered the island before the outbreak of hostilities and had penetrated at great personal risk to the camp of General Garcia and returned by way of Nassau to Key West about the second week in May, but although his expedition proved afterward of great value, it had little bearing upon the expected Havana campaign, because Garcia was on the eastern side of the Tucaro-Moron trocha, and General Gomez was

on the western, and as the Spanish troops had been concentrating in force on the trocha, which runs right across the island to the east of the Santa Clara province, any combined movement on the part of the Cuban army was out of the question. In fact, Garcia's troops, which were estimated by Lieutenant Rowan as amounting to nearly 10,000 armed men, were really outside the issue. They could at best keep the Spanish troops in the eastern provinces busy while the American army was attacking Havana.

General Gómez was in an entirely different position. From his camp between



MASSACHUSETTS.

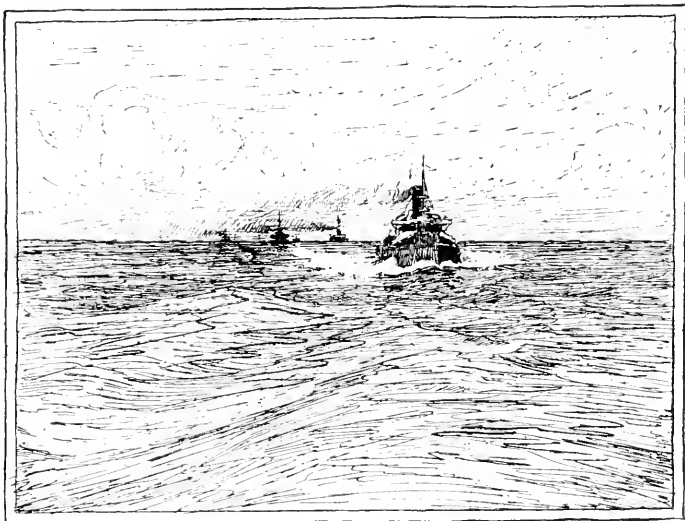
First-class Battleship, 10,288 tons displacement. Armor of belt, 18 in.; of deck, $2\frac{3}{4}$ in.; of barbettes, 17 in.; of turrets, 15 in., and of casemats, 6 in. Four 13-in., eight 8-in., and four 6-in. guns in main battery. Secondary battery of twenty 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, four Gatlings, three torpedo tubes. Authorized 1890.

Sancti Spiritus and the trocha, in the heart of the rich province of Santa Clara, he could at least combine with all the insurgent bands in Santa Clara, Matanzas and Havana, and could then march right up to the defences of the capital. Considering the various and usually exaggerated estimates which had been made of his fighting strength and his commanding position, it was certainly of the utmost importance to open communications between the insurgent leader and the strategy board at Washington. That there was some intention of this sort was proved by the presence in the fleet on Sunday, April 30, of Lieutenant Whitney, with dispatches for General Gomez. But for some unknown reason Lieutenant Whitney's commission was never carried out, and it remained for the Triton to land

an amateur expedition, consisting of three newspaper men and a guide, in order to convey an informal message from Rear Admiral Sampson to Cuban headquarters, requesting the insurgent commander to give his views upon the necessities of the moment. The expedition reached the Cuban camp at Barrancones, some fifty miles inland from the small port of Caibarien, in Santa Clara, after a journey of four days. The condition of that rich and beautiful province was almost as interesting to the observer as the condition of the insurgent forces. In the march of nearly twenty leagues not a single living creature was seen, with the exception of a few scattered bands of ragged soldiers and one small herd of wild horses. Not a road was crossed in all the length of the narrow

bridle path by which we traveled, not a single human habitation was visible, nor was there a trace of civilization, except where the framework of a cottage had escaped the flames of the pillager, or the dry bones of a carcass showed that animal life had once existed on the rolling uplands of the interior. On the way to Gomez we were fortunate enough to fall in with General Carrillo, the commander of the insurgents in Santa Clara province, who was kind

enough to accompany us and supply us with horses, an act of rare generosity for a Cuban. He had with him in camp about five hundred men, equally divided into infantry and cavalry. His troops were armed for the most part with Remington rifles of large caliber, and they had the appearance of being well fed, although it was hard to discover what they had to eat except palm nuts and "jutia," the possum of Cuba. In the camp of Gomez the same scarcity prevailed. He too had about five hundred troops under his immediate command, and the discipline of his men was distinctly above anything of the sort which I was able to discover in the rest of the Cuban army. But what struck the observer most forcibly was the utter improvidence of the insurgents, from general to private. There was nominally a "perfecto" system, by which some cultivation of the soil was sup-



ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET BEARING DOWN UPON HAVANA IN LINE OF BATTLE.

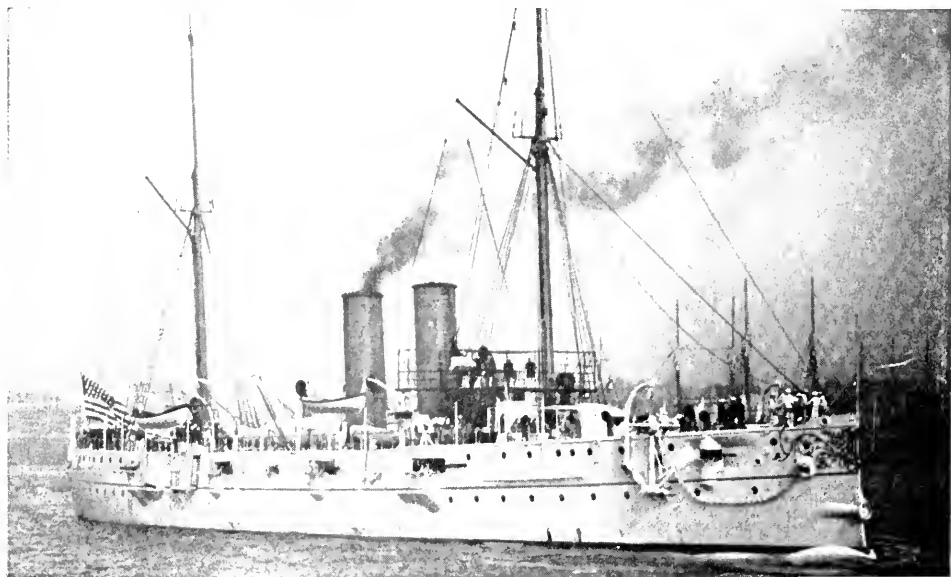
posed to be carried on by the "pacificos," or non-combatants, but the system was only on paper or in the brain of the Cuban leader. Although Gomez was never once attacked in his mountain fastnesses, through which he moved within a radius of fifteen miles, there was not the remotest sign of cultivation. At this time bread or vegetables were unknown in camp, salt and sugar and even coffee were things of the past, and the little meat that was available consisted for the most part of mule or horse. In the ten days that we were on the island, with the exception of one or two meals of fish procured while waiting at the coast, we ate nothing but jutia cooked without salt or any kind of vegetable, and occasionally a little meat into camp whose origin we did not care to inquire. Once on our arrival in camp Major D'Estrampes, who had charge of the infantry at Barrancones, gave us a great luxury—a small dish of rice which he had been hoarding for weeks—and we appreciated the hospitality, after going several days without anything to soften the taste of the jutia. The only explanation for the healthy condition of the troops with Gomez, under the circumstances, is to be found in the fact that they had only then come to the end of their resources. If the war had lasted six months longer, without active interference upon the part of the United States, it is quite certain that the insurgent forces must have starved to death, for it is impossible to exist entirely upon palm nuts and mango, eked out with the supplies brought in by an occasional filibusterer.

As to the Cuban forces, we actually saw something over a thousand men under arms in one place, and they could do nothing without food and ammunition from the outside. In the whole province of Santa Clara Carillo said he had 3,000 men, which is quite possible, and there may have been similar forces scattered about in Matanzas, Havana and Pinar del Rio, so that, with Garcia's troops across the trocha, the whole Cuban army may have amounted to something like 25,000 men. That is the estimate I made at the time, and there has since been no reason to change it. But it was easily apparent that Gomez, up to the end of April, had done absolutely nothing toward concentrating his forces: indeed, it is very doubtful whether he could ever have put more than 5,000 men in the field together west of the trocha, and the strategy board was doing nothing to help him, except countenancing futile expeditions like that of the Gussie, which never came to anything but disaster. And yet Gomez had the face to tell us that he did not want a single American soldier landed on the island. With the fleet keeping up the blockade he was quite prepared to finish the war, provided he were given proper supplies and a little artillery.

It must not be supposed, however, that the veteran leader was merely imbued with the ordinary Cuban spirit of braggadocio. He wished to have the kudos of the final victory, and it is quite possible that his scheme of masterly inactivity would have proved successful in the long run, because in the end the Spaniards must have starved. But Gomez had not calculated the impatient spirit of the American people, who could never have put up with such a method of warfare. Probably he knew better, but made a protest in order to mark his disappointment at the form which the resolution in favor of Cuban independence had taken.

Gomez is a man of remarkable width of vision, considering his narrow field

of action. He saw perfectly clearly the issue of the struggle, and it was not at all to his liking. He did, in fact, foretell very exactly the outcome of the war, which he said would go on for several months, until the Spaniards finally would come on their knees to the United States and ask for peace. The request would be granted, because the Americans were so humane—this he said with an air of some contempt for so foolish a quality—and that was exactly what the Cubans did not want. They desired an eye for an eye and a tooth for a



THE CINCINNATI.

Protected Cruiser. Displacement, 3,213 tons. Speed, 19 knots. Armor of protective deck, 1 in. on flat, 2½ in. on slopes. Main battery, one slow-fire 6-in., ten rapid-fire 5-in. rifles. Secondary rapid-fire battery, eight 6-pounders, two 1-pounders, two Colts, one field gun, two torpedo tubes. Authorized 1888.

tooth. Theirs was not a civilized war—these were his very words—but a war of extermination, and no Cuban would be satisfied until every Spaniard had been killed or driven from the island. Colonel Boza corroborated the general's opinion in a more definite way when he stipulated for rifles of a large caliber. The Cubans, he said, wanted to kill their enemies, not wound them. Still, bloodthirsty as he was in his outspoken statements, General Gomez is, nevertheless, a man of judgment and perspicacity. He was disappointed in not achieving his main object—to make Cuba a free and independent republic, with himself, possibly, at the head—but he was wise enough to see the futility of opposing the United States and was quite willing to take what he could get, even if his higher ambitions miscarried.

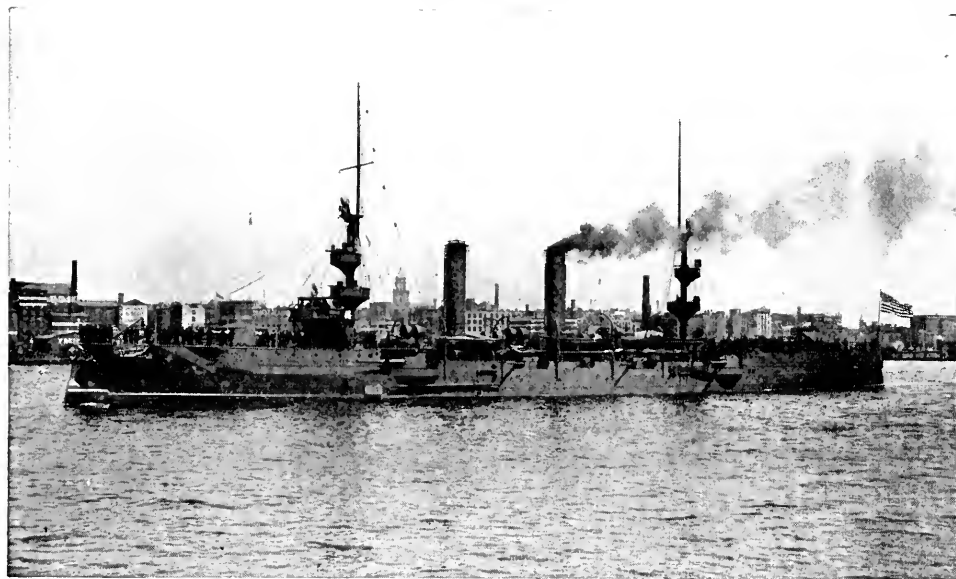
Many people imagined that the Cubans might in the end give us as much

trouble as the Spaniards. No one who is acquainted with their leaders, Gomez and Garcia, has any such fear. These men are far too astute to fight in such a losing cause as that. It is one thing to attack Spanish columns in the rear; it is another and very different matter to stand up against American infantry.

When we left General Gomez we not only carried dispatches from him to President McKinley and General Miles, but took with us Mr. Jova, who was ordered to act as special envoy to the commander-in-chief of the United States army. Both on entering and leaving the island we had to capture a small sailing boat and make our way, concealed as far as possible, across the wide lagoon which separates the outer reef from the mainland, and was patrolled at that time by small Spanish gun launches running in and out of Caibarien. But we did at least establish a line of communication between our army and the insurgent forces.

On returning to Key West on May 8, we heard for the first time the news of the battle of Manila. But we also heard that the Spanish fleet under Cervera was in the Caribbean Sea, so that the landing of troops was indefinitely postponed. It was therefore necessary, while waiting for decisive action, to reach Havana in order to discover the true situation there, and if possible see the bombardment from the inside, for Havana was still our objective point. Mr. Knight, of the *London Times*, had already gone in or had been drowned in the attempt, but if he had reached his destination he was the only English or American correspondent inside the Spanish lines. After some difficulty with the authorities in Matanzas, Mr. Phil Robinson and myself found ourselves in Havana on the 3rd of June, just after the news had come of the famous sinking of the *Merrimac*, which was, of course, attributed by the Spaniards to their own marksmanship. We were forced to leave the city by the British cruiser, H. M. S. *Talbot*, on the 7th, but in the meantime we had a few days in which to enjoy the pleasures of the capital. To our astonishment, Havana was by no means in a desperate condition. Not only had she supplies of food sufficient to feed the capital for at least six months, but the blockade, which had been weakened by the withdrawal of Sampson's squadron to Santiago, was by no means effective. During our stay at the *Ingleterra* two small schooners made the shore with cargoes of flour and cattle, and before that there had been a constant influx by way of the Isle of Pines and Batabano, on the south coast. The only reason why the blockade was not run frequently during this period is to be found in the all too apparent supposition that the money to pay for the cargo when landed might not be forthcoming. Of course there was a good deal of suffering among the laboring classes, who were out of employment owing to the almost complete stoppage of trade and were further handicapped by the sudden fall in silver, the coin in which they were generally paid, but that did not mean that food was really scarce. Some attempt was being made by Blanco's orders to regulate the prices on ordinary commodities, to prevent the dealers enriching themselves at the expense of the populace, but even before the scheme was carried out meat never reached a higher price than thirty cents a pound in gold. We were fairly well fed at the *Hotel Ingleterra*, while at the *Cafe de Paris* I ate one of the best breakfasts I

have ever encountered, and the charges were most moderate—lower, in fact, than they were at the hotel in Key West, where the food was abominable. Nor was there any apparent absence of cattle. In traveling along the beautiful valley of the San Juan I counted nearly 1,000 head along the railroad, and there might have been far more if it had not been for the extraordinary fatuity of the Spanish troops. The government had started an alienio system for the purpose of raising food. Each cultivator of the soil might claim a military guard for his farm on condition of his supplying Havana with cereals. In nearly



PROTECTED CRUISER NEW ORLEANS—FORMERLY AMAZONAS.

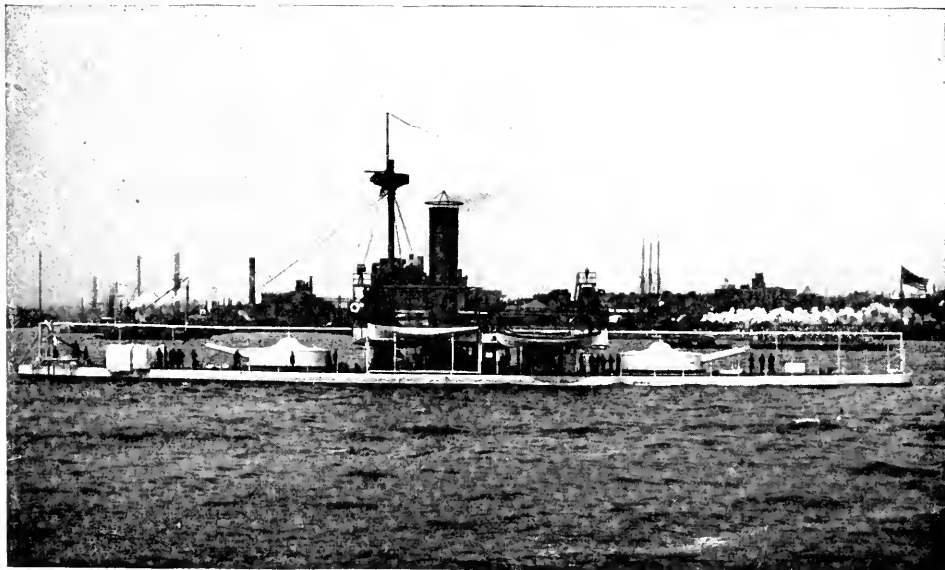
Displacement, 3,600 tons. Speed, 21.05 knots. Normal coal supply, 700 tons. Complement, 350. Armor, protective deck 3 in. on slopes. Guns: Main battery, six 6-inch rapid-fire, four 7-inch rapid-fire. Secondary rapid-fire battery, ten 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, four machine guns, three torpedo tubes. Purchased from Brazil 1898.

every case the Spanish soldiers went ruthlessly to work and killed the oxen of the farmer, so that he was obliged in self defense to send what stock was left to him into the Havana market and give up attempting to plough the ground. In this respect the Spaniards were just as improvident as the Cubans—in both cases they brought starvation upon themselves by their own foolishness and disorder.

In the capital, life went on serenely just as if there were no war at the harbor gates. Only the volunteers drilled nightly in the squares and along the Prado, and the western sea front had been converted into one continuous earthwork a mile and a half long. Yet away at the end, at the mouth of the Almendorez, I

dined one night at the famous Arroz Con Pollo, at the little Chorema hostelry, and found it as peaceful and old-fashioned as a village inn upon the Thames.

The shore batteries had been strengthened to such an extent that Havana was practically impregnable from the sea. East of the Morro at least two big modern guns had been mounted, and there were six companions upon the big quarry battery a mile to the west of the harbor's mouth. It was chiefly the mounting of quick-firing guns that had altered the situation. There were now six or eight on the Punta itself, and more scattered along the sea wall. The



THE MIANTONOMOH.

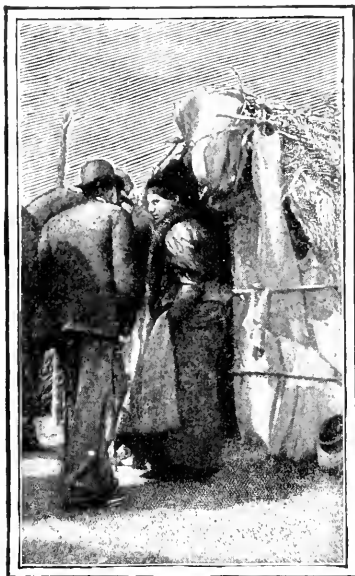
Coast defense Monitor. Displacement, 3,990 tons. Speed, 10 knots. Battery, four 10-inch breech-loading rifles, two 6-pounder, two 3-pounder and two 1-pounder rapid-fire guns. 13 officers, 136 men. Cost, \$3,178,000. Capt. M. L. Johnson, Commander.

earthworks were finely constructed and could not be destroyed. Of course the city, lying right upon the shore as it does, could be seriously damaged, but any landing would have been practically out of the question. So also on the inside mules were going constantly out to the trenches laden with bags in which to put the earth which alone nowadays can withstand the assault of artillery. Guns were mounted along the lines and the soldiers were at work day and night on two lines of defense. There were 50,000 of the best Spanish troops inside the lines, and the number of volunteers was daily increasing; even the half-hearted Cubans were enlisting under the renegade Masso Para. In a word, Havana might have been besieged and starved out by 100,000 men and a strong blockade, but to take the town by storm would have involved a loss that would have gone

down into history among the great killings in war. When it is considered that Santiago cost us nearly 2,000 men in killed and wounded, the taking of Havana by assault seems almost out of the question. This, of course, is provided that the Spaniards would stand to their guns, and, considering that they were infinitely better disciplined and fed in Havana than they were in Santiago, and that the flower of the troops were of course at the capital, seems to be a reasonable assumption.

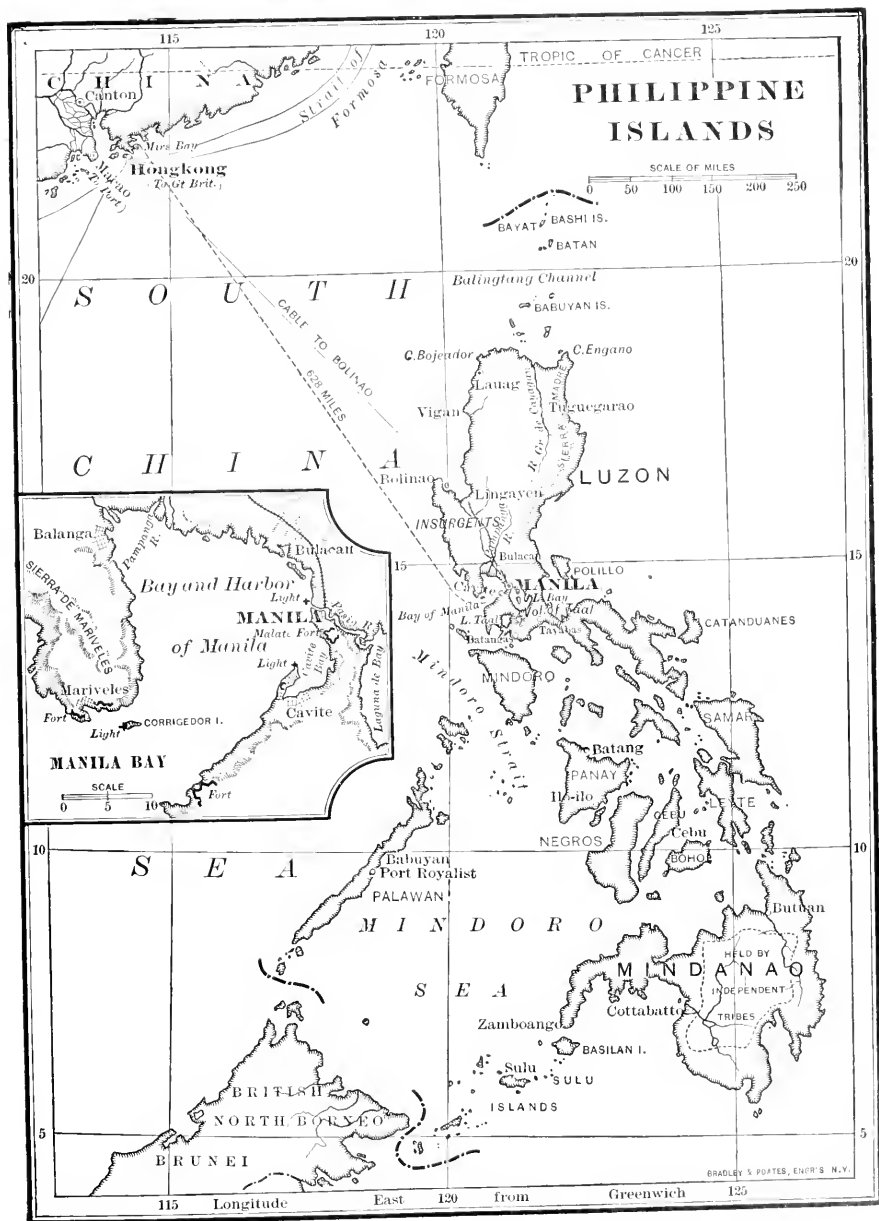
In the meantime life went on as usual in the city. The band played in the square, the hotels of course were almost empty, but the cafes were crowded and brilliantly lighted, although report said that the coal supply was getting short and Havana would be dark in less than six weeks. At the theaters enthusiastic audiences witnessed incredibly foolish performances, but even they were amusing from the American point of view. One play told, in an absurd, allegorical way, of the bombardment of Matanzas, and finished up with a magnificent tableau in which a mule was represented with a halo round his head, surrounded by admiring pigs dressed up in American flags. The indignation against Americans, and particularly American correspondents, was of course very fierce, but it had a curiously childish note. The people and the press alike seemed to regard the blockade as a mean and ungentlemanly trick on the part of an enemy who evidently had no notion of decency in carrying on a war.

A visit to Havana was well worth while, if only to discover that the Spaniards are not nearly as black as they are painted. There is not a foreign merchant in the city who would not prefer Spanish labor to Cuban, and would not rather trust fifty Spaniards than one insurgent. The Spaniards, in spite of all that has been said against them, are the industrial, hard-working people in the island, and most of the foreign inhabitants, whether they are German, French or British, were, like Mr. Rohlig, the great German tobacco manufacturer, greatly attached to the red and yellow flag which had waved so long over Morro Castle. Besides, the government was doing its best, even if its methods were hopelessly antiquated. The state of the reconcentrados has been shamefully exaggerated by scatterbrained correspondents. In the month of June, 1898, there were not many more than 1,000 reconcentrados in the city of Havana, and they were certainly not starving. In going through the quarter where they were kept, on the Punta, I saw one or possibly two dead bodies in the street, but they had not of necessity succumbed to starvation. And if the state of things in Havana has been so poorly misrepresented, there is no reason to believe that the reconcen-



CLARA BARTON IN CUBA.

trados elsewhere were so badly treated. We were told before the war began that 200,000 reconcentrados were starving to death and that an equal number were already deceased. It is exceedingly doubtful whether there ever were 50,000 reconcentrados on the island. In Havana there were perhaps 1,200 in June. In Matanzas there were certainly not as many. These are the two important cities west of the trocha. Is it possible to believe that 200,000 had died, and yet the survivors looked fat and cheerful? Two things were impressed upon me in Havana: First, that the Spaniards were not monsters of iniquity by any means; secondly, that a campaign against Havana would have taught us something about war which we never dreamed of when we gaily rushed to the sword.



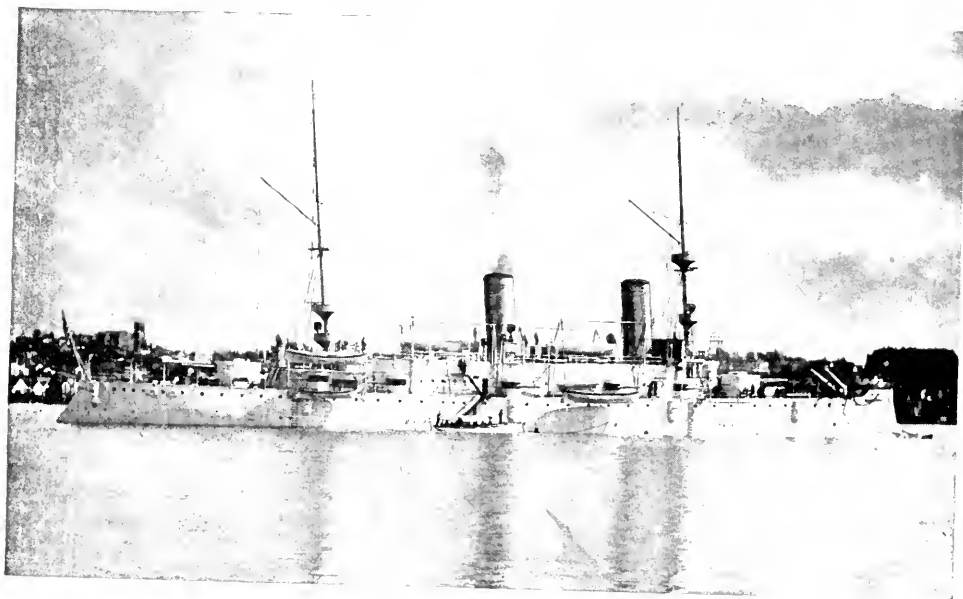
III

WITH DEWEY AT MANILA

BY JOHN T. McCUTCHEON

THE AUTHOR WAS ON BOARD THE M'CULLOCH DURING ALL THE ENGAGEMENTS OF THE ASIATIC SQUADRON AS CORRESPONDENT FOR THE CHICAGO RECORD.

The American Asiatic squadron, consisting of the flagship Olympia and the Baltimore, Raleigh, Boston, Concord, Petrel and McCulloch, all under command of Commodore Dewey, accompanied by the transports Nanshan and Zafiro, left



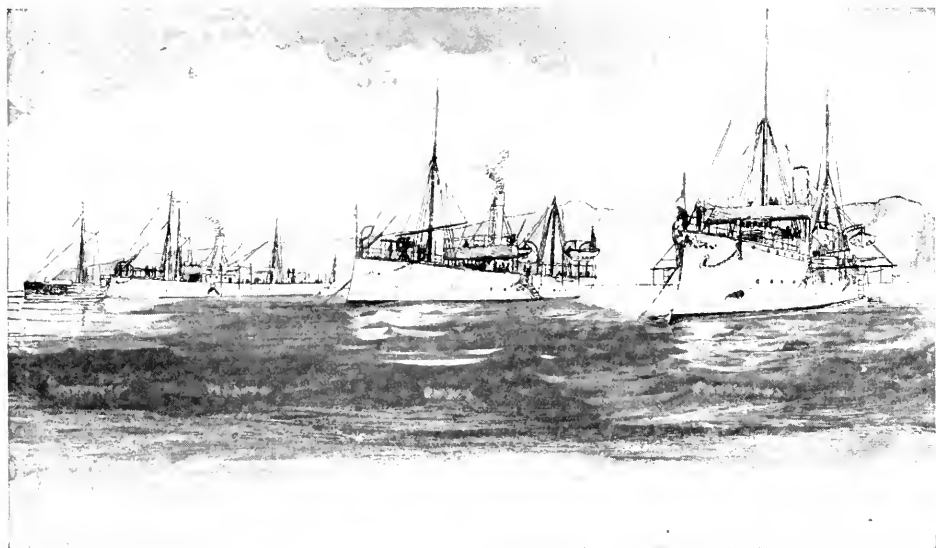
U. S. FLAGSHIP OLYMPIA.

Protected Cruiser. Admiral Dewey's flagship. Displacement, 5,800 tons; speed, 21 knots. Battery, four 8-in., ten 5-in. breech-loading rifles, fourteen six-pounder, six one-pounder rapid fire guns, four machine guns and six Fish torpedo discharges. Officers and men, 412. Cost, \$1,706,000.

Mirr Bay at 2 p. m., April 27, for Manila. The fleet proceeded in regular formation across the China Sea, 640 miles, and sighted Cape Bolinao at 3:30 a. m., April 30. This point is about 115 miles north of the entrance to Manila Bay. The Boston and Concord, and, later, the Baltimore, were then sent in advance of the fleet as scouts, exploring Subig Bay for two Spanish warships reported to be there. This bay is thirty-five miles north of Manila Bay.

At 5:15 o'clock on the afternoon of April 30, the squadron came to a stop, and

was rejoined by the Baltimore, Boston and Concord, which had failed to find the Spaniards. A conference of commanders was held. It was decided to run past the forts of Corregidor Island, in the mouth of the bay, said to be strongly fortified, that night. The ships were ordered to conceal all lights except a faint stern light, which could be seen only from the direct rear, and to slip by the forts in darkness. The Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, Boston, Petrel and Concord passed safely, but the McCulloch was fired on, though without effect. The Boston and McCulloch returned the firing. Gradually the entire fleet was out of range and



THE SPANISH FLEET AT MANILA.

safely within the bay. From this point to Manila it is seventeen miles, and to the naval station at Cavite about fifteen miles. The fleet arrived opposite Cavite at 5 a. m., and were met by immediate fire from the Spanish forts and warships. The battle then began. The Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, Concord, Boston and Petrel steamed over to assail the Spanish at closer range. At 7:45 the American squadron withdrew for consultation, and at 10:45 renewed the attack, the firing being continued until 12:45 in the afternoon, when the Spaniards surrendered.

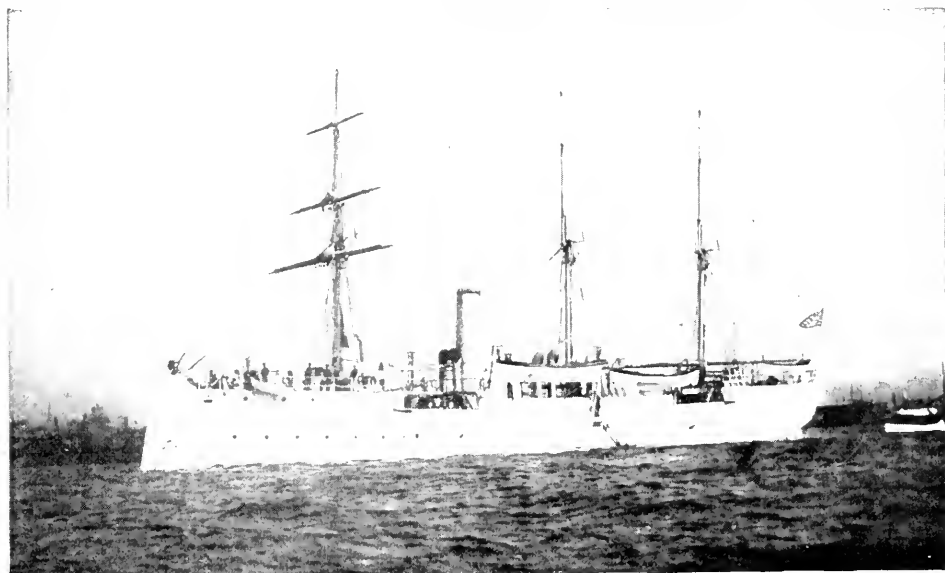
The Americans were opposed by five land batteries, well distributed, and by four cruisers, two protected cruisers, three gunboats and some smaller vessels, said to be torpedo-boats. The flagship *Reina Cristina*, the *Castilla*, the *Don Antonio de Ulloa* and a transport, probably the *Manila*, were sunk. The *Don Juan de Austria*, the *Isla de Luzon*, the *Isla de Cuba*, the *Marques del Ducro*, the *General Lezo*, the *El Correo*, and one vessel, the name of which is unknown, were burned. Two tugs, two whaleboats and three launches were captured. The loss



GEORGE DEWEY.

of life on the *Cristina* was 130, including the captain. Rear Admiral Patricio Montojo y Pasaron was wounded. The loss on the other ships was heavy. The American fleet was practically uninjured, scarcely \$100 damage being done. Six men were wounded—none seriously, the most serious hurt being a broken leg.

Word was sent to the governor of the islands, asking him to surrender the city of Manila. Refusal, he was told, would cause the city to be bombarded. The *Raleigh* and *Baltimore* were sent to the mouth of the bay, and there blew up



GUNBOAT PETREL.

One of the ships in the fight at Manila, May 1, 1898. Displacement, 802 tons; $\frac{7}{8}$ to 2-in. deck armor; speed, 11.8 knots. Four 6-in. breech-loading rifles in main battery; one rapid-fire gun, 1-pounder, two revolving $3\frac{1}{2}$ -in. cannons and Gatlings. Authorized 1885. E. P. Wood, Commander. Cost, \$247,000.

some mines. The rest of the fleet awaited the answer from the governor of Cavite.

Following is a running account of the movements of the fleet from the time the ships left Mirs Bay:

Wednesday, April 27—About 11 o'clock a faint smudge of smoke on the horizon at Mirs Bay marked the approach of a tug from Hongkong. It proved to be the long and eagerly expected vessel bearing Consul Williams, just from Manila. It steamed swiftly to a position near the flagship *Olympia*. Anticipating that the tug would contain the consul, all the captains in the fleet were summoned to the flagship, and a number of captains' gigs tossed about in the vicinity of the big gray vessel. One of these was hailed by the tug, and two figures, Consul Williams and Consul-General Wildman, of Hongkong, mounted the gangway

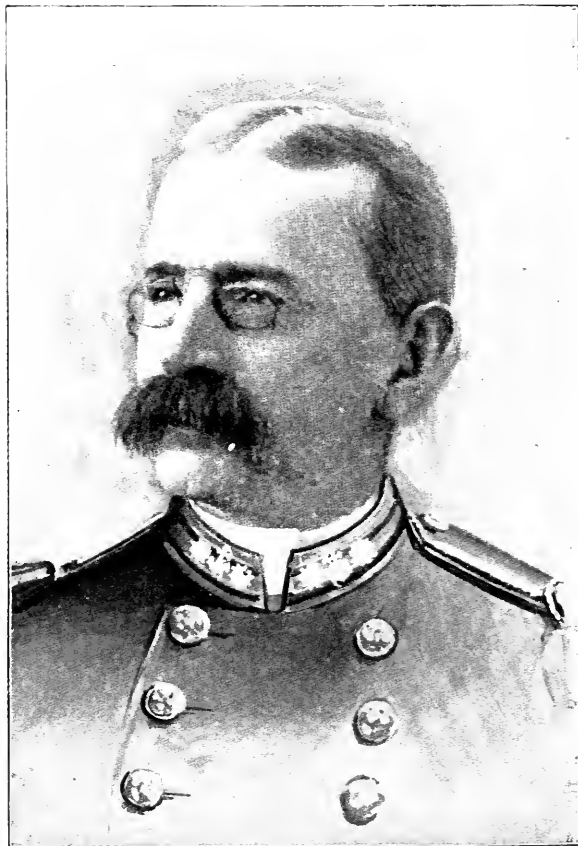
of the Olympia. A number of Philippine islanders, rebel refugees, were also on the tug, and one of them was given passage over on the Zafiro, one of the transports. A signal was at once sent out ordering all ships to prepare to get under way at 2 o'clock. Then followed a time of furious coal-firing, and the volumes of black smoke from the funnels told of the activity on board the different vessels.

With Lieutenant Elliott, I made a hurried call on the Nanshan, Zafiro and Baltimore. There were hurried introductions and a good deal of strained joking about how soon the squadron would be in Manila Bay. Many a hope was expressed that we should all be drinking one another's health in Manila within a few days. The big eight-inch guns were painted with the one monotonous lead color that covers all the ships, and there was the greatest activity everywhere.

Just before 2 o'clock we returned to the McCulloch and the gig was hoisted in place for the departure. Consul-General Wildman, on the bridge of the tug Fame, waved his good-by with a handkerchief. Two or three Chinese sampans were tossing in and out among the various ships, and there was a lot of signaling from the flagship. Consul Williams was put on board the Baltimore, the accommodations on the Olympia being insufficient for passengers.

The jibboom of the McCulloch has been hauled in, the foreyard taken down and stowed on the Nanshan, and a small one substituted. Two three-inch guns, with wheel mountings, have been placed on the forecastle deck and the iron rails have been replaced by ropes.

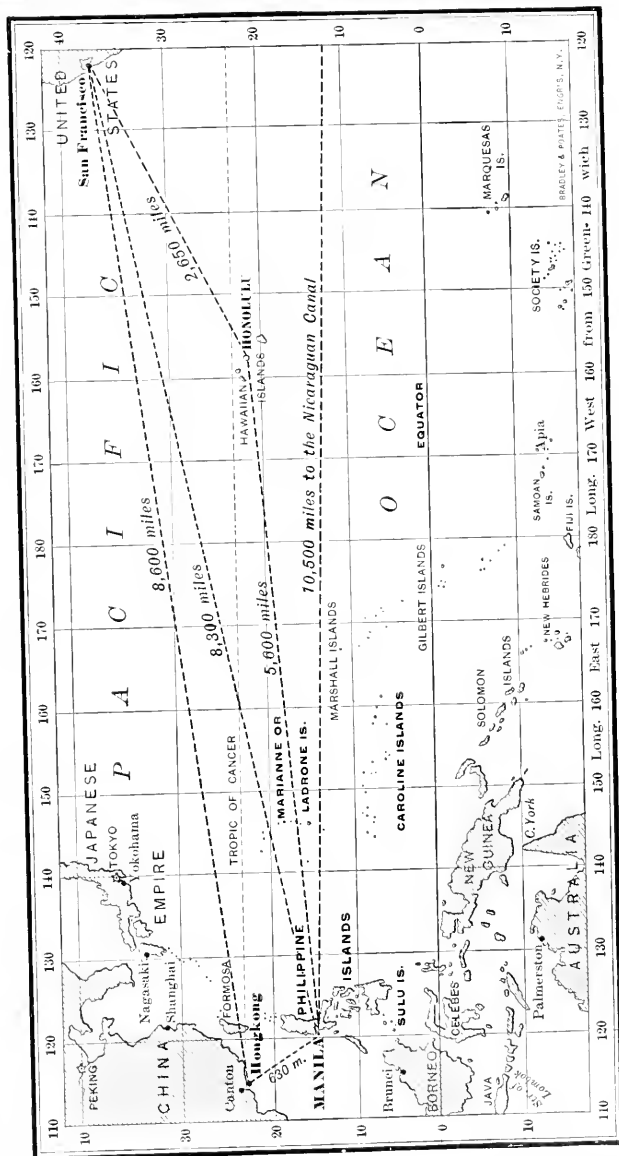
At 2 o'clock the Olympia raised her anchor. The marines were drawn up



CAPTAIN N. MAYO DYER, OF THE BALTIMORE.

He is the oldest Commander in the Navy in charge of a vessel.

on the quarter-deck and the band struck up the inspiring march from "El Captain." The McCulloch started at the same time, and the Raleigh took a position on the starboard quarter of the flagship. The McCulloch took a place about 100 yards almost abeam of the stern of the Raleigh, and the Baltimore moved rapidly up to the port beam of the Raleigh. The Petrel took a position corresponding to that of the McCulloch, except she was on the port quarter of the Baltimore. From the flagship a white flag with red diagonal cross-bars floated at the foremast, the Commodore's pennant at the main and the American flag at the main peak. There is continual signaling from the Olympia and the various vessels are acting in response to these signals. There is no smoke coming from the Olympia's funnels, but from the Baltimore a heavy black volume pours from her after funnel. The flag flies from the stern, and a line of sailors' clothing is hanging out to dry from the stem to the foremast. A single funnel, the forward one, of the Raleigh pours out a generous column of smoke, and her decorations, even to the clothesline, are the same as the Baltimore's. Her flag,

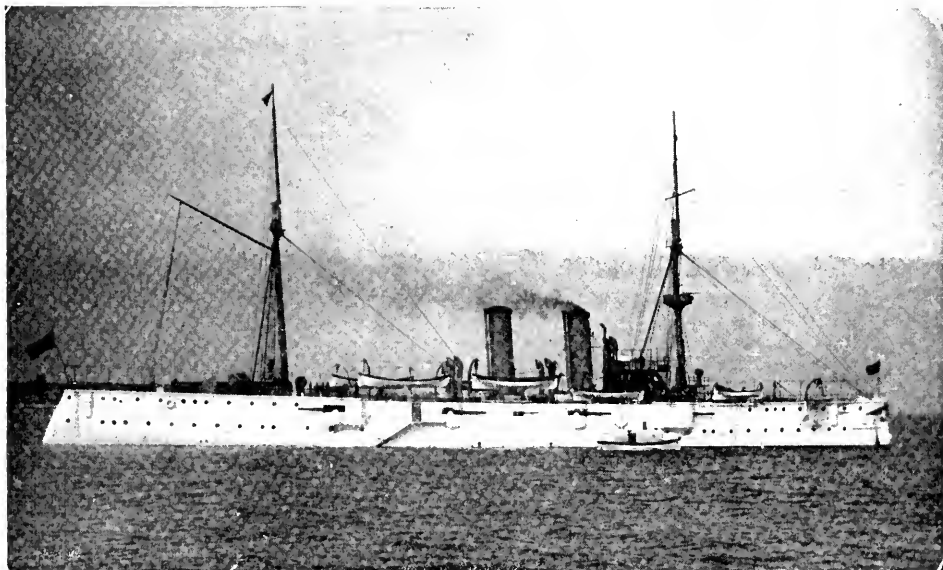


THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE PACIFIC.

however, flies from the main peak. The other vessels fly their flags from the main peak, with the exception of the transports. Their flags fly from the stern staff. From the foreyard of each ship there is a funnel-shaped speed indicator, which looks at a distance like a small black pennant.

The sky is dull colored and leaden and the water is overcast and almost the same color. There is a gentle swell, and a soft breeze blows in from the China Sea. The big headland that forms the northern side of Mirs Bay looks flat and purplish blue.

The formation is changing gradually. The McCulloch has advanced to a



THE RALEIGH.

Protected Cruiser in Asiatic squadron. Displacement, 3,213 tons. Battery, ten 5-in. and one 6-in. rapid-fire guns, eight 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, four 1-pounder rapid-fire cannons and two Gatlings. Speed, 16 knots. Officers and men, 312. Cost, \$1,100,000. Length, 201 feet. Horse power, 10,000. Capt. J. B. Coghlan, Commander.

position opposite the Olympia. There is a general shifting of places, and after some time the permanent formation is effected. There are two lines, the Olympia, Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord and Boston being in one line in the order named. The McCulloch heads the second line, which is formed by herself, the Nanshan and Zafiro.

Boston.	Concord.	Petrel.	Raleigh.	Baltimore.	Olympia.
		Zafiro		Nanshan.	McCulloch.

This design illustrates the permanent formation.

We have now passed the entrance of the harbor and find a long, easy swell on the sea. A number of Chinese fishing boats are scattered around the open sea, and away up to the north the faint outlines of an island are visible.

At 6 o'clock all hands on the McCulloch are piped on the main deck. The crew, about seventy in number, are lined up on the port side, except the men who have to remain below. The officers are lined up on the starboard side, and then, just a little before sunset, Lieutenant Elliott, who commands the auxiliary squadron, announces that the Commodore had signaled from the Olympia that the proclamation of war issued by the Spanish authorities in Manila should be read to all hands on board the squadron. He then reads the document. There is perfect silence, and only the strong voice of the reader is heard. The proclamation is a wonderful thing. It is an inflammatory cry to the people of the Philip-

pines to unite against the sacrilegious vandals who are coming over to loot their churches and outrage their women. It is an appeal to the ignorant passions of an unlettered people. At the conclusion of the reading of the proclamation, which contained a number of uncomplimentary things about the American seamen and nation in general, there is a second of silence, and then the crew breaks out in three ringing cheers for the American flag.

To-night the squadron is moving along to the southeast at an eight-knot



GENERAL VIEW OF MANILA.

speed. The vessels are marked only by their lights, and it is so dark that even the outlines of the hulls are lost entirely. The sight of this long string of lights scattered for a mile on the ocean, steaming on like a procession, is one that cannot be forgotten. The seamen on the McCulloch are lounging on the deck forward, and there is a great deal of singing. The flagship is signaling orders regulating the speed and other matters to the rest of the squadron. The red and white lights of the signals wink and glow like fireflies as they send their messages out through the night, and once in awhile a red rocket soars aloft and floats off to the stern until it snuffs out like the bursting of a bubble.

Thursday, April 28—At about 5:15 a. m. a ship was sighted on the starboard bow of the McCulloch bound toward the Philippines. It proved to be the ship of a friendly power, which soon disappeared. The squadron holds the same formation as yesterday. A fairly rough sea is on, and during the early morning the sky looked black and threatening. Toward 9 o'clock the sky begins

to clear. There is a general adjustment of men for the various guns of the McCulloch, and the three-inch ammunition is all being shifted forward. As the crew on this vessel is comparatively small, even the three civilians, including myself, are assigned positions with the gun and ammunition squads and are drilled in the use of sabers and small arms. A sick bay is being arranged with an operating table, on the berth deck, and four men are assigned to assist the surgeon.

Friday, April 29—Last night there was a heavy sea. The Nanshan and Zafiro, both deep in the water, the former with coal and the latter with provisions, rolled and pitched fearfully. The McCulloch was also reeling and staggering along, making heavy weather. During the evening the Olympia's searchlights were whipping across the sky, sweeping the horizon and searching for vessels that might approach. It was very dark, and the position of the different ships was marked only by two or three lights which were swung aloft. They looked like constellations in the sky, for no part of the body of the ships was visible, and every porthole or crevice through which light might filter was carefully and effectually closed. A little later there was signal practice among the vessels of the line of battle.



CAPTAIN JOSEPH B. COUGHLAN,
OF THE RALEIGH.

To-day men on the McCulloch have been working on the final preparations. The rigging has been "snaked" with zigzag ropes, so that if a heavy wire rope is shot in two it will not fall on the deck. The carpenter has made a number of shot plugs which will be used to stop up any holes made by shells in the hull. He has also made a stretcher to bear the wounded. This is the most unpleasantly suggestive thing that has been done. It has been arranged to have life-preservers and all other buoyant objects lying where they will float in case the ship goes down. In this way there will be something for men overboard to sustain themselves on. The mattresses of the cabin and wardroom are buoyant, as well as the cushions of the lifeboats. All the sails are taken from the sail-loft and banked up on the forecastle as a protection against rifle bullets for the men stationed in that exposed position. The decks will be cleared for action some time to-day, as it is expected that the squadron will reach Manila early to-morrow morning. The life-boats are being wrapped in canvas to prevent splinters flying when the boats are struck by shells. There are frequent gun drills, and every man is being drilled in his particular station.

It is expected that land will be sighted to-night or early to-morrow morning.

There is a heavy sea this afternoon and a great deal of lightning to the south. In the evening there is a signal drill. Cipher signals are being sent from the Baltimore to the flagship. As Consul Williams is on the former vessel, it is probable that some of his suggestions are being sent to the flagship.

The stars are out at 9 o'clock, but at 10 there is a fearful downpour of rain.

Saturday, April 30—Early this morning the quartermaster announced land in sight. This is Bolmoa Cape, about 110 miles north of the entrance to Manila Bay. The Boston and Concord are sent about six miles in advance of the fleet as scouts. The land, which is the northern part of Luzon Island, on which Manila is situated, is off to the east about five miles. It looks green and beautiful in the bright morning sunlight.

It is strongly suggestive of the outline of Cuba, approaching Havana from the north. There are faint blue lines of hills and mountains, with little patches of dark colored verdure on the coast. A bluish haze hangs over the land, and the hills and mountains grade off in tints until the farthest ranges are only pale flat tones scarcely darker than the sky.

The Boston and Concord are now so far ahead of the fleet that only the smoke from their funnels marks their position.

A sail was sighted off the starboard bow about 9:30 a. m., but it proved to be a small schooner. The Zafiro was dispatched to intercept her. She steamed out to the schooner and overhauled and examined her. After doing this she resumed her place in line. On the McCulloch they are clearing the decks for action. Companion stairways that are not absolutely essential are being stowed away, fixed railings taken down and sails are being banked forward for breastworks. There is no visible excitement so far, but there is a business-like calm which



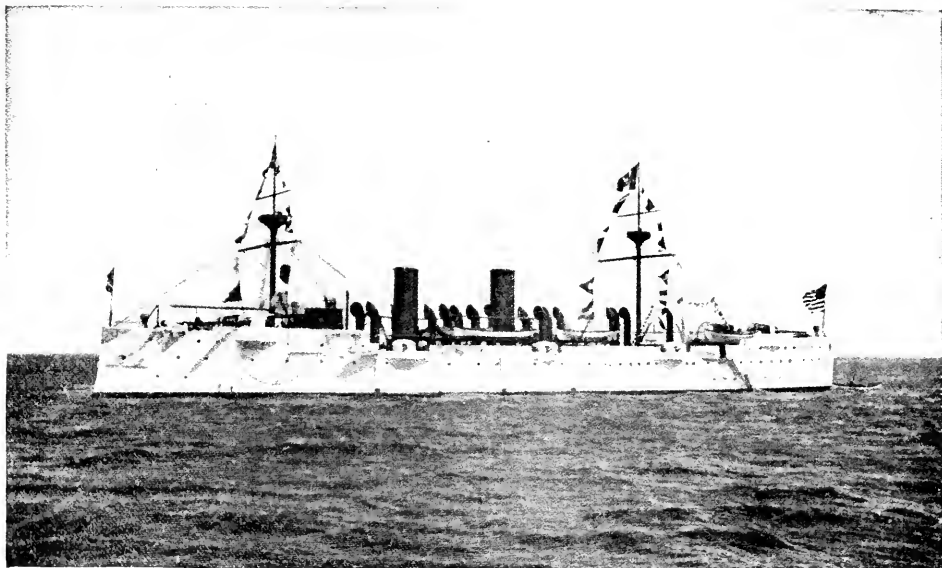
DON LUIS CADARSO Y REV.

portends something imminent. We are now steaming about eight knots an hour, and it is growing oppressively warm. At this rate of speed the fleet will arrive at Corregidor Island about 2 or 3 o'clock. Whether hostilities will begin at once or whether speed be increased is still a matter of uncertainty. The feeling seems to prevail that the great struggle will not come before to-morrow (Sunday) morning, but circumstances may precipitate it this afternoon or evening.

The Baltimore has now her four boilers going, and has started forward to join the Boston and Concord, about fifteen miles ahead. It is believed these ships will enter Subig Bay, about thirty miles north of Manila Bay, to see whether any Spanish warships are there. It has been reported that two Spanish vessels are in Subig Bay, and it will be necessary to dislodge and destroy them before proceeding to Manila Bay. Otherwise, in the event of an engagement in the

bay, these two reserve ships could follow and destroy the provision and coal ships, and probably the McCulloch.

At 11:30 a. m. the squadron is about eighty miles from Manila Bay. The Baltimore has kept close in shore and is now below the horizon, only her smoke being visible. The flagship has signaled that the schooner overhauled by the Zafiro had no information to give. At 2 o'clock the distance to Subig Bay is ten miles, and to Corregidor, at the Mouth of Manila Bay, about forty miles. The



THE BALTIMORE.

Protected Steel Cruiser. Was in the thick of the fight at Manila. She seemed to draw the fire of the Spaniards, who pierced her hull with two shots. Eight men were slightly hurt, but continued to fight until the end.

work of lowering the after life-boats of the McCulloch down half way to the water is going on, with the object of getting them into the water as expeditiously as possible if occasion requires.

The Baltimore, Concord and Boston are supposed to have entered Subig Bay. They cannot be seen. At about 4 o'clock a faint column of smoke in the bay marks the position of one of the ships.

The sail of another small schooner was seen about this time and bore down toward the squadron. As it reached the mouth of the bay the Boston and Concord were sighted coming out. The Olympia, Raleigh and Petrel steamed toward the approaching schooner. Orders came from the flagship for the McCulloch to send an officer on board the little vessel for information. By this

time the boat was absolutely surrounded by warships, although this was not an intentional maneuver. The Olympia, Raleigh and Petrel steamed by, the McCulloch stopped and the dinghy, with Lieutenant Joynes and an interpreter, was sent to the schooner. It flew the Spanish flag, but in answer to questions the captain said he had not come from Manila and did not know where the Spanish warships were. The dinghy returned and the McCulloch followed the fleet to the mouth of Subig Bay.

At about 5:15 p. m. the squadron came to a full stop at that point and signals from the flagship called the captains of the different ships to conference. The final details of the attack will doubtless be arranged at this meeting.

A few minutes after 6 o'clock Captain Hodgson and Lieutenant Elliott returned from the flagship. It was easy to see that something definite and immediate had been decided on, for the face of the one was white and set and the other serious and grave. The order was at once given to put on the battle ports and not let a light be seen except the stern light. Preparations for sailing are ordered and the information is given out that it has been determined to attempt the entrance to Manila Bay in the darkness that night. The battle ports are put up, the chartroom sealed and everything about the ship darkened. A small electric light has been fixed as a stern light to show the vessel following our position. The groups of sailors on the decks and the officers on the bridge look shadowy and vague, and with all the hurry of final preparation there is almost no noise.

Shortly after sunset a remarkable cloud formation was observed on the western horizon. It represented absolutely and without imaginative aid the gun deck and turret of a warship, with the gun sticking, black and vivid, out of the turret. Coming at a time like this, it was undoubtedly a marvelous premonition for one of the combating powers.

The night is a good one for running the forts at Corregidor, for there are masses of gray clouds in the sky which hide the half moon effectually. Occasionally the moon breaks through, and if the clouds entirely disappear it may be advisable to wait until the moon goes down—about 2 o'clock in the morning.

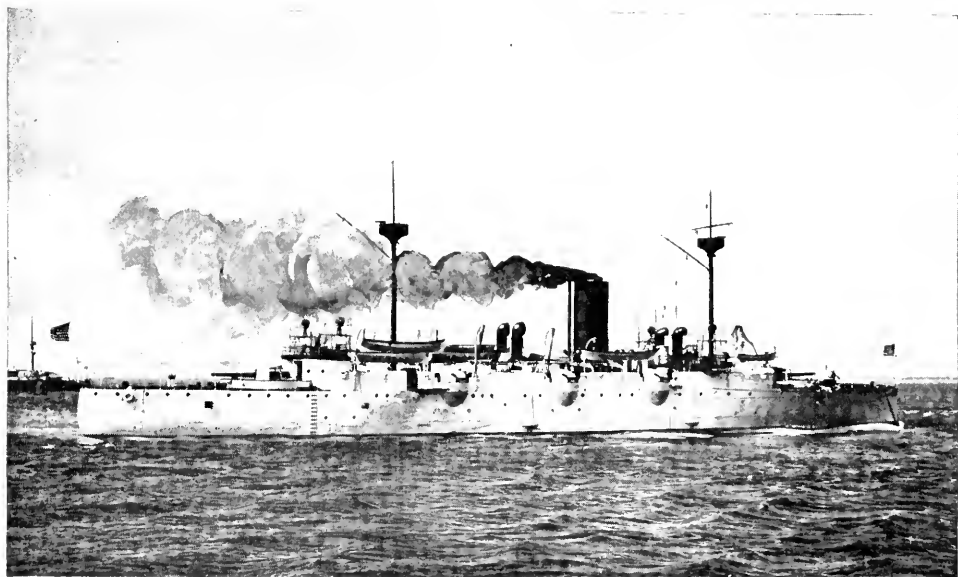
The other vessels are darkened, and at a mile's distance it is impossible to distinguish where they lie. It seems impossible that the guns of the fort could find the correct range even if the Spanish should detect the maneuver, unless searchlights are employed. By the time the bay is reached all the ships will be as dark as tombs and only the faint glimmer of the stern lights will be seen, and those only from the direct rear. The ships will glide quietly in at a low rate of speed and as noiselessly as possible in a single line in the following order: The Olympia leads, with the Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord, Boston, McCulloch, Nanshan and Zafiro coming after, separated from one another by 400 yards.

There is a good deal of lightning in the southwest, and it is only when one of these flashes illuminates the sky that the black bodies of the ships are seen.

As it will take three or four hours to reach Corregidor, every one who can do so turns in for a short rest, for there will be no other chance to sleep or lie down for a good while after the ships go into action. Mattresses are thrown about on the decks and with cutlasses and loaded revolvers within easy reach the men stretch out and try to sleep.

It was expected that the entrance to the harbor would not be reached before 1 o'clock, but in less than an hour general quarters are called and every one of the ship's company takes his station. Every gun is fully manned, rifles are distributed and the ammunition crews are assigned to their places. Now there is nothing to do but to wait.

About 11:30 the entrance to the bay can be seen. Two dark headlands—one on either side of the entrance—show up gloomy and absolutely darkened against



THE CHARLESTON.

Steel Cruiser. Displacement, 3,730 tons. Speed, 18.2 knots. Maximum coal supply, 758 tons. Complement, 306. Armor, protective deck, 2 in. on flat; 3 in. on slopes. Guns, main battery, two 8-in., six 6-in., slow-fire; secondary rapid-fire battery, four 6-pounders, two 3-pounders, two 1-pounders, four 37-mm. Hotchkiss, two Colts, one field gun. Authorized 1885.

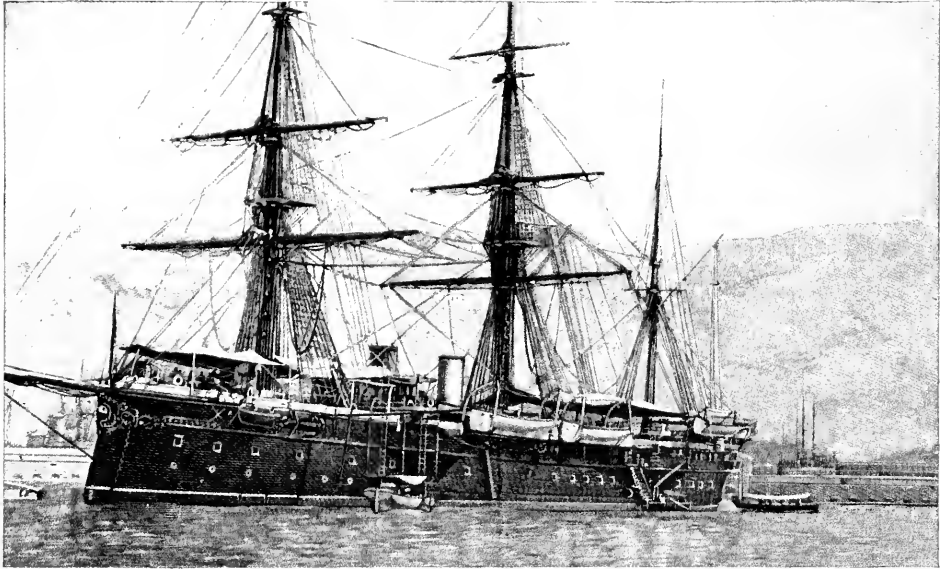
the shifting, uncertain clouds. In the space between a smaller mass shows where the dreaded Corregidor lies. A vivid patch of fire comes slowly out from the black background and the squadron bears down directly toward it. It proves to be Greek fire, and was probably a night life buoy dropped by one of the ships. It dances and darts on the face of the water and until we discovered what it was there was a lot of suppressed excitement among the crews.

It was understood the heaviest guns of the Spanish were at Corregidor. The entrance was also said to be planted with mines, and it was known that there were torpedoes waiting for the ships.

Everything is moving forward noiselessly and only the dim gleam of the stern lights of the ships in advance of the McCulloch are visible. The Nanshan and Zafiro are quite invisible in the blackness behind.

The Olympia turns in and steers directly for the center of the southern and wider channel. The Baltimore follows and in regular order the rest of the fleet slide on through the night toward the entrance. Still there is no firing from the forts, and it is hoped that the daring maneuver may not be discovered. The excitement at this time is intense. The sombre Corregidor and the big mass of hills at the south are watched with straining eyes.

About this time the soot in the funnel of the McCulloch caught fire and this circumstance may have revealed the movements of the fleet to the enemy. The



THE SPANISH FLAGSHIP, REINA CRISTINA.

An Unarmored Cruiser of steel, 3,520 tons displacement, was burned before the end of the battle, and Admiral Montejó removed his flag to the Cruiser Isla de Cuba, a smaller boat, which was also destroyed. The captain was killed and the greater portion of the crew went down with her.

flames shot up out of the funnel like the fire of a rolling-mill chimney. For a minute or two it burned and then settled down to the usual heavy black rolls of smoke.

A faint light flashed up on the land and then died out. A rocket leaped from Corregidor and then all was darkness and stillness again. The nervous tension at this time was very great. Again the flames rolled forth from the McCulloch's funnel and then again they gave way to the smoke. There was grinding of teeth on the McCulloch, for of all times in the world, this was the most fatal time for such a thing to happen. While it burned it made a perfect target for the enemy. Still there was no firing.

Now we are almost in the strip directly between two forts. The Boston is 200 yards in advance of the McCulloch, but the Concord, Petrel, Raleigh, Baltimore and Olympia are well in the harbor.

Sunday, May 1—Suddenly, just at 12:15 o'clock, a flash is seen on the southern shore, a white puff of smoke curls out, and for the first time in the lives of nearly all on the McCulloch the sound of a screaming cannon ball is heard. It passed well clear of the McCulloch, toward which it was fired. At the sight of the flash of flame and the subsequent dull report, we waited in keen anxiety to see whether the ship would be struck. Now came an instant order from the bridge to load the after starboard six-pounder and fire five shells at the point where the smoke was seen. There was a short lull and the order was countermanded. Then there came the sound like the crashing of thunder and from the Boston went an eight-inch shell from her after gun. This was the first shot fired by the Americans.

Immediately there came a whirling, singing shell that seemed to go a little ahead of the McCulloch's bow. The McCulloch now stopped and sent a six-pound shot at the battery, following it a minute later with another. The Spaniards answered this and once more the McCulloch sent a shell toward the vague, indistinct cloud of smoke showing against the dark hillside to the south. The Concord at this point fired a six-pound shot. All this time there is no sound from Corregidor and it is a matter of surprise that shells have not been coming toward us from both sides. Then there comes quiet and the squadron gradually steams down the bay toward Manila. The Nanshan and Zafiro hug close the Corregidor while coming in and escape being fired on.

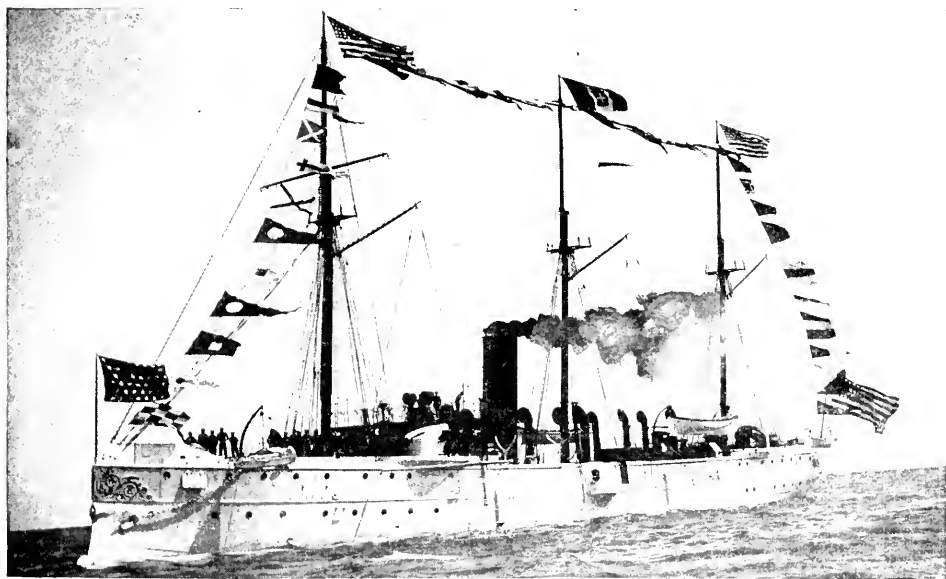


CAPTAIN C. V. GRIDLEY.

Who died shortly after the battle while on his way to the United States.

During the firing there was the best of order on the McCulloch, and no one seemed to lose his head. Chief Engineer Randall was overcome by a nervous shock, probably apoplectic in character, and at a few minutes after 2 o'clock he died. The orders have gone out from the flagship to proceed at a four-knot speed toward Cavite, the naval station, which is seventeen miles away at the head of the bay. This will put the fleet close to the Spanish squadron and the great battle will take place in the morning.

The men are now stretched out everywhere on their arms trying to sleep.



THE CONCORD.

Steel Gunboat in Asiatic squadron at Manila. Displacement, 1,710 tons. Battery, six 6-in. breech-loading rifles, two 6-pounder and two 3-pounder rapid-fire guns, two 37-min. Hotchkiss revolving cannons and two Gatlings. Speed, 16.8 knots. Officers and men, 195. Asa Walker, Commander. Cost, \$490,000.

It is remarkable to see how little commotion is caused by the death of the chief engineer. The great dangers and thrilling events about to happen so completely overshadow the passing away of one man that the sad incident has created no stir. The body is sewed up in canvas and lies on a bier on the quarterdeck. It will be buried at sea later in the day.

THE BATTLE.

At 5:10 in the morning, just as dawn is breaking, the battle begins. By this time the American fleet has arrived off Cavite and the brightness of the approaching day reveals to both sides the position of the enemy. The Spanish immediately begin firing, but at a distance of nearly four miles. At the sound of the first

shot the Olympia wheels and starts straight for the enemy. From every mast and every peak of the American squadron floats a flag, and the sight of all these fluttering emblems arouses an enthusiasm that we have never known before. As the Olympia steams over toward the Spanish the Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord and Boston follow in line of battle. The McCulloch is left to protect the transports.

Through the dimness of the early morning eight of the Spanish vessels can hardly be seen, but as minute after minute passes the ships and fortifications become more distinct. The Spanish are meeting the advance of the squadron with continuous firing from the ships and the forts.

So far there has been no answering shot from the American ships. They are steaming on, grim and determined, and making directly for the Spanish position.

At 5:33 the Olympia fired the first shot, and at 5:40 the firing becomes incessant. A battery at the mole, in Manila, and nearly five miles to the east, has now begun firing, and the Boston is occupied with shelling a fort on the mainland beyond the arsenal at Cavite. The Reina Cristina, which is the Spanish flagship, shows up black and fierce in the front of the enemy's fleet. The Castilla is nearly abreast of her and is protected by large barges, which makes it impossible for shells to penetrate below the water line. The Don Antonio de Ullao is a little behind the other vessels. From Bakor Bay, the naval anchorage, comes the fire from the Don Juan de Austria, a cruiser; the Isla de Luzon and Isla de Cuba, protected cruisers, and the Marques del Duero, General Lezo, El Correo and Velasco. These latter vessels steam back and forth from the protection of the walls of the arsenal. Other smaller vessels, evidently torpedo boats, can be seen occasionally coming into view and then retreating behind the arsenal.

The American fleet now forms in a line, and, steaming in a wide circle, pours shells from the port and bow guns as the vessels pass. Then the ships swing around, and, continuing in the long ellipse, turn loose the guns of the stern and the starboard side. In this way all the guns on both sides of the warships are kept in action part of this time and the vessels are constantly moving. The fleet makes three complete circles, each time going in to shorter range until a range of about 1,500 yards is reached.

There are numberless exhibitions of daring shown by the Spanish. At one time the Reina Cristina alone steamed out at full speed in the very face of the combined American fleet with the intention of running the Olympia down. All the American

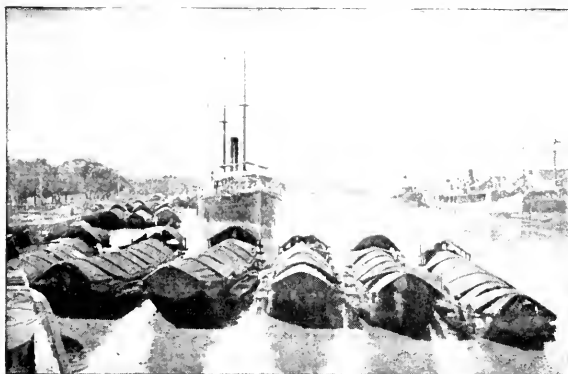


COM. EDWARD P. WOOD, OF THE
PETREL.

vessels concentrate their guns on her and pour a perfect rain of shell through and around her. Still she comes on. As she approaches nearer the terrible storm of projectiles becomes too severe, and, realizing that the ship will be annihilated, the admiral swings her slowly around and starts for the protection of the navy yard. Just at this moment an eight-inch shell from the Olympia strikes the Reina Cristina in the stern and goes right through her. In a few minutes clouds of white smoke are seen coming from the ship. The vessel is being pounded to death by the shells; her whole inside seems afire, but still she keeps on throwing shells. It seems for awhile that she must go down or that the Spanish flag must be lowered, but when nearly a half-hour later we can see her through the smoke the pennant waves bravely from her main peak and she is still belching forth flashes of flame and billows of smoke.

Now two little torpedo boats start out in a desperate effort to torpedo the Olympia. They come on rapidly, ex-

posed to the fire of the American ships, and stop and wait for the advancing Olympia. Officers on the flagship afterward say that at this time the excitement on board is the greatest during any part of the engagement. The Olympia keeps steaming on until within 800 yards of the torpedo boats, and, as the latter show no signs of retreating, the flagship stops and signals the fleet to concentrate their fire on those little terrors. The hail of shell is fearful. Finally they



PORT OF MANILA.

turn and retreat. At this moment a large shell strikes one of them and it is seen to dive headlong into the sea, entirely disappearing from view. The other succeeds in regaining cover, but is beached soon after.

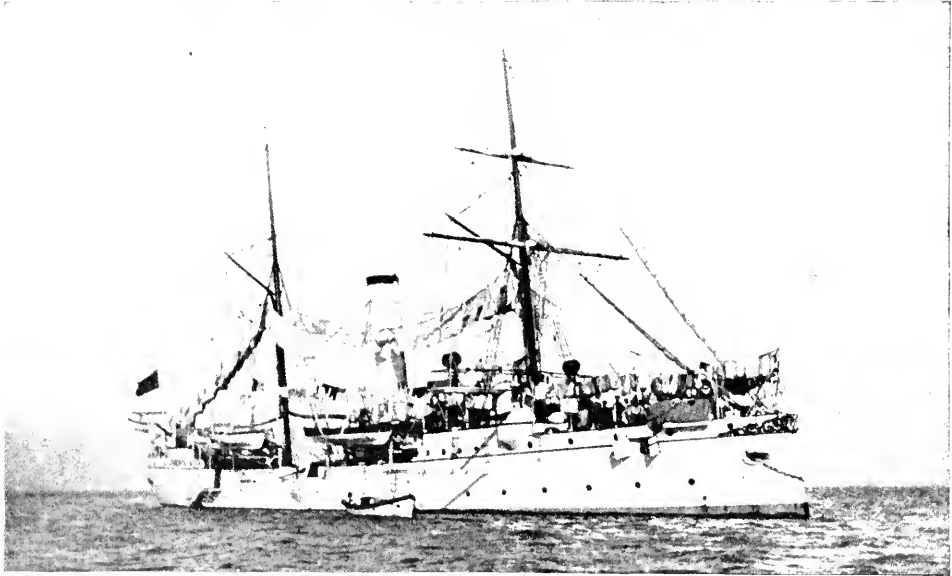
A little while later when the American squadron is at the farthest point in its circle of evolution, a gunboat slips out from the Spanish stronghold and starts for the McCulloch, hoping evidently by this bold move to destroy the transports. As soon as this move is seen by Admiral Dewey the fire is immediately directed on the gunboat, and it returned to a safer place.

During the battle there are times when the American vessels pass between the Spanish forces and the McCulloch. This vessel protecting the transports lies about two miles from the fort and the Spanish ships. At these times the McCulloch is in direct range of the enemy's fire. Shots scream through the rigging and fall into the water around her. One shot strikes about forty feet in front of her bow.

During all this fearful cannonading Admiral Dewey with Flag Captain Lam-

bertson stands on the bridge on the pilot house, absolutely exposed, while the Olympia goes through the storm of shells coming from the Spanish ships.

Now there are two vessels burning, the Reina Cristina, and the Castilla, although both have their flags flying. The firing from these ships seems to be decreasing, but whenever the hope arises that they are completely disabled they seem to renew it with greater vigor. It is impossible to determine what damage is being done to either side. There seems to be no great destruction among the American vessels, for each time they revolve in that deadly ellipse the vessels all show up



ISLA DE CUBA — SPANISH.

Was an Unarmored Cruiser sunk in the battle of Manila. The flag of Admiral Montojo was transferred to her mast during the fight. Steel hull, of 1,030 tons displacement. Speed, 16 knots. Armament, four 4.7-in. quick-firing guns, four 6-pounders, two 3-pounders, two machine guns. Horse power, 2,200. Officers and men, 100.

with flying colors and undiminished fire. Three times they make the deadly round, passing five times before the Spanish forces, each time drawing in closer and closer.

Now the Olympia has ceased firing, and it is said her after turret is damaged. She withdraws, followed by the rest of the squadron. The Spanish keep on firing with almost as much vigor as ever. It is now 7:45 o'clock, and the fight has lasted two and a half hours. During all this time there has been incessant firing, and the whole sky is hazy with smoke. The tremendous resistance and striking courage of the Spanish is a revelation. A feeling of profound gloom comes over us as the American ships withdraw for consultation. How much damage has been

done is yet unknown and whether their decks are swimming in blood, their cabins choked with the wounded and dead and their guns battered cannot be determined until the commanders return from the conference.

Then comes a long wait. At last, after feverish anxiety, the marvelous news comes that not a single life has been lost and not a single man seriously hurt. Not a single boat is badly injured and hardly a scrap of rigging is cut through.

At 10:45 o'clock, after a conference of the commanding officers, it is decided to attack again. The object in withdrawing, it transpires, was to allow the smoke to clear away and to enable the admiral to determine what damage had been done

his vessels. But when the astounding report came that there were no lives lost and no vessels damaged the enthusiasm on the different ships is wonderful. There are cheers on cheers from the decks of all the ships.

The Baltimore now heads for Cavite, rushing on at full speed, and does not stop until she is almost in the shadow of the forts. There she begins to fire with her big guns, throwing masts away and tearing holes in everything in sight. The Olympia follows and joins in the bombardment. The little Petrel comes close behind, then the Concord and last the Raleigh and Boston. Their firing is incessant. The Spaniards are answering vigorously, and the dull, muffled thunder of the cannon comes with the regularity of drum beats. It is easy to trace the effects of the shells, for whenever they strike columns of dirt and water ascend in tremendous upheavals. The naval station is now full of burning vessels. The Spanish flag still flies from the fort, but the Spanish firing at this hour, noon, has nearly ceased. The Reina Cristina is now red with flames and heavy clouds of smoke roll up from her. A minute ago there was an explosion on her that must



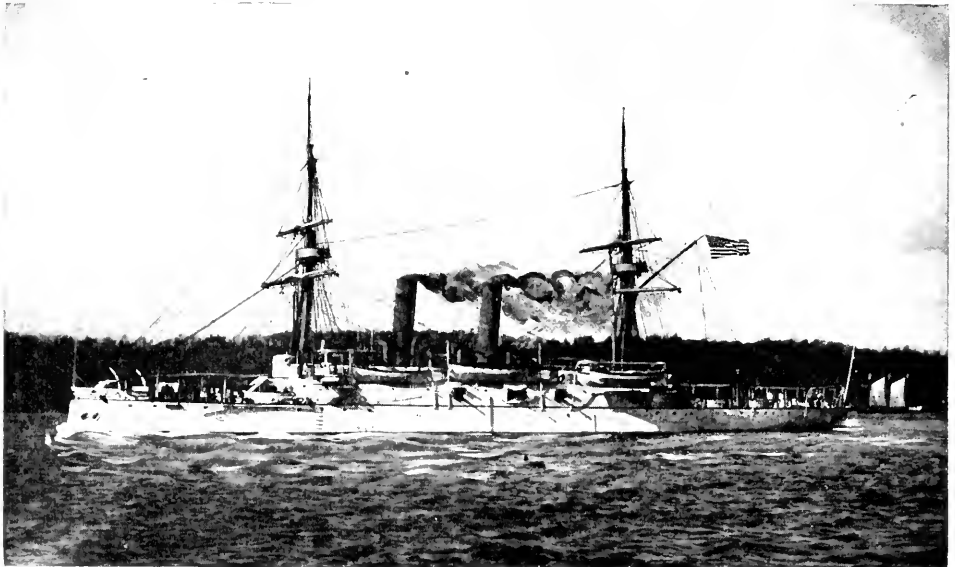
COM. BENJAMIN P. LAMBERTSON, OF
THE BOSTON.

have been caused by the fire reaching one of the ammunition magazines. She is now almost a complete wreck.

At 12:35 the Americans have ceased firing, and for fifteen minutes there has been only a desultory and scattering sound of guns. It is believed the battle is over, although a Spanish flag still flies above a small fortification. The Boston puts a shell over toward the persistent and aggravating hunting. The Baltimore, which has done such valiant work during this last action, has spread forth an American No. 1 ensign, which is the largest in the service. During the battle a Spanish merchantman lies over against the shore. She is the Isla de Mindonoa. I saw her at Singapore three weeks ago on her way to Manila with stores and

supplies. She has no guns mounted and she lies helpless and apparently deserted, near the beach. Fire is opened on her and two shells are sent straight through her. Immediately dozens of men appear in different parts of the ship, flocking to the small boats and making all haste to reach the shore. The Concord now steams over and the ship is set on fire.

Orders are now sent out to enter the small bay back of the arsenal and Cavite and finish the work. The little Petrel, whose gallant conduct in the face of all the big guns that blazed away at her during those long hours of flying havoc should



THE BOSTON.

Steel Cruiser, a fine type. Displacement, 3,000 tons. Speed, 16 knots. Battery, six 6-in. and two 8-in. breech-loading rifles, two 6-pounder, two 3-pounder and two 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, four Hotchkiss and two Gatling guns. 19 officers, 265 men. Cost, \$610,000. Commanded by B. F. Lambertson.

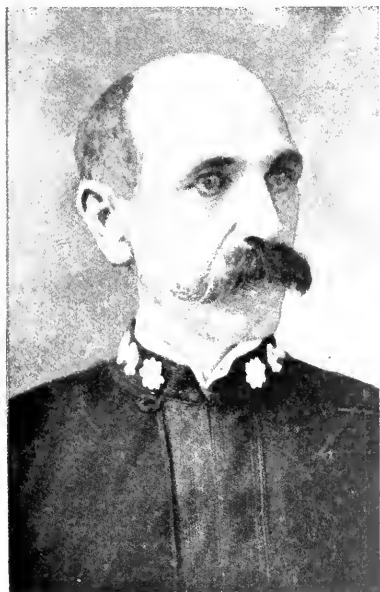
be sung by every one who loves the American flag, steams bravely on toward the very heart of the Spanish stronghold, occasionally spitting forth a shell as she goes. It makes the pulse beat fast and the blood tingle to watch that little demon wade into the Spanish the way she does. The Raleigh and Boston are occasionally heaving a reminding ball into the burning masses that so recently constituted the brave Asiatic squadron of the Spanish.

At 12:47 it is signaled from shore that the Spanish have surrendered. Great cheering on the victorious ships follows. The rigging is manned and there is a fluttering of banners, and on every visible deck on every ship there are white groups of cheering sailors. There is a joy and exultation in every man's face that

shows how deeply and sincerely happy he is, and a gallant waving of the flags that now seem more beautiful and inspiring than ever before.

There still remain the forts at Corregidor and the battery at Manila to reduce, but it is believed that they will surrender. There has been no firing from the latter since the early morning engagement. This fact and the fact that we are now all within range of their big guns leads one to believe that the conquest of Manila is completed.

Admiral Dewey has sent Mr. Williams, the late consul to Manila, to the English sailing ship *Buccleuch* with the object of establishing communication with the Spanish captain-general through the British consul. It is the intention of our admiral to give forty-eight hours for the captain-general to surrender all the stores, supplies and war material, together with the control of the islands. If he refuses to do this the city may be shelled. It is believed, however, that the request will be complied with, as the fleet could lay the city of Manila, with all its beautiful public buildings and cathedrals, in ruins in a very short time.



COM. ASA WALKER, OF THE *CONCORD*.

During the night of May 1, after the battle, the southern shores at and around Cavite are bright with the flames of burning ships. The *Reina Cristina* and *Castilla* are mere skeletons now, with flames tearing through every part of them and making their bones show black against the white heat. There are constant explosions, either from the magazines of ships or mines or ammunition stores in the naval station. Back in the hills big columns of smoke are lazily lifting to the sky. Some of the explosions at Cavite are fearful. Flames leap hundreds of feet into the air and tremendous volumes of smoke rise in gigantic white billows. To the north and in almost every direction the curling smoke on the hillsides marks where the insur-

gents are applying the torch to complete what the Americans have left undone.

In Manila there is the sound of cathedral bells. It is reported that the Spaniards have all withdrawn into the walled portion of the town and that the insurgents are coming in to loot the houses and kill the defenseless.

At 8 o'clock the *McCulloch* is signaled to approach to within a few hundred feet of the city and guard the entrance to Pasig river. It is supposed that there are still one or two small river gunboats in the river, and the mission of the *McCulloch* is to intercept and destroy any that may attempt to slip out in the night. She advances and anchors directly opposite the Mole battery, where the big ten-inch Krupp guns are planted. The *Esmeralda*, which is anchored a few yards from the Mc-

Culloch, promptly lifts anchor and quits the vicinity. Almost immediately after the McCulloch's anchor is dropped two faint lights are reported as coming down the Pasig river. Guns are immediately manned and general quarters called. There is a time of almost breathless waiting, but as nothing hostile appears the tense excitement relaxes. General quarters is called later on in the night, but this is also in response to a false alarm.

Monday, May 2—The McCulloch raised anchor at the mouth of the Pasig river, and in response to a signal from the flagship returns and joins the squadron. At about 7 o'clock the Petrel, which has been at Cavite completing the destruction of the half-destroyed ships, returns with six captured launchies and small boats. She steams by proudly, and as she comes abreast the Olympia and McCulloch she is greeted with rousing cheers from those ships.

Smoke is now seen rising from the town of Manila, and it is thought that either the Spaniards are destroying their supplies or else the rebels have begun their burning and pillaging. Smoke is also curling from many points in the outskirts of the city, and it may be necessary for the fleet to land marines to protect the Spanish and foreign residents. No answer has yet come from the captain-general in response to the message sent by him yesterday by Admiral Dewey.

At 11:40 in the morning a small tug flying the Spanish flag aft and a flag of truce at her bow comes up to the flagship. It is not known what is its mission.

A little while after noon the Baltimore and Raleigh, the latter having the tug in tow, steams off toward Corregidor, seventeen miles away. The McCulloch is now sent over to Cavite with instructions to enter the harbor at Canacao bay. She takes a position in the center of this little bay, where the bigger ships of the Spanish did most of their fighting. The Reina Cristina lies 200 yards to the right of us, the Castilla the same distance behind us, and the Don Antonio de Ulloa 150 yards to our left. Only the masts and battered funnels and parts of shattered decks are above water, and over on the shore are two smaller sailing boats toppled over in the shallow water. A single Spanish flag is still flying over a building at the head of the bay, but there are a number of white flags scattered around over the various government buildings, and several red cross ensigns wave above the hospitals and churches. There is scarcely any sign of life on shore and the day has a Sunday quiet that is impressive after the thrilling events of yesterday. A few



ADMIRAL MONTEJO.

Commanding the Spanish Fleet at Manila.



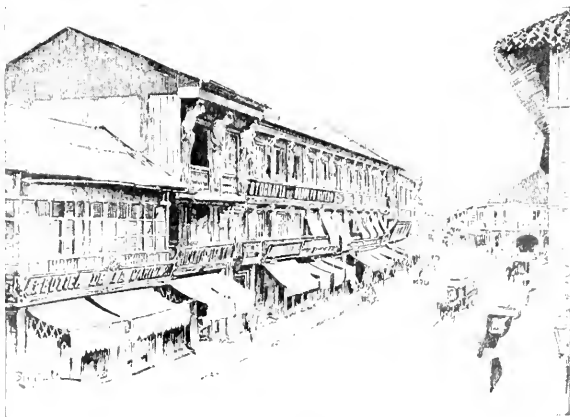
CAPT. CADARSO, OF THE REINA
CRISTINA.

figures can occasionally be seen, and the sight of some nuns conducting a funeral ceremony show that the shells of the Americans were deadly and desolating. Men can be observed carrying bundles and packages as if preparing to leave the place. There is a good deal of curiosity as to why that one persistent Spanish flag still flies over the town. Later a gig is sent from one of the squadron and soon after the flag is hauled down. The big guns of the battery are visible on our right hand a few hundred feet away. The walls of the fort on the left hand show marks of shells and are now still and deserted.

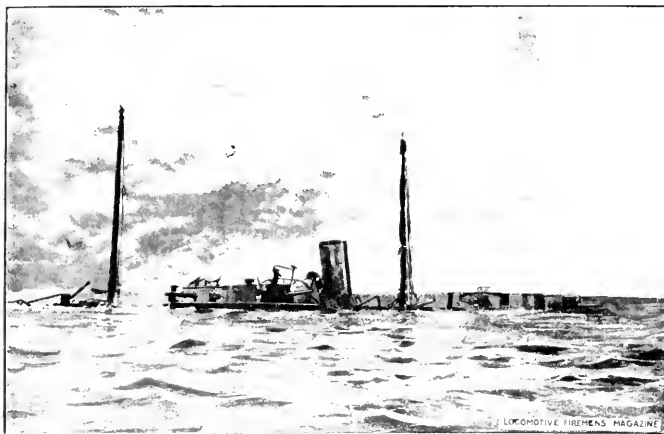
During the afternoon I took a dinghy and went among the wrecks in this bay. The Castilla shows only one upright funnel and two burnt and charred masts. The other funnel is leaning over against the standing one, and only a few inches of shattered and crushed rail shows above the water line. The insides are burned completely out, only the blackened iron work being visible. Eight six-inch guns stare out a little above the water and the breech ends

are ruined by the flames. Other small millimeter guns and six-pounders are standing on the bow and after deck. The hull is still burning in one or two places where little patches of woodwork remain, and blue hazes of smoke lift lazily from the smoldering embers.

The Reina Cristina, the proudest ship of them all, and the flagship of Rear-Admiral Patricio Montojo y Pasaron, as well as the theater of some of the most daring fighting, lies a little farther away, as completely demolished as the Castilla. Her funnels are perforated, her rigging cut and big gaping holes in the shattered steel framework show how accurate was the aim of the Americans. Some large eight-inch guns show above water and a number of small guns still stand fore



BUSINESS STREET OF SAN SEBASTIEN, MANILA.



WRECK OF THE CASTILLA AT CAVITE.

steel poured into her. In a day or two the bodies will be coming to the surface. A live chicken is perched on a stanchion at the bow. How in the world it lived through the fire is a wonder, for the vessel is absolutely gutted.

The Antonio de Ulloa is almost entirely under water, but even then she has more unsubmerged parts than either of the other two. Her forecastle is above the surface, as well as her chartroom. The three masts still stand, splintered by shells. Her rigging is shattered in many places, and two small guns are visible on the forward deck. Boatloads of officers and seamen have been to her all afternoon, searching for souvenirs of the battle. Scraps of signal and boat flags, charts, books, small anchors and dozens of little relics have been eagerly seized. Sailors have been diving down and bringing up all sorts of trophies, from clocks and compasses to chairs and capstan heads. A piece of a guitar was found. Only the fretted finger stock remained, and it was evidently smashed by its devoted owner to prevent the invading vandals of America from capturing it. The Ulloa was a wooden ship and after the enemy found her range she must have been smashed to pieces in a very short time.

While I was there, a fearful explosion oc-

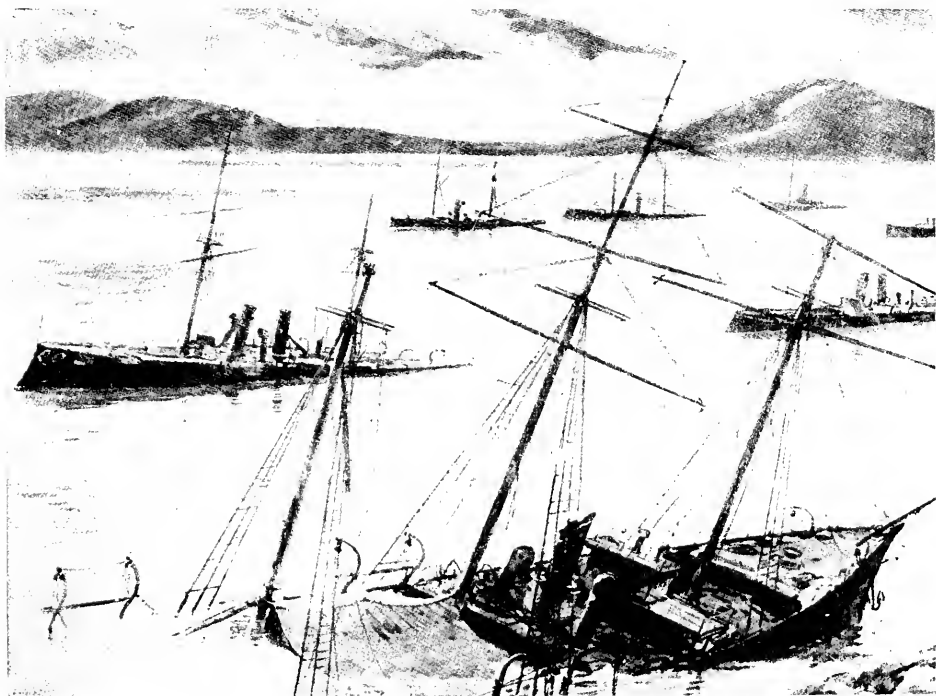
and aft. A little fire is burning on her, and the body of a Spaniard is lying halfway out of a gun barrette, his legs shot off and big slashing wounds in his hip. He is absolutely naked, except for a narrow belt, and has apparently been untouched by fire. It was in this ship that so many died, and the hull must be choked with those who fell before the sweeping gale of



WRECK OF THE REINA CRISTINA AT CAVITE.

curred on shore 200 yards away. At first it was thought fire had been opened again, but subsequently it was learned that a boat's crew from the Olympia had landed and were blowing up the big guns at the battery.

The scene of complete desolation in this bay was thought to be the worst possible, but a trip to the waters beyond the arsenal revealed even greater havoc and ruin. This is in Pakor Bay and is the principal anchorage of the naval station. There are seven warships, ranging from 800 tons up to 1,500, scattered around in this



The Illustrated American.

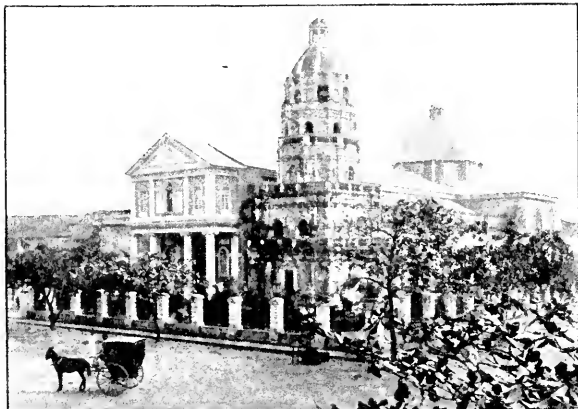
WRECKS OF THE SPANISH FLEET AT MANILA.

cove, all sunken and most of them charred by flames. One ship, the transport Manila, still floats, apparently uninjured. A number of live cattle are on board, as well as some sheep and other provisions for the Spanish. The name plates of the wrecks are either gone or submerged, but it is known that among them are the cruiser Don Juan of Austria, the protected cruisers Isla de Luzon and Isla de Cuba, and the gunboats Marques del Ducro, General Lezo, El Correo and Velasco.

These ships were among the finest of their class in the Spanish navy, and enough remains to indicate what excellently armed and carefully cared for vessels they

were. A number of six-inch guns are still above water and seem to be in good condition. Some of these have lost their breech plugs, and it is probable the Spaniards cast them overboard before abandoning the vessels. All show signs of the shelling, but it is doubtful whether the cannonading sunk them. It is thought they were fired when the Spanish abandoned them, and it is known that the Petrel set fire to some of them after the battle.

Boatload after boatload of insurgents are swarming into Cavite, and as the Spanish army has fled to Manila they are free to pillage to their hearts' content. The bay is dotted with outlandish-looking native boats, loaded to the water's edge with mountainous piles of plunder, and manned by scores of broad-hatted and swarthy insurgents.



CHURCH OF SANTA CRUZ, MANILA

The Spanish officers and surgeons of the naval hospital on Conacoa have appealed to the Americans for protection from the insurgents. To-day I went with a party of surgeons from the Baltimore to visit the hospital and help dispose of the dead and wounded. We were met at the landing by the Spaniards and treated with the utmost courtesy. They conducted us to the hospital, and the signs of awful suffering and misery among those 200 victims of the battle was something never to be forgotten. The floors were covered with hastily extemporized cots and the regular hospital beds bore men with every conceivable kind of wound. Rows on rows of beds, with men whose legs and arms had been shot away, and whose bodies and faces were sheathed in lint and reddened bandages, lay stretched along on either side of the various wards. It was supposed that resentment and hatred would be shown the men from the ships that caused them all this wretchedness, but such was not the case. There was the languid and appealing look of sickness and suffering on their faces that is to be seen in every hospital, but there was no anger. Those who had fared less seriously than the very badly wounded looked at us with curiosity and readily answered any questions asked. The surgeons were apparently not inclined to tell the number of killed and wounded, but it was said that 120 wounded and 80 sick were in this hospital and about 200 in the civil and military hospital at Cavite. One hundred and twenty are dead, not counting all of those whose bodies are still in the wrecks. It is thought that about 400 in all are dead and about 600 wounded. The surgeons said the sick and wounded were

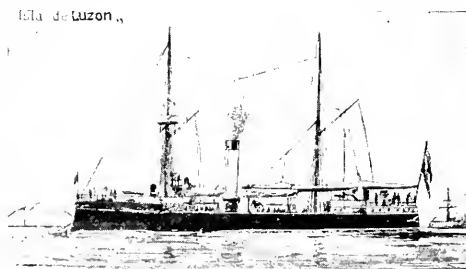
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not ready to be moved in safety, but that they wanted a guard of marines to protect them from the insurgents. They were fearfully afraid of the insurgents, and were particularly apprehensive lest the powder magazines near the hospital should be exploded by their native enemies.

Over in Cavite there are hundreds of Spaniards and natives. We walked from Canaoa to Cavite and passed dozens of carts and hundreds of people loaded with their household effects, seeking safety from the insurgents. They freely gave up their small arms and knives and were apparently eager to have the Americans land, for it meant protection for them. Every evidence of friendship that they could show us was exhibited. These were the common people. The soldiers had all fled to Manila. The streets were littered with rubbish, and the work of stripping Cavite of every movable thing was going on with unceasing energy. Admiral Dewey landed some marines, and these were distributed about to protect the hospitals and occupy all the fortifications. There were very few signs of shelling in the town, and I do not remember to have seen more than two or three evidences of the battle. This speaks well for the aim of the American ships, for their fire was directed entirely toward the Spanish fleet and the batteries. Spanish rifles were scattered around, but most of them had the breech removed to make them unserviceable.

On May 2 a large number of the wounded were conveyed from Cavite to Manila under the Red Cross flag. The captain-general refuses to surrender the city, but Admiral Dewey is content to wait, for the surrender is inevitable. It is the American policy to accomplish by blockade what would otherwise have to be done by bombarding the city. In the latter event a tremendous loss of life and property would result, while in the former the same object would be accomplished with no bloodshed, even if it takes a longer time.

May 3—It was learned that the wires between Corregidor and Cavite had been cut by the insurgents before the entrance was made at midnight of Saturday, and that the Spanish fleet at Cavite were not aware that the Americans had entered until the ships were seen at daylight on the eventful Sunday. Two mines were then fired by the Spanish, but it was after the squadron had passed the location of the mines at least two miles. The pilot of the *Esmeralda*, an English boat, was in a small craft at Corregidor on the night of the entrance waiting for his ship, which was expected from Hongkong. He is authority for the statement that when the signal lights were shown on shore two torpedoes were launched from Corregidor, but they fell far short of reaching the American ships. The reason Corregidor did not fire was because the moon was in such a position that the gunners could not see the ships.



ISLA DE LUZON.

The Raleigh and Baltimore, with the small tug in tow, went to Corregidor and destroyed the batteries at the forts with almost no resistance. All mines that have been discovered have been blown up or separated from electric connection. All the guns on shore at Cavite have been destroyed, and the work of demolishing the fortifications and arsenal will be immediately executed.



MONTOJO'S FLEET FIVE DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE AT CAVITE.

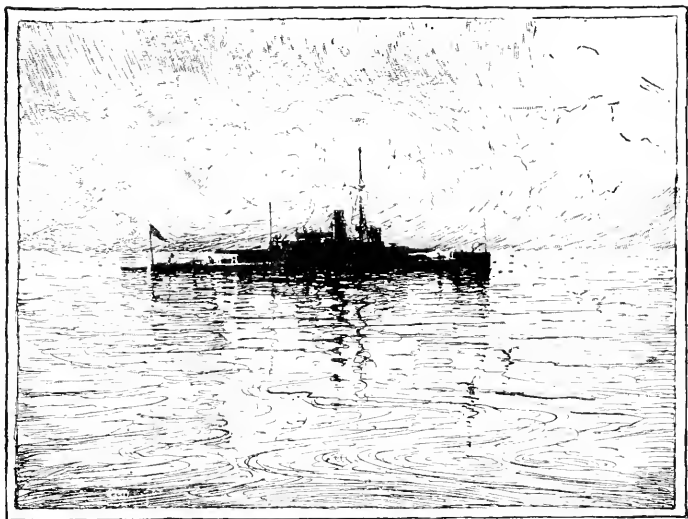
IV

MATANZAS AND CIENFUEGOS

MATANZAS BOMBARDED—CUTTING THE CABLE AT CIENFUEGOS—DEATH OF ENSIGN BAGLEY—AVENGING THE WINSLOW—THE GUSSIE EXPEDITION.

Matanzas was bombarded on the afternoon of Friday, May 6, and again the following morning. The work was done by two boats, among the smallest in the navy—the torpedo-boat Dupont and the auxiliary cruiser Hornet of the mosquito fleet. Three blockhouses were destroyed and a number of Spanish soldiers killed.

The bombardment was brought about by the temerity of the Matanzas Span-



THE AMPHITRITE LEADING THE SQUADRON SENT TO BLOCKADE MATANZAS.

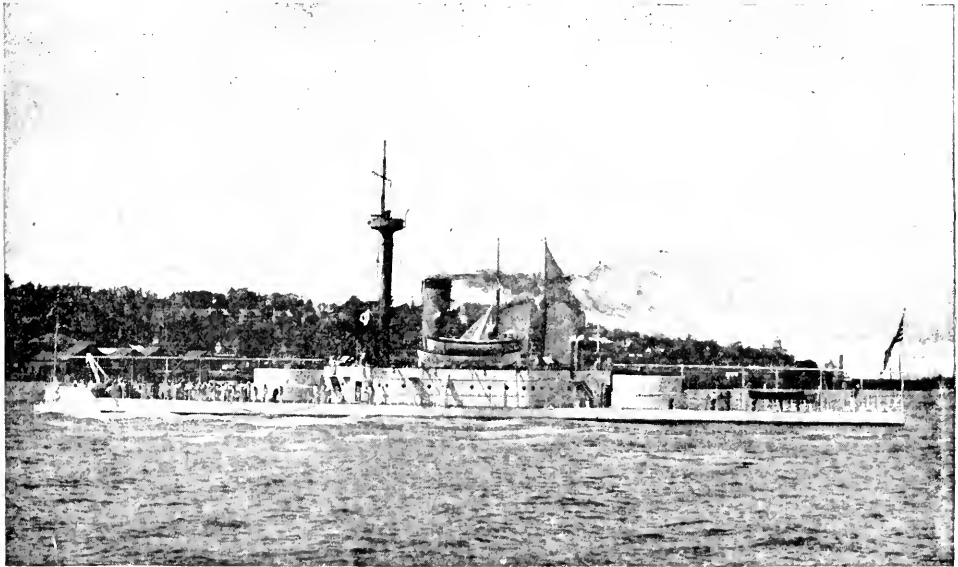
iards, who, apparently, were not content with the fearful execution wrought the week before by the greater ships of the fleet.

The engagement properly had its beginning Thursday afternoon, when the Dupont, cruising close to the shore, observed a number of Spaniards on the point near Matanzas light raising a Spanish flag. The torpedo-boat men suspected that new guns were being mounted there, and Lieutenant Wood, commanding the Dupont, remarked: "If those are guns we'll have them."

Nothing positive was seen, however, to indicate that a new battery was in

course of construction, and nothing further was done until Friday afternoon. The Dupont had been joined by the Hornet, and both were scouting about Matanzas, not more than 600 yards from the shore, when suddenly a storm of rifle bullets came whizzing toward them. The attack was made by a body of Spanish cavalry spread along the shore in groups of from fifty to one hundred, apparently on the watch for filibusters.

The little boats lost no time in answering the challenge. From their few and small guns they poured a storm of iron into the body of cavalry, which promptly retired. Not long afterward a wagon was seen upon the shore gathering



THE AMPHITRITE.

Monitor. Displacement, 3,000 tons. Speed, 10.5 knots. Armor, deck, $1\frac{1}{4}$ in.; sides, 5 to 9 in.; barbettes, $11\frac{1}{2}$ in.; turrets, $7\frac{1}{2}$ in. Main battery, four 10-in.; two rapid-fire 4-in. guns; secondary battery, two 6-pounders, two 3-pounders, two 37-mm. Hotchkiss, two 1-pounder rapid-fire guns.

up the dead or wounded soldiers, but an estimate of the number of Spaniards killed or wounded could not be made, although the wagon made repeated trips.

The two boats continued firing for some time afterward, directing their missiles at the three blockhouses, which were quickly reduced.

While this firing was in progress an eight-inch shell from one of the Matanzas batteries was sent toward the Dupont, but fell short. This was the only firing from the fortifications.

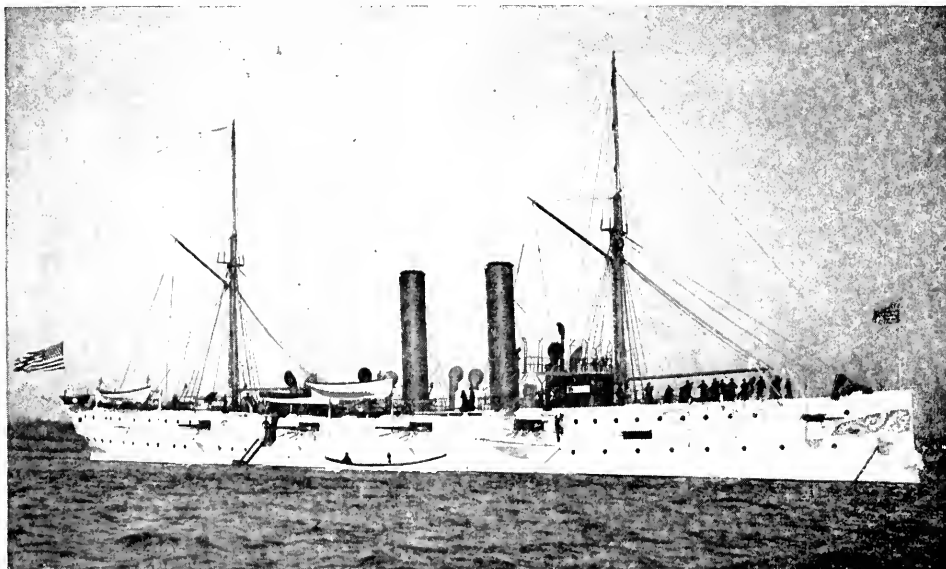
Nothing daunted, the two little boats resumed the bombardment Saturday morning, but drew no reply. The firing by one of the ships lasted from 4 to 5:30 o'clock Friday afternoon and from 7 to 8 o'clock Saturday morning, and it is

estimated that over 200 shells were fired. Not a man on either boat was touched by the Spanish bullets.

The Dupont brought the news to Key West Saturday evening. She was rigged gayly with flags, and docked near the troopship Panther. The news was shouted to the latter and was greeted with a burst of cheers and applause which was heard well into the town.—*Correspondence of the Associated Press.*

CABLE CUTTING AT CIENFUEGOS.

Six American sailors were wounded in the bombardment of Cienfuegos on Wednesday morning, May 11. One man was killed instantly by a Spanish bullet.



THE MARBLEHEAD.

Unprotected Cruiser. Hull of steel; 2,089 tons displacement. Deck armor, 5-16 to 7-16 in. Main battery armament, nine 5-in. rapid-fire rifles; secondary battery, six 6-pounders, two 1-pounders and Gatlings.

Capt. Maynard of the Nashville was also wounded in the fight, but he remained with his ship. He ran his vessel right under the Cienfuegos batteries, which were hurling shells through the air in an effort to destroy the American attacking squadron, which consisted, besides the Nashville, of the cruiser Marblehead and the Windom.

Capt. Maynard stood in an exposed position on the bridge of his cruiser, fighting his ship for all it was worth, now directing its port battery to "let the Spaniards have it," and now wheeling his vessel round so that its starboard guns would bear on the Spanish fortifications, but paying no heed to his own personal safety,

although bullets were whistling amidst his metal stronghold, cutting ropes and splintering up the woodwork.

A Mauser bullet struck one of Maynard's ensigns standing by. The ball went through the younger officer's shoulder, and on emerging still had force enough left to graze Maynard's chest and go over the rail into the sea. Neither was serious hurt, one of the good points of the Mauser bullet being that it does little harm unless it strikes a vital spot.

In pluckily leading a boat attack upon Cienfuegos, Lieutenant Winslow was shot in the hand. He lost some blood, but was not badly hurt, and he went on with his work as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened, keeping his men calmly rowing and working while nerve-racking bullets cried and shrieked around him. Patrick Regan, private in the marines on the Marblehead, was killed.



COM. WASHBURN MAYNARD, OF THE
GUNBOAT NASHVILLE.

The cruisers Nashville and Marblehead, which had been doing blockade duty on the southern coast, were ordered to Cienfuegos to cut the cable there, this being part of the plan to isolate the Spanish forces from the rest of the world in general, and Madrid more especially. Two cables run from Cienfuegos, connecting with the West Indies, and there is a third cable, looked upon as a local one, but about which little is known here.

The work of cutting these lines was recognized as perilous, and because it will be necessary to go right in under the shore to find them. There is a fairly strong battery at Cienfuegos, or, rather, there was one. The expedition was to have plenty of hard fighting, and the men of the ships knew it. The defenses of the harbor consisted of a battery east of the harbor mouth, reinforced by a large number of rifle pits, which

have been located on low ground on the shore front since the war began. As the little squadron steamed into range at 5 o'clock Wednesday morning, it was seen at once that the battery and pits were strongly manned.

At least a thousand Spaniards were at their posts in anticipation of an attack. There they waited to see what the Americans meant to do. Cables from Cienfuegos say that the officers there mistook the affair for a landing expedition, and subsequently sent to Madrid triumphant bulletins to the effect that the Americans by reason of Spanish bravery had been forced to remain on their ships and retire.

By way of opening the proceedings and diverting suspicion of the real purpose of the attack, the Nashville went within a mile and a half of the guns and

began steady fire. As its shells and shrapnel fell upon the battery the Nashville edged in closer and closer to the shore. Its gun practice was excellent, and the officers say that scores of the Spaniards fell, dead or wounded, as they could plainly see through their glasses. The Spaniards soon got the Nashville's range, and peppered her with bullets from their rifles and machine guns. The cruisers' men had to keep under cover to avoid the steady stream of lead, and by way of reply to it they sent off shot and shell as fast as they could carry it from the magazines. The Windom was abreast of the Nashville, half a mile to the east. The Marblehead was to the westward, little more inshore, abreast of the lips of the harbor's mouth. All three were bombarding the battery as fast as they could keep it up.

After an hour's work of this kind preparations began for the real object of the attack. Many of the guns had been silenced and the time looked ripe for the boats to lend a hand. Four boats were manned. Lieutenant Anderson of the Marblehead took one cutter and one launch, the cutter with twelve sailors and marines and the launch with six men. In the bows of the latter was fixed a one-pounder rapid-fire gun, and there was a pile of ammunition, as much under cover as was possible on an open boat. Lieutenant Winslow of the Nashville had a cutter and a launch similarly manned and supplied. Each of the two larger boats had aboard pipe, tongs and grappling irons for raising the cables.

Before manning the boats the officers called for volunteers, declaring the duty was so perilous that they would order no man to perform it. There was a unanimous rush for the boats. Every man available for the duty scrambled for a chance to go along. The fight to be first was like a scrimmage on the football field. Once more the officers repeated their warnings, declaring that perhaps not a single man would return, and that in any event probably half the company would die by Spanish bullets. But not a man flinched, and then, from the large, eager crowd, the officers had to select those they thought most valuable.

With a cheer the boats set off, the sailors bending to their oars like fury, eager to get to work at the cables. Overhead thundered American shell and shrapnel, whizzing toward the fortifications. Yellow and bloody the Spanish flag hung over the battery, and from under it came a storm of bullets, and the Americans kept their rifle barrels hot with replying to the fire.

Our men do not yet quite understand fighting batteries that use smokeless



COM. BOWMAN H. MCCALLA, OF THE
CRUISER MARBLEHEAD.

powder. There is something uncanny about hearing bullets flying around you and seeing nothing. The Cienfuegos batteries had the smokeless powder, and at first it confused our men. They would rather have known where they were being shot at from.

The cutters went in within a hundred yards of the shore and began to grapple. They worked in about forty-two feet of water and under the same murderous fire. While some were grappling the oarsmen had to keep on rowing on account of the strong current, and though bullets fell around them and men rolled over wounded, they kept time with their oars, never seeming flurried. They might have been automatons. It was hard to realize that every man's life was in dire peril. Fortunately Spanish marksmanship is not of the best, or not a man would have come back alive at all.

The men showed splendid nerve under fire. When a sailor at his oar was struck by a bullet he kept on rowing until he fell from loss of blood. This he did as it if were part of a regular routine. Not a man murmured or suggested a retreat or cried out at the pain he suffered.

One of the first to fall was Marine Regan of the Marblehead. He toppled over and died without a cry, struck in the head, his rifle exploding as he fell.

In the height of the fire the grapplers found one of the cables and cut it. Presently, to their great joy, they brought the other to the surface and severed that also. Then they continued the search for the third time.

Crowning the land point nearest to them was a lighthouse. Before the bombardment began strict orders had been given not to fire upon it, for under inter-

national usage lighthouses are treated with something of the respect shown to the Red Cross or flags of truce. Taking advantage of its immunity from attack, the Spaniards had turned their Cienfuegos lighthouse into a perfect fort, placing their riflemen in it and behind it and in front of it, and their rifle pits all around it.

The ships had silenced the main batteries and the fire from the shore was not heavy. The lighthouse remained intact at safe distance from the flying American shot and shell. But from this vantage point of the lighthouse the Spaniards suddenly opened fire on the boats.

A perfect fusillade was turned upon the cable cutters, compelling them to abandon their search for the third cable and pull back to their ships. They were met by two launches, which took them alongside the cruisers. The boats had

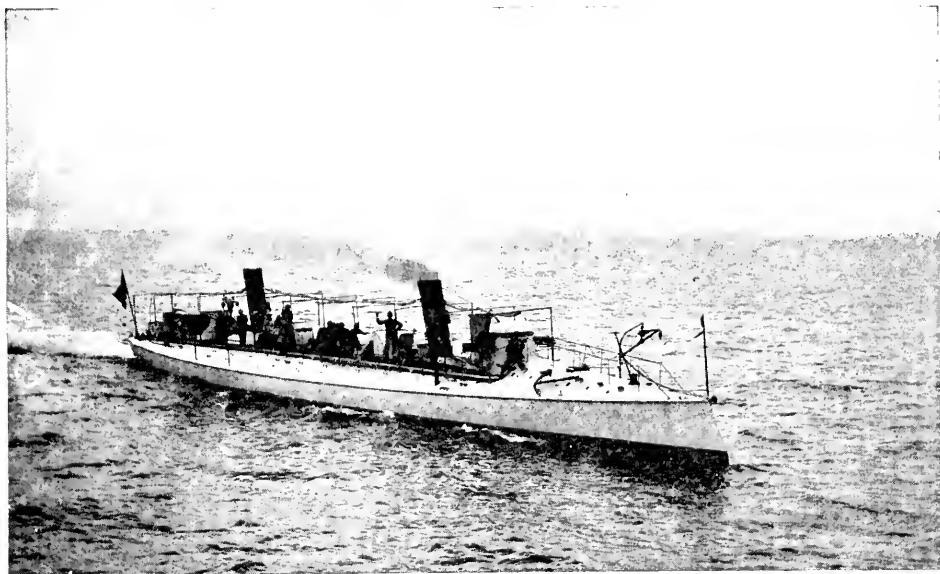


COM. C. C. TODD, OF THE GUN-
BOAT WILMINGTON.

used up nearly all their ammunition. The six wounded men were taken aboard the vessels to which they belonged.

Captain McCalla of the Marblehead made a speech of thanks to his men, praising them warmly for their splendid courage, and declaring that he would recommend for promotion every man who took part in the expedition.

The part played by the lighthouse in repelling the expedition now called for mention. The Windom, by way of punishment, went close in to the building, and with its fourteen-pounder sent shot after shot into the midst of it until it was reduced to a heap of firewood.



THE TORPEDO BOAT WINSLOW.

Then the men on the Windom's deck poured bullets into the infantry by the hundred.

The attack on Cienfuegos was brilliantly successful. It is believed that several hundred Spaniards were killed, much of their artillery reduced to scrapiron or dismantled and smashed, and two of their cables rendered useless. The attack also showed the courage of our sailors and marines. When the Winslow bombarded the Cardenas battery it was regarded as a brilliant exploit for a torpedo boat. But in this instance we have attacked a battery with open rowboats.

The Windom brought the wounded men to Key West May 11, and they were transferred to the barracks hospital. Sailors Hendrickson and Boltz were severely wounded and were given up by the doctors.

Marine Regan was buried from the Marblehead, the captain reading the burial service before the body wrapped in the American flag was lowered over the side in sight of the bay where he lost his life.

It is not thought here that this cable cutting isolates Cuba, but there is more work to be done in the same direction.

The cable which was cut at Cienfuegos extended from that city to Santiago de Cuba. It does not sever cable communication with Cuba, as there is another line in operation between Santiago de Cuba and Kingston, Jamaica. The severed cable is owned by the Cuba Submarine Company. The one operating to Kingston is owned by the West India Panama Company. The latter is the only line not in the control of the United States government. The cable from Havana to Key West is controlled by United States officials.

Ernest Sunbenich, one of the wounded men, died in the hospital here to-night as a result of his injuries.

FIRST BLOOD OF THE WAR.

America's first dead fell on Wednesday, May 11, in a fierce and bloody combat off Cardenas, on the north coast of Cuba.

Five men were blown to pieces and five were wounded on the torpedo boat Winslow. Worth Bagley, ensign; John Daniels, first-class fireman; John Meek, first-class fireman; John Tunnnett (colored), cabin cook, and John Varveres, oiler, were killed; and Lieut. J. B. Bernadou, commanding the Winslow; R. E. Cox, gunner's mate; F. Gray; D. McKeown, quartermaster, and J. Patterson, fireman, wounded.



WORTH BAGLEY, ENSIGN.

The first American Officer killed in the War with Spain.

The battle lasted thirty-five minutes. It was between the torpedo boat Winslow, the auxiliary tug Hudson, and the gunboat Wilmington on one side, and the Cardenas batteries and four Spanish gunboats on the other. The Winslow was the main target of the enemy, and was put out of service. The other American vessels were not damaged except that the Hudson's two ventilators were slightly scratched by flying shrapnel.

The enemy's loss was heavier. One of their gunboats caught fire and sank. The flames spread to the barracks and swept away several small warehouses, and for a time the whole water front was ablaze.

The Winslow was within 2,500 yards of shore when the shells struck. How it came to be so close was told by its commander, Lieut. John Bernadou. He said:

"We were making observations when the enemy opened fire on us. The Wilmington ordered us to go in and attack the gunboats. We went in under full steam and there's the result."

He was on the Hudson when he said this and with the final words he pointed to the huddle of American flags on the deck near by. Under the Stars and Stripes were outlined five rigid forms.

The story of the fight, as told by the Hudson's men, is as follows:

The Winslow, the Hudson, the Machias, and the Wilmington were among the ships off Cardenas on the blockade, the Wilmington acting as flagship. The Machias lay about twelve miles out. The others were stationed close in, on what is called the inside line. At a quarter to 9 o'clock yesterday morning the Hudson, under Capt. F. H. Newton, was taking soundings in Diana Cay bars and Romero Cay, just outside Cardenas, so close to shore that it grounded, but it floated off easily into the shallow water.

At half past 11 the Wilmington spoke the Hudson and the Winslow and assigned them to duty, the Winslow to start to the eastern shore of Cardenas Bay and the Hudson to the western shore, while the Wilmington took its station in mid-channel. This work occupied two hours. Nothing was discovered on either shore, and the boats were approaching each other on their return when a puff of smoke was observed on shore at Cardenas, and a shell whistled over them. The Winslow was on the inside, nearer the shore. The Hudson and the Winslow ported to the Wilmington, and orders came promptly to go in and open fire; but the Spaniards had not waited for a reply to their first shot. The Cardenas harbor shore had already become one dense cloud of smoke, shot with flashes of fire, and an avalanche of shells was bursting toward the little Winslow.

This was at five minutes past 2 o'clock and for twenty minutes the firing continued from the shore without cessation, but none of the shots had at that time found their mark, though they were striking dangerously near. Meanwhile the Hudson's two six-pounders were banging away at a terrific rate. How many of the torpedo boat's shots took effect is not known. The first two of the Hudson's shells fell short, but after these two every one floated straight into the smoke-clouded shore. The Spaniards' aim in the meantime was improving and it was presently seen that two empty barks had been anchored off shore. It was twenty-five minutes before 3 o'clock when a four-inch shell struck the Winslow on the starboard beam, knocking out its forward boiler and starboard engine and crippling the steering gear, but no one was injured.

Lieutenant Bernadou was standing forward watching the battle with calm interest and directing his men as coolly as if they were at target practice. By the one-pounder amidships stood Ensign Bagley, the oiler, the two firemen, and the



LIEUT. J. B. BERNADOU.
Commanding the Winslow, Wounded off Cardenas.

cook. The little boat gasped and throbbed and rolled helplessly from side to side. Lieutenant Bernadou did not stop for an examination. He knew his boat was uncontrollable. The Hudson was a short distance off, still pounding away with her guns. It was hailed and asked to take the Winslow in tow. It was a vital moment. Guns roared from shore and sea. Lieutenant Scott, in charge of the Hudson's aft gun, sat on a box and smoked a cigarette as he directed the fire.

Captain Newton stood near Lieutenant Meed at the forward gun and watched its workings with interest. Chief Engineer Gutchin never missed his bell. A group of sailors was making ready to heave a line to the Winslow and Ensign Bagley and his four men stood on the port side of the latter vessel, waiting to receive it. A vicious fire was singing about them. The Spaniards seemed to have found the exact range.

There was a momentary delay in heaving the towline, and Ensign Bagley suggested that the Hudson's men hurry. "Heave her," he called. "Let her come; it's getting pretty warm here." The line was thrown and grabbed by the Winslow's men. Grimy with sweat and powder, they tugged at it and drew nearer foot by foot to the Hudson.

Almost at the same instant another four-inch shell shrieked through the smoke and burst directly under them. Five bodies went whirling through the air. Two of the group were dead when they fell—Ensign Bagley and Fireman Daniels. The young ensign was literally disemboweled, and the entire lower portion of the fireman's body was torn away. The other three died within a few minutes. A flying piece of shrapnel struck Lieutenant Bernadou in the thigh and cut an ugly gash, but the Lieutenant did not know it then. With the explosion of the shell the hawser parted and the Winslow's helm went hard to starboard, and, with its steering gear smashed, the torpedo-boat floundered about in the water at the mercy of the enemy's fire, which never relaxed.

The fire of the Americans was of the usual persistent character, and the nerve of the men was marvelous. Even after the Winslow's starboard engine and steering gear were wrecked the little boat continued pouring shot into the Spaniards on shore until it was totally disabled.

Meanwhile the Wilmington from its outlying station was busy with its bigger guns and sent shell after shell from its four-inch guns crashing into the works on shore, and their execution must have been deadly. Not a fragment of shot or shell from the enemy reached the Wilmington.

The Hudson quickly threw another line to the Winslow, and the helpless torpedo boat was made fast and pulled out of the Spaniards' exact range. The tug then towed it to Piedras Cay, a little island twelve miles off, near which the Machias lay. There it was anchored for temporary repairs, while the Hudson brought the ghastly cargo into Key West, with Dr. Richards of the Machias attending to the wounded. Not until this mournful journey was begun was it learned that Lieutenant Bernadou had been injured. He scoffed at the wound as a trifle, but submitted to treatment and is doing well.

The Hudson drew up to the government dock at Key West shortly before 8 o'clock the next morning. The flags at half mast told the few loiterers on shore

that death had come to some one, and the bunting spread on the deck, with here and there a foot protruding from beneath, confirmed the news. Ambulances were called and the wounded carried quickly to the army barracks hospital. The dead were taken to the local undertaker's shop, where they lay all day on slabs, the mutilated forms draped with flags. The public was permitted to view the remains, and all day a steady stream of people flowed through the shop.

The Winslow has a six-inch hole in her starboard beam. Its starboard engine, forward boiler, forward ventilator and steering gear are destroyed, and the port engines are slightly damaged.

Commander Bernadou, of the Winslow, was wounded in the left leg, but not seriously. Lying in the cabin of the Hudson this morning he told the story of the fight. He said:

"We went into the harbor under orders. The torpedo boat Winslow was the worst injured. It had five of its men killed, and I don't know how many injured.

"The Winslow was ordered by the commander of the Wilmington to go into the harbor of Cardenas and attack the Spanish gunboats there. We steamed in under full head and were fired upon as soon as we were in range. The Spanish boats were tied up at the docks and had a fair range on us. The batteries on shore opened on us, and I think we received most of the fire.

"I have no fault to find with the Winslow's crew. They acted nobly all the way through. The men who were killed all fell at the same time. We were standing in a group and the aim of the Spanish was perfect. The shell burst in our faces."

The Hudson shows the effect of the fight. Its smokestack is punctured with bullet-holes and the cabin and decks are smashed and splintered. The captain of the Hudson said:

"I know we destroyed a large part of their town near the wharves, burned one of their gunboats, and I think destroyed two other torpedo destroyers. We were in a vortex of shot, shell, and smoke, and could not tell accurately, but we saw one of their boats on fire and sinking soon after the action began. Then a large building near the wharf—I think the barracks—took fire, and many other buildings were soon burning.

"The Spanish had masked batteries on all sides of us hidden in bushes and behind houses. They set a trap for us. As soon as we got within range of their batteries they would move them. I think their guns were field pieces. Our large boats could not get into the harbor to help us on account of the shallow water."

Ensign Bagley, who was killed, was a native of North Carolina. His mother, Mrs. W. H. Bagley, lives at 125 South street, Raleigh, N. C. His full name is Worth Bagley, and he was appointed to the Naval Academy in September, 1891, from the Fourth District of North Carolina. He was graduated June 30 last year and appointed an ensign on the day following. While a cadet attached to the academy he was assigned to make cruises on the Texas, Montgomery, Indiana, and Maine. Upon being appointed an ensign last July he was assigned to duty on the Indiana, but in the following month was transferred to the Maine. He served on that ship until November 23 last, when he was ordered to the Columbian Iron Works for duty in connection with the Winslow, which was under construction

at that time. When it was completed and put in commission last December he was attached to it and remained there until the moment of his death.

Lieut. John Baptiste Bernadou, wounded, is one of the most dashing and venturesome young officers in the naval service. It was because of this quality that he was selected for the command of the Winslow, as it was known that the service required would be of the most hazardous character. Lieutenant Bernadou is really an expert in torpedo work. He watched the building of the Winslow almost from the time the keel was laid and took command of it immediately upon its acceptance by the government.

He was born in November, 1858, in Philadelphia, and was appointed to the Naval Academy by President Grant in 1876. He was a midshipman in 1882 and an ensign, junior grade, in March, 1883. In June of the following year he received his appointment as full ensign. In 1892 he became a lieutenant, junior grade, and attained his full lieutenantancy in 1896.—*Correspondence of The Associated Press.*

O'HEARN'S STORY.

For an hour before the passenger steamer Key West left its dock for Tampa a man wearing the uniform of a naval seaman sat wearily against a great bale of cordage looking out past the harbor and the distant keys toward the gulf. He was William O'Hearn, of Brooklyn, and one of the survivors of the torpedo boat Winslow's crew which passed through the terrible storm of shot and shell that poured in from the Spanish batteries in the Bay of Cardenas. He was going home on a furlough for rest. Beside him in a bright tin cage was the Winslow's parrot, which made himself famous on the day of the battle by shrieking and chattering like a demon during the whole engagement.

By degrees and after much questioning O'Hearn told the whole story of the battle, and no doubt his account of the engagement is the most correct in detail of any given yet.

"From the beginning," he said, "I think every man on the boat believed that we could not escape being sunk, and that is what would have happened had it not been for the bravery of the boys on the Hudson, who worked for over an hour under the most terrific firing to get us out of range."

"Were you ordered to go in there?" he was asked.

"Yes; just before we were fired upon the order was given from the Wilmington."

"Was it a signal order?"

"No; we were near enough to the Wilmington so that they shouted it to us from the deck through the megaphone."

"Do you remember the words of the command, and who gave them?"

"I don't know who shouted the order, but the words, as I remember them, were, 'Mr. Bagley, go in there and see what gunboats those are.' We started at once toward the Cardenas dock, and the firing began soon after."

"What was the first you saw of the firing?"

FIRST SPANISH SHELL.

"The first thing I saw was a shot fired from a window or door in the second story of the storehouse just back of the dock where the Spanish gunboats were lying. I saw the flash and the smoke, and the same instant a shell went hissing over our heads. Then the firing began from the gunboats and from the shore. I don't think any man can forget the sound and the effect of shell and heavy shot the first time he is under fire. It is something terrible. When a shell passes close by you you feel it, something like the effect of lightning when it strikes near by. You feel as though it had taken your head off. First you hear that awful buzzing or whizzing—it is hard to describe—and then something seems to strike you in the face and head. I noticed that day when the shells first began to fly about us that the boys threw their hands to their heads every time a shell went over. But they soon came so fast and so close that it was a roaring, shrieking, crashing hell. I can describe it no other way."

"Where was your position?"

"I am the water tender," he said, "and my place was below, but everybody went on deck when the battle began. John Varvares, the oiler, and John Donief and John Meek, the firemen, were both on watch with me, and had they remained below they would probably not have been killed. After the firing began I went below again to attend to the boilers, and a few minutes later a solid shot came crashing through the side of the boat and into the boiler, where it exploded and destroyed seventy of the boiler tubes. At first it stunned me. When the shell burst in the boiler it threw both the furnace doors open and the fuse from the shell struck my feet. Two pieces of the shell also came out of the door, and I am taking them home with me as souvenirs of the war. It was a terrible crash and report altogether, and the boiler room was filled with dust and steam. For several seconds I was partially stunned and my ears rang so I could hear nothing. I went up on the deck to report to Captain Bernadou."

"What did you say to him?"

"I saw him near the fore-castle gun limping about with a towel bound about his left leg. He was shouting, and the noise of all the guns was like continuous thunder. 'Captain,' I shouted, 'the forward boiler is disabled. A shell has gone through her.'"

"Get out the hose," he said, and turned to the gun again.

DEAD IN A HEAP.

"I went into the boiler room and in a few minutes I went up on the deck again and the fighting had grown hotter than ever. Several of the men were missing, and I looked around. Lying all in a heap on the after deck in the starboard quarter, near the after conning tower, I saw five of our men, where they had wilted down after the shell had struck them. In other places were men lying, groaning or dragging themselves about, wounded and covered with blood. The deck had blood on it and it was strewn with fragments and splinters. I went over where the five men were lying in a heap and saw that they were not all dead. John

Meek could speak and move one of his hands slightly. I went up to him and I put my face down close to his.

"Can I do anything for you, John?" I asked, and he replied: "No, Jack; I'm dying; good-bye," and he asked me to grasp his hand. "Go help there," he whispered, gazing with fixed eyes where Captain Bernadou was still firing the forward gun. The next minute he was dead. He was my friend"—and there was a pause in O'Hearn's story.

"Ensign Bagley," he continued, after a little, "was lying at the bottom, badly torn to pieces, and the bodies of the other three were on top of his. The colored cook was lying a little apart from the others, badly mangled and in a cramped position. We supposed he was dead, and covered him up the same as the others. Nearly half an hour after that we heard him calling and making a slight movement under the cloth. We went to him and he said: 'Oh, boys! for God's sake move me. I'm lying over the boiler and burning up.' It was true; the deck was hot and his flesh had been almost roasted. He also complained that his neck was cramped, but did not seem to feel his terrible wounds. We moved him into an easier position and gave him some water. 'Thank you, sir,' he said, and in five seconds was dead."

Then O'Hearn told of the brave conduct of the gunboat Hudson's crew in getting the Winslow out of its perilous situation. That story was fully told on the day after the battle.

O'Hearn is thirty-five years of age and has served eighteen years in the United States navy. He went on the Winslow last January, and had previously served on the Puritan, the Katabdin, Texas, and other vessels of the navy. While on the Puritan in the Brooklyn navy yard last July he prevented a catastrophe by saving the ship from being blown up when the boiler room was on fire. For this act of bravery he was given a medal, which he now wears. He will return to some place in the navy after a few weeks' rest in Brooklyn.

AVENGING THE WINSLOW.

Thursday morning, May 12, the gunboat Wilmington steamed close into the coast and keys off the town of Cardenas. Its gun crews were at their stations and every man on board, from Captain Todd to the signal boy, had but one burning idea, "Avenge the Winslow."

The watchword along the crowded decks and in the heated engine room and glowing fire room, where the blackened giants toiled stripped to the waist, was "Remember the Winslow," and "Damn a pacific blockade."

Within range of the powerful four-inch broadsides were the Spanish gunboats which had decoyed the Winslow up to the masked batteries that had dealt out sudden death, and near the forts lay two schooners at anchor.

Reports of mines planted in the entrance to the channels were disregarded. The Wilmington was no longer a blockader. It had become a destroyer, and for an hour a hurricane of exploding projectiles bellowed and shrieked into the harbor of Cardenas, not against the town, but against the ships and defenses, and the

Spanish troops and sailors. The gunners of the Wilmington do not waste ammunition, and the execution was remarkable.

Nearly 300 four-inch, one-inch, and six-pound shells streamed shoreward like a steel cataract, and afloat and ashore signal stations, masked batteries, and forts were knocked to pieces and the Spanish had to flee like rats from a sinking ship. They left behind many dead and dying.

It was the most destructive bombardment yet attempted on the Cuban coast. In the harbor two Spanish gunboats without steam up were riddled and sunk, their crews having fled to the shore in small boats. They had no time to offer a show of fighting their guns. The two schooners at anchor were sunk where they lay and one block house caught fire from an exploding shell and flamed out like a war beacon. The Wilmington was not touched by the few shells flung at it.

The attack was sudden and superbly effective. The Wilmington in an hour swept Cardenas bare of defenses as one would brush crumbs from a table-cloth.

The town of Cardenas is three miles back from the gulf entrance to the harbor, so that non-combatants probably suffered but slightly. Of course, it is impossible to know the Spanish losses, because no landing was made, but for the last two weeks troops have been massing in front of Cardenas in anticipation of a possible choice of this point for an invasion as the base of supplies by the American forces. Hundreds of men were working on earthworks and block-houses overlooking the harbor, and masked batteries were being planted, one of which surprised and made sad havoc on the torpedo boat Winslow. This death trap was located by the Wilmington and men and guns were blown high into the air.

It was terrific punishment at close range, this fierce onslaught of the Wilmington, and it was the first real demonstration against the Cardenas Spanish, who had become indifferent to American warships that were always hovering outside, while only smaller torpedo boats had opened fire and dashed menacingly shoreward.

It was another matter, however, when the Wilmington, with its eight four-inch guns and secondary battery and a nest of machine guns in its formidable fighting top, slowly circled over the smooth sea, which gave its gunners a platform as steady as solid rock. It was no longer target practice, but a spectacle. It was death in the spurting flame and enveloping smoke cloud, and the only respite came when the sweating gunners paused to let the smoke fog drift away.



ENSIGN ARTHUR L. WILLARD, OF THE
MACHIAS,

Who was first to Plant the American flag in Cuba.
He put up "Old Glory" over a scattered block-
house at Diana Bay, May 11th.

The commander of the Wilmington hailed us this morning and reported tersely that "he had thrown nearly 300 shells into Cardenas, inflicting considerable damage." He was overmodest. In reality he had caused a considerable measure of annihilation and absolutely so in particular instances of certain gunboats, batteries, small fortifications, and an unknown number of Spaniards.

The Wilmington still hovers like a hawk between Cardenas and Matanzas. It has a good store of ammunition left and watches eagerly for signs of convalescence in and around Cardenas harbor.—*R. D. Paine, Correspondent The Chicago Tribune.*

THE GUSSIE EXPEDITION.

At noon on Thursday, May 12, the United States regulars began the first fight on the Spanish army in Cuba and proved the great fighting qualities of the American soldiers.

Forty men of E company, first infantry, under Colonel Dorst, landed and routed a garrison of 100 Spanish at Punta Frias, on the west shore of Cabanas Bay, killing a Spanish officer and three of his men. The only harm done to the American force was the wounding of J. T. Archibald, a newspaper man representing the San Francisco Post, who was hit in the arm by a rifle ball.

The steamship Gussie of New Orleans, with 100 regulars, which left Key West to land couriers and horses to be sent to the insurgents' camp, arrived off Cuba, west of Havana, at 9:30 the morning of May 12 and skirted the coast, looking for insurgents and a landing place.

Just before reaching Mariel the vessel was fired upon by a troop of Spanish cavalry. The United States steamer Manning, acting as escort to the troopship, returned the fire and bombarded the fort. When the Gussie arrived off Punta Frias three Cuban couriers were landed, and these were followed by two boatloads of regulars. The surf was running high and one of the boats capsized. The soldiers landed amid cheers from the ship, which had raced to be the first to land American troops on Cuban soil.

Captain O'Connell and Lieutenant Crofton, who were in charge of the landing party, immediately formed their men into skirmish line. A body of Spanish troops which had remained in ambush then made a charge on the Americans, who held their ground and returned the enemy's fire, killing one officer and three men and causing the Spanish to retreat, the regulars holding their position. In the meantime several horses were thrown overboard and swam ashore. The Cuban couriers were mounted and sent to the west.

At this point the United States steamship Wasp came up, and the Manning and Wasp shelled the retreating Spaniards, who had taken refuge in an old sugar house on a neighboring hill. The guns were fired with great accuracy, throwing shell after shell into the same spot. The Manning then landed boats for the troops to re-embark.

The engagement on land lasted about twenty minutes. Several volleys were also fired by the troops on the Gussie to clear the brush close to the shore. The skirmish line used the Indian fighting tactics in its movements, and the men were instructed by the officers to move slowly and be as accurate as possible in their

shooting. The fighting was done singly as to the Americans, whose line extended more than half a mile on each side of the boats. The Spaniards were in a body.

One prisoner was taken. His name is Francisco Reveuges. He says there is little to eat inland, and gave the number of men in the garrison as about one hundred. He also said there were many Spanish guerillas in that action. The soldiers returned to their boats with dead Spaniards' hats and arms.

The Manning's boats bringing back the victorious troops were received at the ship with great cheering. All men were wet through, as they had been compelled to wade to the shore through the breakers. About twenty shots were fired by each man.

Colonel Dorst led the party which went to call in the men from the brush, and the men who had followed up the Spaniards. There was a heavy rain at the time of the landing. The bodies of the Spanish dead were left in the road. The Spanish officer was killed a mile and a half from where the landing took place.

William Schmedtgen, Correspondent of the Chicago Record.

V

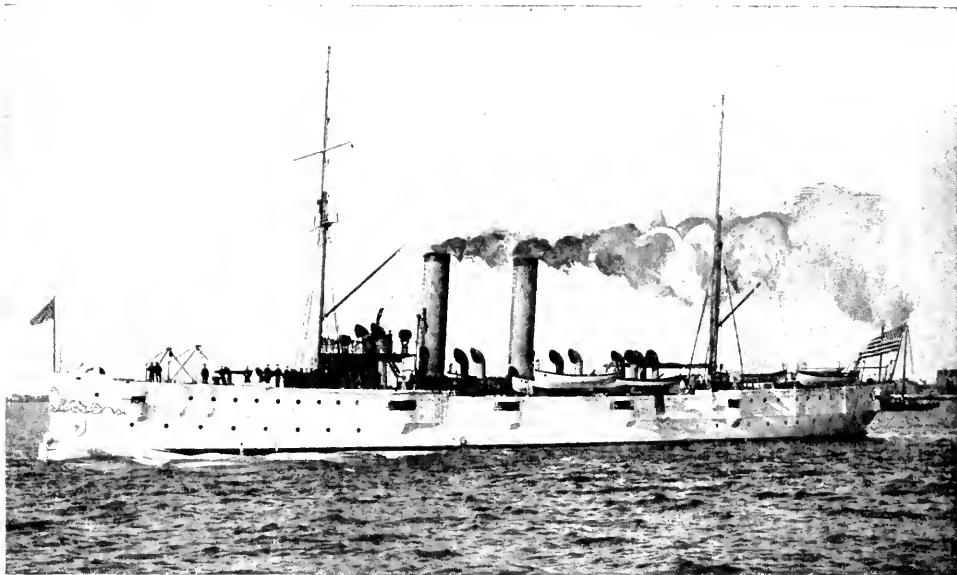
THE BOMBARDMENT OF SAN JUAN

BY W. A. M. GOODE

CORRESPONDENT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, ON THE NEW YORK

"Play us some Rubinstein, Weary."

This demand issued from a bunk in which lay a junior officer of the United States flagship New York. It was the afternoon of Wednesday, May 11, 1898. The flagship then lay about a hundred miles to the northwest of San Juan, Porto Rico. The only woodwork that remained in the steerage, as the junior officers'



THE MONTGOMERY.

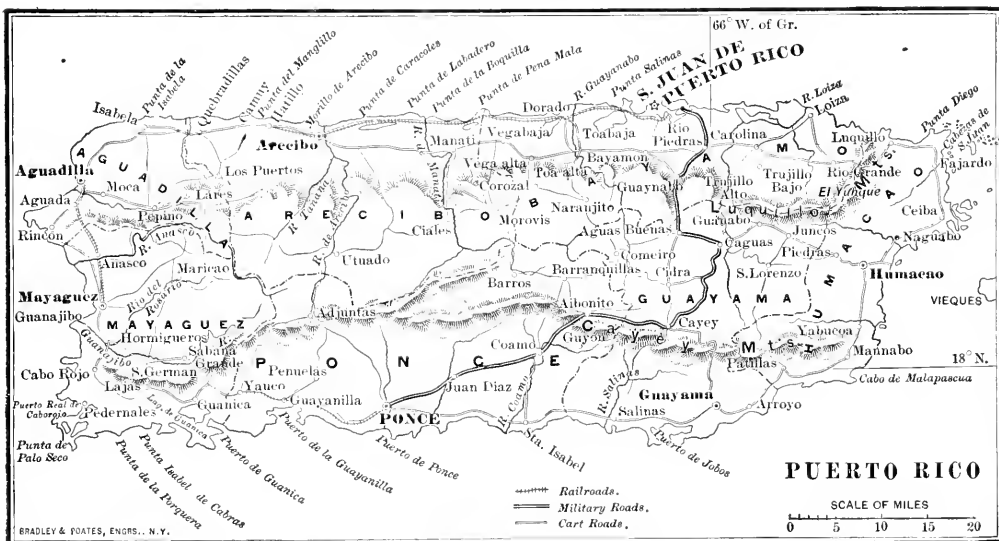
Steel Cruiser. Commissioned February 28, 1894. Displacement, 2,664 tons. Length, 257 ft. Horse power, 5,400. Speed, 20 knots. Battery, nine 5-in. rapid-fire, six 6-pounder, two 1-pounder rapid fire, and two Gatling guns. 20 officers and 254 men. G. A. Converse, Commander. Cost, \$612,500.

mess is called, was the piano and the mess table. Everything else had been torn out, because woodwork, when struck by shells, makes splinters, and splinters kill. Anxious to make the most of the piano while it lasted, "Weary" complied with the demand and played Rubinstein. And everybody, except those few who loved sleep better than music, enjoyed it immensely, because "Weary" played beautifully. "Weary," by the way, was a naval cadet. Up on deck it was very

hot. "Stumps," the original ship's cat, who lost her tail in early life, found it even too warm to return the onslaughts of a kitten who had recently joined.

When "Weary" had finished playing Rubinstein he wandered off to the "Gold-fish" song from the "Geisha." Meanwhile a farewell was in progress in the steerage. Several members of the staff were going over to the Iowa that afternoon with Rear Admiral Sampson, who was to transfer his flag to the Iowa in anticipation of the fight expected the next day. From the Iowa the rear admiral thought he could lead his forces to better advantage.

When farewell and good-luck toasts were at their height the orderly appeared and reported that the boat was ready. So the staff, consisting of Lieutenants Stannton and Marsh, Ensign Bennett (flag lieutenant) and myself, climbed down the cruiser's steep sides into the cutter which was flying the admiral's flag—

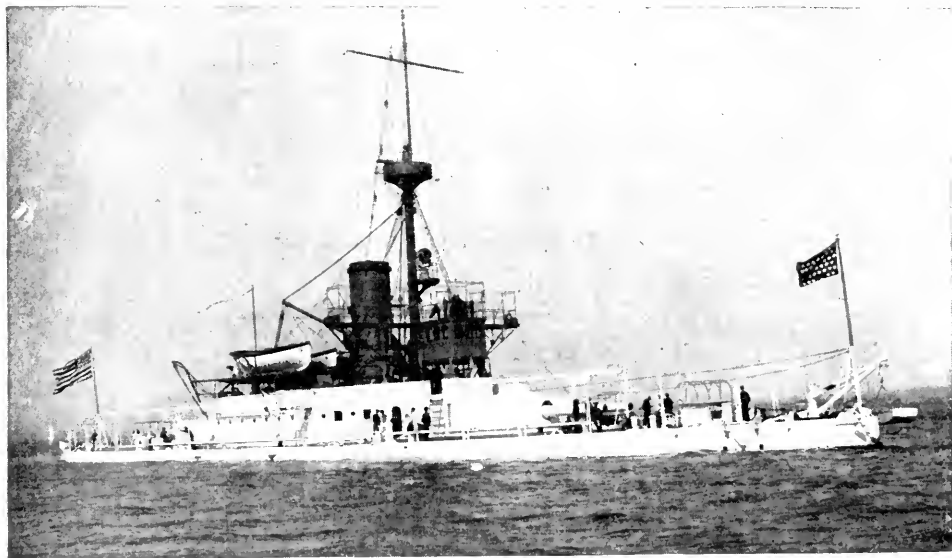


two white stars on a blue ground. The commander-in-chief followed. When we reached the Iowa a marine guard of honor and all the officers were lined up along the quarter deck. "Fighting Bob" Evans received the admiral, and the buglers blew lustily. The two white stars on the blue ground flew out from the Iowa's peak, and the New York dropped into position behind the Indiana, and the squadron went ahead slowly; it never went ahead at any other gait on this cruise, because it was accompanied by the monitors Amphitrite and Terror, slow by nature, and addicted to breaking down.

I had been on board the Iowa only a short time when Captain Evans' orderly informed me that the captain would like to see me. I went aft to the cabin and found Admiral Sampson and Captain Evans together. The captain asked me to read them some telegrams that I had received from the Associated Press two

day previous at Cape Haitien, Hayti. After I had done so, the probability of finding the Spanish fleet at San Juan was discussed. Neither Admiral Sampson nor Captain Evans believed it likely that they would see the Spanish fleet in the morning. They wished they might, and were fully prepared for the contingency if they should; but they did not expect it. They had at this time received no information as to the destination or whereabouts of Spanish ships.

The majority of us on the Iowa turned in early that night, because it was known that breakfast would be served at three o'clock the next morning, and that after breakfast there would probably be several warm courses.



THE TERROR.

A Monitor. Displacement, 3,600 tons. Speed, 10.5 knots. Armor, Belt, 7 in. Deck, 13 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. Turrets, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Battery, four 10-in. guns, two 6-pounders, two 3-pounders, two Hotchkiss, two 1-pounders, two Gatling rapid-fire guns. Officers and men, 171. Capt. N. Ludlow, Commander. Cost, \$3,175,000.

The voice of the bosun's mate, as he sang out to the men shortly before three o'clock on Thursday morning, May 12, was hoarser than ever. The big battleship was rolling badly in the ground swell. On the quarter deck those of us not actively engaged in any duty smoked an early morning cigarette and strained our eyes aft in the endeavor to pick up the other ships of the fleet. Dawn was breaking, but everything was gray, and our lead-colored vessels could hardly be distinguished. San Juan lay about three miles ahead, on our port bow. The big hill which forms the eastern arm of the harbor and juts out in front of the city stood out black against the faint light that was rapidly creeping up over Porto Rico. A long row of straggling lamps made an illuminated semicircle

on the hillside. They marked the course of the old fortification wall. Above and below this wall for about two miles were the enemy's batteries.

The dawn kept creeping up until the *Indiana* and the *New York* stood out boldly at our stern. The lights on shore lost their dark background and were seen no longer. Through glasses the detail of the coast could be plainly made out—the rich vegetation, the occasional bare brown spots of rock; the yellow barracks standing beside the Castle of Morro, at the western extremity of the hill, and the narrow harbor entrance with the masts of a sunken ship sticking up. A small part of the inner harbor was exposed, and a two-masted steamer was seen lying at anchor. Scarcely a breath of air was stirring, and the swell of the sea rocked our ships noiselessly. On shore there was no sign of life.

"Seems almost a pity to wake those fellows up, doesn't it?" said a young officer. The United States tug *Wampatuck*, shortly before five o'clock, steamed past the *Iowa*. Lieutenant Jungen, her commander, one of the Maine survivors, had received his orders the day previous to firmly moor a rowboat to the westward. This was to mark ten fathoms of water. It was also to be the starting point for the ships. Men and officers gathered on the *Iowa's* forecastle watching the tug as she ran within easy range of the forts. "That's her last trip," said one. "They can't hit her," said another. But the boat was moored and the *Wampatuck* sped back from her venturesome errand without a shot being fired from the hills. The Spanish slept sound.

The *Iowa* was slowly approaching the rowboat. We still stood watching the shore, marveling at a garrison that could be so blind or so patient. It was now quite light. At five o'clock the bugler sounded "General Quarters." Men ran, jumped and tumbled to their stations. Rear Admiral Sampson had been on the forward bridge for nearly two hours. With him were Captain Evans, Lieutenant Commander Rogers, the *Iowa's* executive officer; Lieutenant Staunton, assistant chief of staff, and Lieutenant Schuetze, the *Iowa's* navigator. Lieutenant Van Duzer, who had charge of the forward twelve-inch turret, had been enjoying the view from the turret manhole, but when the bugle sounded the manhole top shut down with a bang and Lieutenant Van Duzer disappeared within. More or less in the lee of this turret and standing directly below the admiral, who now was on the lee side of the conning tower, were Flag Secretary Marsh and Flag Lieutenant Bennett, the latter with his corps of signal boys and his two sets of signal flags. I was on the forecastle, ready to get behind the sixteen inches of turret armor on the slightest provocation. The *Detroit* had taken up her position about a mile to the eastward, right under the forts and only five hundred yards from shore. She was supposed to be so close in as to prevent the effective training of the enemy's guns upon her.

A quarter of an hour after "General Quarters" had been sounded—that is, at fifteen minutes past five—the *Iowa* fired the first shot, and followed it up with a broadside. The roar of that broadside seemed to most men aboard louder and more terrible than anything they had ever heard before. It was certainly greater than anything that followed. Perhaps the strain of waiting for two hours in oppressive silence made it seem louder. When the smoke cleared away from the turret I saw little clouds rising on the hillside all around Morro. They

were the same geyser-like things that I had seen at Matanzas, and they told how good, or how bad, had been our aim.

Admiral Sampson had hoped that if there were any Spanish gunboats or any part of the Spanish fleet in San Juan harbor, they would come out to meet our fleet. That hope soon vanished, and nothing was left but to bombard the forts.

The Iowa had almost completed her first course in front of the forts before any shots coming from the enemy were noticed. By this time the Indiana, the New York, the Terror, the Amphitrite and the Montgomery were blazing away in our wake, while almost abeam was the Detroit, keeping up a rapid fire at short range. The Iowa's decks were slippery and wet with saltpetre, and its unpleasant odor permeated everywhere. Uniforms which fifteen minutes before had been white were now black and greasy. The hull was thick with the smoke of exploding shells. The earlier shells from the forts were heard only faintly, and fell far off away in the water, and at first we edged pretty well forward of the turret. But now we began to find comfort in the lee of the turret, although, in point of fact, the enemy's fire was almost entirely at high angle and the turret afforded no protection from a dropping projectile. The flashes of fire streaking out from the smoke-covered hull grew more frequent, and the cries of passing shells became a steady accompaniment. In the beginning, standing there on the Iowa's fore-castle, every time we heard one most of us ducked like nodding mandarins. Of course there were a few exceptions, but most of us yielded to the universal instinct to get our heads out of the way of danger, and I can imagine no sound that better tells of danger than the shriek of a passing eight-inch projectile. The enemy's fire became hotter and continued actively until the conclusion of the engagement. Men were kept close to cover, but, as a rule, ceased to duck unless the shriek seemed to indicate that the shell was unusually close. To say that modern shells "whizz" is utterly wrong. They cry out, shriek, moan and utter all kinds of fearful notes before their voice is smothered in a jet of water.

When the Iowa turned out of the firing line and made for the rowboat at the starting point, to begin a second round, Admiral Sampson decided that the secondary batteries were not doing enough damage to make up for the smoke they created, and he ordered the signal "use only heavy guns" run up. At the same time the Detroit and the Montgomery were signalled to drop out of line,



CAPTAIN NICOLL LUDLOW,
Of the Double-Turret Monitor Terror.

because they were furnished only with secondary batteries. The Montgomery soon saw the signal and steamed well out to the northwest, but the Detroit was so busy banging away that it took nearly fifteen minutes to draw her attention to orders. Her starboard side was a constant mass of smoke, so actively were her rapid-fire guns working, and shells were throwing up the water all around her. That the plucky little cruiser escaped unstruck was nothing short of marvelous.

A crowd of jackies from the port guns, which fired never a shot during the entire engagement, joined the signal boys. On the Iowa's forecandle they watched and followed the firing with excited cries, such as "That's a corker," and "That's hit square." In point of fact, the smoke hung so thick about the ships and over the land that it was impossible to tell with any accuracy whether the shots were good or bad. They landed on the hillside—that was about all that could be said. There could be no close aiming at the enemy. As an officer in one of the Iowa's eight-inch turrets said, "You saw the flash of their guns, and before you could locate it exactly the immediate surroundings were enveloped in smoke."

After the Iowa had completed her second round before the forts, and as she was heading out, she was struck by a six-inch shell. I was standing on the port side, beside the eight-inch forward turret, outside the superstructure. There was no loud report, and it was only the noise of flying splinters that told what had happened. A man beside me sang out: "We're hit!" We ran around the superstructure to the spar deck. There we saw Merkle, a marine, who had had his left arm shattered at the elbow, being carried below. The cutter on the port side, where the shell entered (not far from where I had myself been standing) was on fire. A hose was quickly brought to bear and the fire put out. Two men who had been standing near Merkle, on the starboard side of the spar deck, were wounded, but limped below without assistance. Fragments of the shell, besides inflicting these wounds, had left their marks on three ventilators and had littered the deck with splinters. Only a few minutes before the shell struck, a number of men stood where the wounded ones were standing when they were hit. If they had not moved away the Iowa would probably have had a considerable death list. Men grabbed pieces of the shell to keep as souvenirs.

Admiral Sampson, at the time the shell struck, was standing in the lee of the conning tower, just above the point where it did most damage. He was not prompted by the incident to enter the conning tower, but remained outside. The shriek of the shells, though it could be heard about twice every minute, did not seem to disturb him in the least.

When the Iowa had completed her third round, the signal was hoisted for the ships to form in column to the northwest. Gradually they came out of their smoky zone, all except the Terror, which, like the Detroit earlier in the engagement, was too much occupied with shooting at short range at the forts to notice the signal. The Iowa left the firing line at 7:45, but it was half an hour later before the Terror showed her stern to the concentrated fire of San Juan. I went up on the after bridge of the Iowa, and with Captain Evans made a final endeavor to ascertain through the glasses what damage we had inflicted, but we

could make out nothing. When the Terror finally headed after the squadron, the Iowa's decks were being washed down and the guns were cooling.

One by one the ships signalled their casualties. Admiral Sampson leaned on the forward bridge watching them eagerly. Until it came to the New York and the Amphitrite, which were almost the last to report, there was word of no loss of life, but these ships reported one death each, though that on the Amphitrite was due not to wounds, but to heat. When the final report, two killed and seven injured, was announced, it was the universal opinion that, considering the heaviness of the fire, the casualties were extremely few.

Admiral Sampson now went down to Captain Evans' cabin. He had not yet decided whether he would return to the attack. Captain Evans was against another bombardment. I sat on the table while the two men talked. "You have punished the forts, sir," said Evans; "there is absolutely no doubt of that. You have no force of occupation. You did not intend to take the town. You may have to meet the Spanish fleet this evening. You are far from your base of supplies. I should think, sir, that the punishment you have administered is sufficient for the present."

To this the admiral agreed, and after Captain Chadwick and Captain Taylor had paid a visit to the Iowa, and after the admiral's dispatches to Washington had been put aboard the little Associated Press boat, Dauntless, to be taken to St. Thomas, the fleet headed eastward, then turned and made for Key West.



VIEW OF THE CITY OF SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO.

VI

HOBSON AND THE MERRIMAC

THE STORY IS TOLD IN A DISPATCH BY AN ASSOCIATED PRESS CORRESPONDENT WHO WAS WITH THE FLEET—CADET POWELL TELLS OF HIS EFFORTS TO RESCUE THE CREW—LIEUTENANT HOBSON'S OWN STORY AS TOLD BY HIMSELF IN NEW YORK.

Just before dawn on Friday, June 3, seven gallant seamen took the collier Merrimac under the blazing Morro battery, anchored and sunk it there beneath a spiteful fire of musketry and heavy cannonading from the shore. The



MORRO CASTLE AT THE ENTRANCE OF SANTIAGO HARBOR.

object of the expedition was to effectually close the entrance to the harbor within which the Spanish squadron was locked.

This splendid stroke was planned by Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson, who commanded the expedition. He is a naval constructor, attached to the Annapolis and his home is in Brooklyn. With him went Daniel Montague, George Charette, J. E. Murphy, Oscar Deignan, John P. Phillips, and John Kelly, all non-commissioned officers or enlisted men. A steam launch from the flagship New York, commanded by Cadet J. W. Powell, followed the Merrimac to the mouth of the harbor, and, despite the fire from the forts, cruised in the vicinity for an hour and a half after the collier was sunk, but no sign of the brave Americans was seen and Cadet Powell was finally compelled to rejoin the flagship.

The plan to block the entrance to Santiago had been under consideration for

several days, as Rear Admiral Sampson had decided that it was impossible to take his fleet inside. Lieutenant Hobson had expected to do the work on the previous Wednesday night, but, owing to the delay in preparing the ship, it was deferred. The daring officer attempted to run in after daylight on Thursday, and was only stopped under protest after stern orders to return from the admiral. All day Friday the preparations proceeded, and by nightfall the craft was in readiness. A row of torpedoes had been arranged outside the hull so that Lieutenant Hobson could explode them from the bridge of the vessel and thus insure its rapid sinking. At nightfall the various ships of the fleet passed the doomed Merrimac, cheering it lustily. Hundreds of men and scores of officers volunteered for the duty, and Commander Merrill, who had been the captain of the Merrimac, begged permission of Admiral Sampson to go, but Lieutenant Hobson wanted only six men. By 10 o'clock all but the men who were going on the dangerous errand had been taken from the Merrimac, and the collier took a position near the New York to await the appointed hour.

It was an impressive night among the men of the fleet, for few expected that the members of the little crew would see another sunrise. The night was cloudy, with fitful lightning flashing behind the dark lines of the hostile shore, now and then showing the grim shadows of the battlements. Soon after 3 o'clock the black hull of the Merrimac began to drift slowly toward the land, and in half an hour was lost to sight. It was Lieutenant Hobson's plan to steam past Morro, swinging crosswise of the channel, drop his anchors, open the valves, explode the torpedoes on the port side, leap overboard, preceded by his crew, and make his escape and theirs in a little lifeboat which was towed astern, if possible; if not to attempt to swim ashore. All the men were heavily armed, ready to make a fierce resistance to capture.

Scarcely had the ship disappeared when a flash from Morro's guns proclaimed that it had been discovered. Immediately the other batteries around the harbor opened fire, but the ship went steadily on; for this morning the top of its masts can be seen in the water beyond Morro and near the Estrella battery. A heavy cannon and musketry fire continued for about a half hour, and guns were fired at intervals until long after daylight. None of the American ships dared to fire for fear of striking the Merrimac's crew. As daylight came on the steam launch could be seen cruising close to the harbor entrance. Until 5:30 the search was continued and then, under a shower of Spanish shells, which flew wide of their mark, Cadet Powell steamed away and a half hour later boarded the New York, and reported to Admiral Sampson the crew of the Merrimac had not been found.

The Merrimac, he said, lay well across the channel, its masts showing that Lieutenant Hobson had done his work well, sinking the ship almost in the spot decided upon. The channel is not as wide as the Merrimac's length, and it is impossible for the Spaniards to raise or destroy the wreck under the guns of the American fleet.

All the members of the Merrimac expedition are saved. Only two of them were slightly injured and Lieutenant Hobson was not hurt. All of the Merrimac's men are held as prisoners of war. The news of their wonderful escape was sent to Rear Admiral Sampson by Admiral Cervera, the Spanish admiral

being so struck with the courage of the Merrimac's crew that he thought Admiral Sampson should know they had not lost their lives.

Admiral Cervera's chief of staff, Captain Oviedo, boarded the New York under



LIEUT. RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, U. S. N.

AS HE LOOKED WHEN HE SUNK THE MERRIMAC.

a flag of truce bearing the announcement of the safety of the Merrimac's men and returning with a supply of provisions and money for the prisoners.

Lieutenant Hobson carried out his plan to the smallest details except as regards

the method of escape. The rowboat in which the crew were to attempt to escape was either blown up or shot to pieces, for Lieutenant Hobson and his men drifted ashore on an old catamaran, which was slung over the ship's side at the last moment as an extra precaution. Upon reaching shore the men were taken prisoners and sent to Santiago City under guard. Later they were taken to Morro Castle. The bravery of the Americans evidently excited as much admiration among the Spaniards as it did among the men of the American fleet. The fleet went wild with delight over this happy termination of the most daring expedition since the



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE BAY OF SANTIAGO.

From the entrance to the city.

destruction of the Confederate ironclad *Albemarle* by Lieutenant Cushing in 1864. The admiral is just as glad as the youngest jackay. Captain Chadwick of the flagship *New York*, who is usually most conservative, in speaking of the incident, said:

"Splendid! Splendid! Too much cannot be said about it."

The general opinion is that no man ever deserved recognition by Congress for personal bravery more than does Lieutenant Hobson. His work was well done and his men are safe. When he started on the expedition few thought he could accomplish his object. Officers of the fleet, when questioned as to whether Captain Oviedo could have had any ulterior design in visiting the *New York* under a



JOSEPH W. POWELL.

Who followed the Merrimac into Santiago Harbor.

flag of truce, scouted the suggestion, saying that the visit was prompted by pure chivalry on the part of the Spaniards and was noble of them. Clausen, the New York's coxswain, went on the Merrimac against orders. Nothing could have kept him from that trip into the jaws of death.

CADET POWELL'S STORY.

Cadet Powell, the last man to see Lieutenant Hobson before his start, and in charge of the launch during its perilous trip, after much needed sleep, told the story of his experience. He said:

"Lieutenant Hobson took a short sleep for a few hours, which was often interrupted. At a quarter to 2 he came on deck, made a final inspection, and gave his last instructions. We had a little luncheon. Hobson was as cool as a cucumber. about 2:30 o'clock I took the men who were not going on the trip into the launch and started for the Texas, the nearest ship, but had to go back for one of the assistant engineers, whom Hobson finally compelled to leave. I shook hands with Hobson last of all. He said, 'Powell, watch the boat's crew when we pull out of the harbor. We will be cracks, rowing thirty strokes to the minute.'

"After leaving the Texas I saw the Merrimac steaming slowly in. It was only

fairly dark then, and the shore was quite visible. We followed about three-quarters of a mile astern. The Merrimac stood about a mile to the westward

of the harbor and seemed confused, turning completely around. Finally it headed to the east, ran down and then turned in. We were then chasing her, because I thought Hobson had lost his bearings.

"When Hobson was about 200 yards from the harbor the first gun was fired from the eastern bluff. We were then half a mile off shore, close under the batteries. The firing increased rapidly. We steamed in slowly and lost sight of the Merrimac in the smoke which the wind carried off shore. It hung heavily.

Before Hobson could have blown up the Merrimac the western battery picked us up and began firing. It shot wild, and we only heard the shots. We ran in still closer to the shore and the gunners lost sight of us. Then we heard the explosion of the torpedoes on the Merrimac.

"Until daylight we waited just outside the breakers, half a mile to the westward of Morro, keeping a bright lookout for the boat or for swimmers, but saw nothing.

"Hobson had arranged to meet us at that point, but, thinking someone might have drifted out, we crossed in front of Morro and the mouth of the harbor to the eastward. About 5 o'clock we crossed the harbor again within a quarter of a mile and stood to the westward. In passing we saw one spar of the Merrimac sticking out of the water. We hugged the shore just outside of the breakers for a mile and then turned toward the Texas, when the batteries saw us and opened fire. It was then broad daylight. The first shot fired dropped thirty yards astern, but the other shots went wild.

"I drove the launch for all it was worth, finally making the New York. The men behaved splendidly."

HOBSON'S OWN STORY.

It is known that when the call was made for volunteers to go on the Merrimac, literally the men fell over each other in their eagerness to volunteer. The list on the New York ran above a hundred, and the Iowa sent over the signal that 140 would volunteer, before the order was passed that no more volunteers were needed. When the few out of this number had been assigned to stations on the Merrimac, the direction was given to them to lie flat on their faces alongside the particular piece of duty they had to perform. Two were stationed by the anchor gear, and others by the torpedoes, while two were in the engine-room. The directions were that no man should pay any attention to the fire of the enemy. It was agreed and understood by all, that they should not even look up over



OSCAR DEIGMAN.
One of the Merrimac crew.

their shoulders to see where the firing came from; that, as the shots fell, they should pay no attention to them. If a man was wounded he was to give no attention to it, but to place himself in a sitting-kneeling posture—in a posture so that when the signal was given each man, if wounded, could perform his simple duty; and they lay there, each man at his post, until the little duty of each was performed.

UNDER CONTINUOUS FIRE.

And I may tell you that five out of the seven torpedoes that were attached to the ship had been shot away, the steering gear had also been shot away, and the projectiles that were being hurled at us came more as a continuous stream than as individual projectiles. Yet those "Jackies" lay there without moving, each one ready to do his duty as he had been instructed. Then again, when the duty was done and the boys had assembled at the rendezvous on the quarterdeck, when the vessel began to sink slowly, because there were only two remaining torpedoes of the seven (the other five and the starboard-quarter anchor having been shot away) to be exploded to sink the ship, the sailors remained there without stirring. For ten minutes the group stood there, amid a perfect rain of horizontal fire from the enemy's vessels in the harbor and from the batteries, when it was only a question of death in the next projectile, or the next, or the next, or else of being struck with some of the fragments. They stood quietly on a deck grinding underneath them.

A SIMPLE ORDER.

This simple order was given, "No man move until further orders." If there was ever a moment when the order, "sauve qui peut"—"every man for himself," "jump overboard," "get away from this," was justifiable, it was at this time. But not a man budged. A few minutes later when this same group was in the water, clinging, with their heads just above the water, to the catamaran, when the enemies' picket-boats came peering around with their lanterns, in the endeavor to find something living, when the impulse was strong to give up and swim to the bank, the same order was given. "No man move until further orders," and there for nearly an hour these men stayed—every one.

READY TO DO IT AGAIN.

When that afternoon, the same afternoon of the sinking of the Merrimac, by the kindness of the gallant commander-in-chief of the Spanish forces,



GEORGE CHARETTE.

One of the Merrimac crew.

Cervera, the effects of the sailors were brought off from their ship, by a boat that went out under a flag of truce, to tell of their safety, one of the men, in distributing these effects, was allowed to come over to my cell.—This man—Charette was his name—was the spokesman of the others, and after referring to what they had been through during the night, he said: "We would do it over again to-night, sir!" Next day when it seemed that perhaps a remnant of the Inquisition was to be applied to get information from the prisoners to ascertain what was the name of the ship that had been sunk—whether it was a battleship with a crew of five or six hundred. Impertinent questions were put to the prisoners, and soldiers coming along would make significant signs like this (here the Lieutenant drew his hand across his throat) at which our seamen merely laughed. That was a fact. Charette, who speaks French, was the spokesman of our party, and he was asked by the major who had charge of us, "What was the object of your coming in here?" Charette drew himself up and replied: "In the United States it is not the custom for the sailors to know or to ask to know the object of his superior officers."

VII

LANDING THE ARMY BEFORE SANTIAGO

THE SUNDAY AT CAMP M'CALLA. FIGHTING AT GUANTANAMO. LANDING OF GENERAL SHAFER'S ARMY AT BAQUIRI.

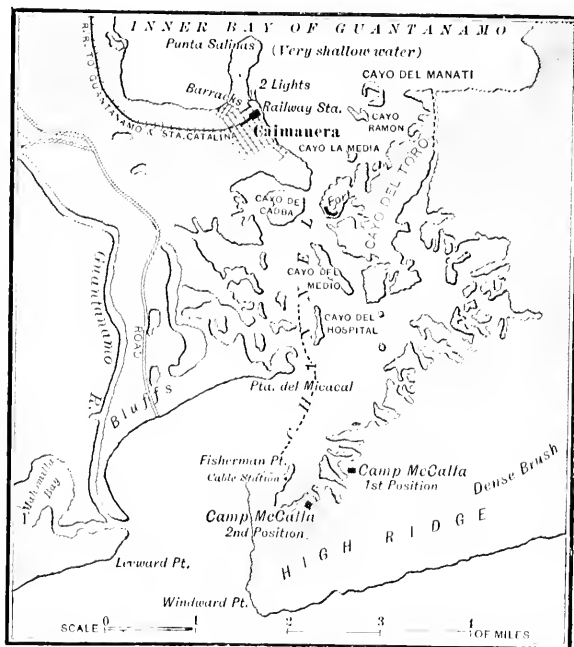
The feat of Mulvaney and his comrades in "taking Lungungpen naked" has had its duplicate at Caimanera.

That is to say, the marines came up out of the sea, where they had been bathing, this eleventh day of June, and many of them without a stitch of clothing, repulsed a Spanish attack on Camp McCalla, driving the enemy helter-skelter back on Guantanamo.

To understand the action it will be necessary to get in mind the situation here. The camp is on the crest of a hill, and was named Camp McCalla in honor of the commander of the Marblehead, who has been on duty continuously ever since the first shot of the bombardment. The camp hill backs down upon a small elevation, which falls into a ravine. Beyond this depression rises a mountain which looms between the camp and the Caribbean.

A guard of twenty men was posted at the southern approach to the camp. West of them was the shore line of the outer bay, and the Marblehead, Porter and Yankee lay to the northward. Behind Fisherman's Point, where the landing was made. To the east a lagoon makes up to the barranca mentioned. There is a dense growth of timber and underbrush over all the country immediately surrounding the landward approaches to the camp. There is a mule path along the mountain, but no other road or trail is visible.

Though there have been reports that the Spanish have over 3,000 men in



THE BAY OF GUANTANAMO.

and about Guantanamo, the Americans hardly feared an attack. Still, guards were posted in two lines outside the camp, and a sharp watch kept.

From Tuesday, June 7, when the bombardment took place, until Friday, no sound was heard and nothing seen to indicate the presence of the enemy. On Friday afternoon the men were kept busy establishing their camp, and got most of the tents into position. Along toward evening there was some movement on the mountain side, and the guards reported crackling in the underbrush, as if the Spaniards were spying out the camp and trying to ascertain the force guarding it. The men were given permission to fire if an enemy should show himself, but no one was seen.

That night the Marblehead swept the hillside with its searchlight, but no trace of a foe was discovered. The men got to laughing at each other for seeing spooks, and the impression grew that the sounds in the brush were made by animals. So things passed until Saturday afternoon.

Suddenly a breathless Cuban was brought in by the guard. He was trembling with excitement, and told a lively tale: "The Spaniards! The Spaniards!" he repeated. "Two hundred of them are in the woods. They are going to shoot. Look out! Look out!" The Cuban urged that a force be sent to head off and capture the enemy. His story was not given full credence, but Colonel Huntington, who is in command, detailed First Lieutenant Wendel C. Neville with ten men to go out as a skirmishing party in one direction, while First Lieutenant James E. Mahoney was given ten men to go out on the right of the hill, and another small party marched away to the left.

The work of landing the baggage had just been completed. Some of the men were busy with the tents, while many had been given leave to bathe in an arm of the bay, over a quarter of a mile away. The camp itself settled down to an incredulous wait for what Mahoney, Neville, and the rest would make out of the Cuban's alarm, when "Pack! pack! pack!" the sharp spatter of modern rifles came from the dense tropical brush near the head of the lagoon. It was the enemy firing on Sergeant Smith's guard.

Almost instantly there was a ripping sound as Smith's men replied, drawing in for orders as they fired. Neville's men could be seen running in the direction of the firing, going up in a series of rushes, shooting by volleys as they went. Mahoney's squad went on the double quick for a hillock commanding the barranca.

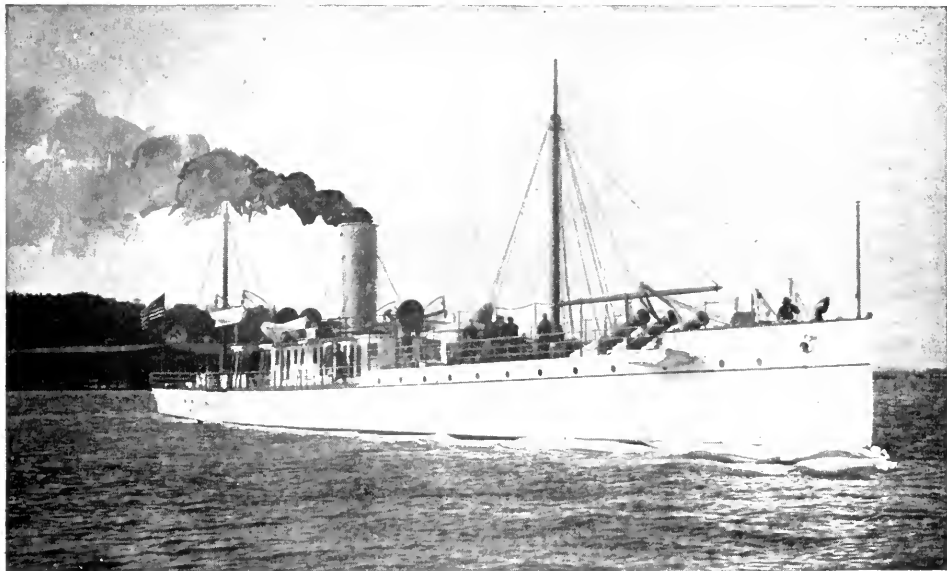
Up from the sea came running a line of naked men, grabbing their carbines and falling into place as Colonel Huntington issued his orders, getting a formation in semi-circle behind the brow of the hill, and waiting to see how much force would develop against him. A few Spaniards had been seen near the head of the lagoon when the first shots were fired, but the scattering rifle cracks did not indicate any concentrated body of men. Huntington moved his line up, ordered the men to kneel, and then gave the command "Fire!"

The American guns talked as if the men were at practice drill on some home parade ground. There was no ragged firing without orders, and the naked men were as ready as the rest. But there was no definite mark to shoot at. After

the first showing at long range, not a Spaniard was seen, and the men banged away at waving bushes or where sounds seemed to indicate a moving body.

Then a charge down hill was ordered, and three companies rushed out, lay down, and fired, while the other three dashed on beyond them, to drop in turn and cover the rush of the first platoon.

There was no fun in this for naked men, but they held their places and charged away with the others, the bushes scratching them and the insects festering their nakedness. Before the wood was reached, however, it was evident the Spaniards



DYNAMITE GUNBOAT VESUVIUS.

A special class boat. Displacement, 929 tons. Speed, 21.42 knots. Armed with three 15-in. dynamite guns, three 3-pounder rapid-fire guns. Authorized 1886. The tests of this new engine of war demonstrate her formidable power and destructive energy. Projectiles contain charges of 500 pounds of dynamite, and thrown long distances by compressed air produce terrible effects when they strike. Before the landing of the army the Vesuvius was used in bombarding the coast.

had fled, and the swimmers were sent back to dress, while a detachment of men, fully attired, was sent into the brush to support Lieutenant Neville, he having charged right into the woods and flushed a small covey of Spaniards.

Then the Americans had their first experience of campaigning in the Cuban brush. The mosquitoes and gnats settled upon them in swarms, so they were almost black with the pests and driven frantic by their stings. The spines of cacti pierced and tore the clothing and scratched the flesh. Burrs stuck through the thin trousers, and creepers tripped up the eager men. It is sorry campaigning.

Evidently the Spaniards knew the paths and beat a hasty retreat, for though Neville's men caught a glimpse of a few of them after entering the woods, the

other parties saw no sign of an enemy. Mahoney's detail beat the brush clear through the barranca to the lagoon, and did not get a shot. Neville's party had two exchanges, but no damage was done on either side.

Apparently the Spaniards made a theatrical sort of showing and ran just as soon as Sergeant Smith's guards began to fire. Smith thinks his men bagged an enemy or two, but no dead Spaniards were found in the brush.

The first shots were fired at twenty minutes to 5 o'clock in the evening, and by half an hour after that time Colonel Huntington had reformed his men on the crest of the hill, having beaten up the bush for a mile around. Roll call showed every man present, and not a wound was reported.

Then the men completed their work of getting up water from the ships, and the first land skirmish was over. The men would have relished a dash at Guantnamo, fifteen miles away, but, though the defenses there are of little consequence, probably no offensive operations will be attempted until a larger force lands.

Earthworks were thrown up across the peninsula south of the camp, and two field pieces left behind by the Spaniards were mounted there with a machine gun. It is not believed the enemy have any available artillery. The Michigan naval reserves on the Yosemite have taken one of the captured cannon as spoil of war.

The fleeing Spaniards also left behind love letters, a telescope, a regimental flag, and state documents.—*Correspondence of the New York Journal.*

FIGHTING AT GUANTANAMO.

The first heavy fighting at close quarters between the American marines and the Spaniards took place here on June 14, Tuesday, at Guantnamo. As usual, American pluck and discipline won. The little invading force showed splendid courage and spirit, and was victorious in several engagements, without losing a man. But sixty dead Spaniards were left on the field at one point as the result of a brilliant attack, including a bayonet charge, led by Captain Elliott.

Three expeditions were sent out from the fort this morning. The main body crossed the ridge two miles from camp, under Captain Elliott with eighty Cubans. About noon the party I was with heard firing in that direction and attempted to make a junction, but found the Spaniards in the path taken by Elliott. Falling back on Lieutenant Mahoney's outpost, we learned from his men that Elliott's force had actually charged the Spaniards with fixed bayonets. This was possible only on the other side of the hill, where the ground is clear.

By clever maneuvering Elliott hemmed in a large body of Spaniards and was inflicting terrible punishment on them. Elliott's force was operating from the north and Mahoney's from the west, while the Dolphin was firing with excellent effect from the sea at a range of about 1,000 yards.

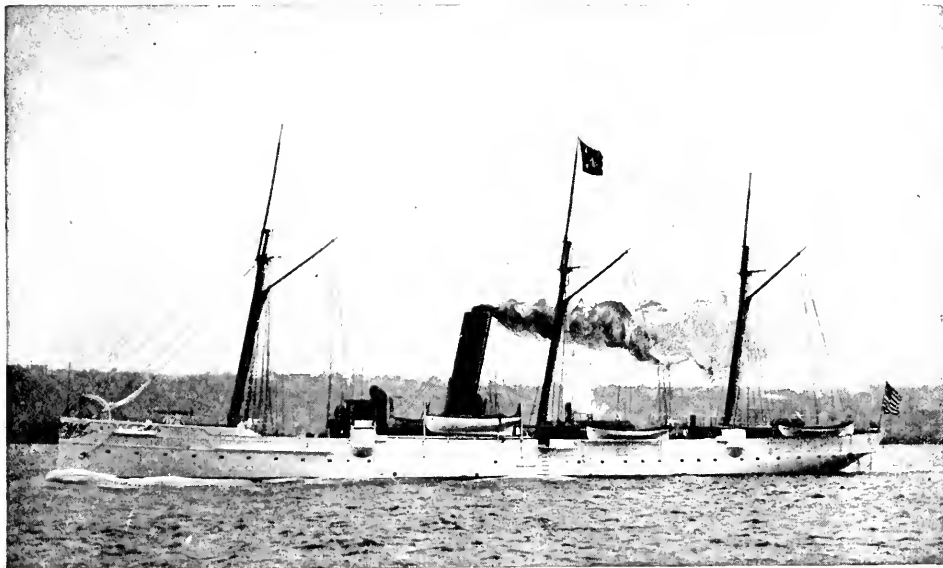
The Spanish were on the crest of a mountain, having been driven from one point to another by the advancing Americans. The marines were so placed that they almost surrounded the Spaniards, who were surprised and bewildered.

Every few minutes a shell would strike right in the midst of the panic-stricken Spaniards, killing and maiming. All the fight was soon taken out of them by

the furious onslaught of the Americans. Once when they showed a bold front for a moment Elliott's men charged bayonets and completely routed them.

When the Spaniards saw their comrades falling by dozens under the attack of the land force and the shells from the Dolphin, they gave up the fight and fled over the hills and into the brush, leaving one hundred Mauser rifles and several thousand rounds of ammunition on the field. Sixty of the enemy were killed at that place and many more in the surrounding brush.

I recognized the uniform of the civil guard in the enemy's ranks, and when



THE DOLPHIN.

Dispatch boat. Single screw. Commissioned December 24, 1895. Displacement, 1,486 tons. Speed, 16 knots. Battery, two 4-in. rapid-fire guns, two 6-pounder rapid-fire, two Hotchkiss and two Gatling guns. 7 officers, 108 men. Cost, \$315,000. H. W. Lyon, Commander.

I found them on the battlefield here at Guantanamo, it was easy to conclude that Blanco had sent them to reinforce the troops and guerrillas already on the ground.

At this writing Elliott is in pursuit of the Spaniards four or five miles from camp, and scouting parties coming in say the firing is continuous. We can hear the artillery occasionally, though it is of little value, owing to the danger of striking our own men.

The marines are holding this place more for the sake of the cable station than the importance of the harbor as a landing place for troops. The guerrillas firing on the marines from ambush had a demoralizing effect at first. Our men were unprepared for that kind of warfare, but to-day's successes have had an

electrifying effect. The spirits of the camp are high. Nearly all are in good health.

It was a distressing sight to see poor Gibbs, the New York surgeon, lying dead between the men whose wounds he had officially examined two hours before. It was my introduction to the camp. I found the little force of marines worn out and somewhat discouraged when the first fatalities occurred, but the men are more certain of their position since to-day's fighting.

There are six newspaper men in our party, Howbert Billman, of Chicago, Stephen Crane, and Ralph D. Paine being included. We found the marines so weary that we all turned in to help carry supplies to the camp and improve the intrenchment, which was none too safe. We also helped to get two three-inch field guns to the top of the hill. Since then we have taken part in the fighting, working mainly at the large guns. We find good appetites in this field service.

I find the Spaniards are poor marksmen on land as well as on sea. Their aim is almost invariably too high. It is a wonder that they have not killed more of the marines. They have fired at them from the brush over and over again at a distance of 300 or 400 yards, without doing any harm.

When the history of this war is written it will be universally conceded that this little band of American marines has performed a difficult and hazardous task. When the flag was first hoisted it was fired on by the Spaniards, who kept up a hot fusillade for an hour, the invading party replying with spirit. The marines got tired and nervous, but held doggedly to the hill. The waste of ammunition has been large. Lieutenant Neville's men kept up a fight throughout the night on the 12th. The Spaniards were all around Neville's party most of the night, a body of them coming within thirty yards at one time.

Sixty-five Cubans were brought over from Santiago to do scout duty. They were ordered to burn the woods, but did not succeed in doing so, as the green underwood is still thick.

For a day or two it looked as if the marines would be annihilated. The Spaniards were strong enough to take the position and massacre the whole body of marines, but they were too cowardly to make the attempt. They have been content to lie in ambush and try to pick off our men.

H. J. WHIGHAM,
Correspondent of the Chicago Tribune.

LANDING OF GENERAL SHAFTER'S MEN.

The landing of troops began at Baiquiri on Thursday, June 21. Three thousand men, the vanguard of General Shafter's force, went ashore at the old iron pier built to expedite the shipping of manganese ore from the mines to the north.

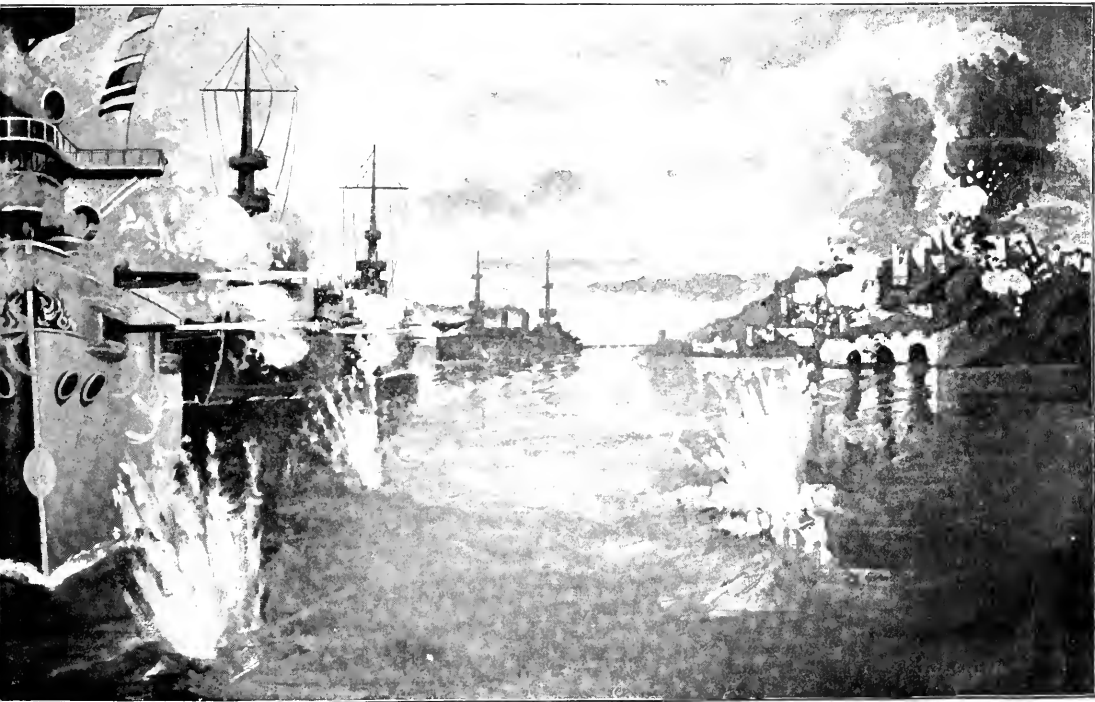
While the troops were passing ashore, Admiral Sampson's fleet bombarded the forts both east and west of Santiago harbor. A force of a thousand Cubans seemed to spring out of the ground at just the proper moment and attacked the Spaniards near Baiquiri.

The Spaniards had prepared to meet a disembarkation to the west of Santiago and also to the eastward, but at Baiquiri, the place chosen, there were only

a Spanish blockhouse on a high cliff to the right of the landing pier and a small fort and earthworks in the rear.

Proceedings were begun by the American fleet, which strung out along the coast, hurling shells at nearly every fortress. The fortifications at Aguadores, Cabanas, Siboney and Juragua, as well as the blockhouse and the fort near Baiquiri, were all bombarded.

Small wonder is it that the Spaniards did not know where the Americans



BOMBARDMENT OF FORTIFICATIONS AT SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

were putting their men ashore, considering that the line of bombardment was fully twenty miles long. At the time of writing this dispatch the forts are in a bad way.

The only loss reported on the American side is a sailor on board the *Texas*. A shell from Cabanas exploded over the after part of the battleship, and a fragment of it proved fatal.

No word was given the troops that they were to be landed at that time. When they did learn it, the enthusiasm was almost riotous. The men for more than a

week were cooped up on crowded transports in the hottest kind of weather, and the prospect of getting ashore and really beginning operations against the enemy was like a dream of paradise to them.

When the detachments to constitute the vanguard were picked out, a wail of disappointment arose from the 13,000 men to be left. One would have supposed that no greater fortune ever befell a man than to be assigned to face the Mausers of Linares' army at once.

Everything went off as if moved by clockwork. First the fleet opened up and kept the gunners on the forts busy while the small boats clustered around the transports to get their cargoes of men. The first of the boats were on their way to the shore when the Spaniards began to issue from the fort back of Baiquiri.

This Spanish force had not fairly formed when, with yells of "Viva Cuba Libre!" and "Viva los Americanos!" General Castillo's force of 1,000 Cubans burst out of the woods and began firing volley after volley at the Spaniards. The latter had been none too steady under the fire from the American ships, and this unexpected attack by the Cubans rattled them badly. They got back to the shelter of the forts, the Cubans pressing them hard.

The fight between the Cubans and Spaniards was out of sight from the sea. During the pauses of the bombardment, the rattling of Mausers on the other side of the hill could be heard.

This Cuban force that thus appeared in the nick of time, was brought, June 20, from Aguadores to Sigua. They were reinforced and posted to do their part in protecting the Americans in their landing.

The New Orleans, Detroit, Castine, Wasp, and Suwanee attended to the forts and batteries in the immediate vicinity of the landing place, while the Texas did the heavy work further down the coast.

The batteries of Cabanas and Aguadores have been the best served of the Spanish defenses that our ships have gone against so far, and it was as much to destroy these comparatively accurate guns as to divert the attention of the Spanish defenders from the landing that the bombardment was begun.

Baiquiri was General Shafter's own choice for a landing place. At the conference with Admiral Sampson and the Cuban generals, Garcia, Rabi, and Castillo, at Aserradero, the Cubans suggested that the landing be made there.

On the maps there is a road from Aserradero to Santiago, but the engineers found that there was really nothing but a mule path, over which it would be impossible to transport the artillery. Baiquiri, on the other hand, has a good iron pier, abundance of water, and behind it there extends a high, level plateau clear to Santiago. On this plateau there is a first-class coral road, which even in the rainy season will not bog, and over which the artillery can be transported at any time. The Spaniards will oppose the American advance savagely, for on the possession of this road depends the capture of Santiago.

The town of Aguadores, which lies in a break in the plateau about half-way between Baiquiri and Santiago, must be the first to fall. Some of our troops have already landed before it, and the New Orleans is throwing its heaviest shells against its fortifications. The country about Aguadores is rough, and there are

few trails through it. There is likely to be a good, stiff fight before this place is taken.

For weeks General Linares has been fortifying the roads leading to Santiago. The coral way from Baiquiri is guarded close-up to the city by barricades and earthworks. The high points along its line are occupied, and as these command the road, the Spaniards must be cleared out of them before the advance is made. Before Friday General Garcia's 5,000 Cubans will have been transported by the warships from Aserradero to Baiquiri to reinforce Shafter's men.

The Cubans are to hold the coast at the east and west extremities of the line of operation. These are nearly forty miles apart. General Garcia expects Santiago to hold out against the Americans for ten days. General Shafter, however, is sure that he will take it by assault in less time than that.

General Shafter is sure that the Spaniards can do nothing with his plans, and says that with soldiers in such spirits as his are the outcome is perfectly certain.

The Cuban troops of Garcia and Rabi have improved tremendously since the arrival of the Americans, who brought them arms, plenty of ammunition, and adequate food. Nine thousand rations were sent to them yesterday.

That General Shafter is certain that he can accomplish the overthrow of the Spanish forces in a short time is made obvious by the preparations of the commissary department. Only rations enough to last the army a few days are to be landed. The bulk of the supplies will be left aboard the transports.

About the only serious disaster that happened to the flotilla of transports on the voyage from Key West to Santiago was the loss of one lighter. It went adrift, and it is not known yet whether the vessel sank or is still floating north along the line of the gulf stream. The men in the troopships kept in the best of health. Only a few of them were forced to leave their vessels for the hospital steamship Olivette. Two mules and a horse succumbed to the intense heat between decks, died and were thrown overboard.

It was evident after the Cuban coast was made that the Spaniards were informed of the movements of the flotilla. At night all the lights were extinguished so as to furnish no guides for the movements of the ships. After dark the warships convoying the transports kept well to the shore side of the troopships while passing towns where Spanish gunboats were supposed to be.

It was thought that some of these might attempt to dash out and sink some of the transports, but had they done so, they would have soon learned that they had made a serious mistake.—*Langdon Smith, Correspondent, New York Journal.*



GENERAL PANDO,
Of the Spanish Army in Cuba.

VIII

THE BATTLES OF LAS GUASIMAS, SAN JUAN, AND EL CANEY

BY H. J. WHIGHAM

The author was correspondent for the Chicago Tribune, and, although wounded at Guantanamo but a few days before, remained at the front during the entire assault upon Santiago.

The initial fight of Colonel Wood's Rough Riders and the troopers of the First and Tenth regular cavalry, on Friday, June 24, will be known in history as the battle of Las Guasimas.

For an hour and a half Roosevelt and his men held their ground under a perfect storm of bullets from the front and sides, and then, Wood at the right and Roosevelt at the left, led a charge which turned the tide of battle and sent the enemy flying over the hills toward Santiago.

It is now definitely known that sixteen men on the American side were killed, while sixty were wounded or are reported missing. It is impossible to calculate



VIEW OF EL CANEY, FROM STONE FORT CAPTURED BY AMERICAN TROOPS, JULY 1.

The house with pillars fronts on the Plaza, where many Spaniards were killed.

the Spanish losses, but it is known they were far heavier than those of the Americans, at least as regards actual loss of life.

Among the Americans slain were Captain Capron, and Sergeant Hamilton Fish.

The Spaniards seemed to be thoroughly informed as to the route to be taken by the Americans in their movements toward Sevilla, as was shown by the careful preparations they had made. The main body of the Spaniards was posted on a hill, on the heavily wooded slopes of which had been erected two block-houses, flanked by irregular intrenchments of stone and fallen trees.

At the bottom of these hills run two roads along which Roosevelt's men and eight troops of the First and Tenth cavalry, with a battery of four howitzers,

advanced. These roads are little more than gullies, rough and narrow, and at places almost impassable.

In these trails the fight occurred. Nearly half a mile separated Roosevelt's men from the regulars, and between them and on both sides of the road, in the thick underbrush, was concealed a force of Spaniards that must have been large, judging from the terrific and constant fire they poured in on the Americans.

The fight was opened by the First and Tenth Cavalry, under General Young. A force of Spaniards was known to be in the vicinity. Early in the morning Roosevelt's men started off up the precipitous bluff back of Siboney to attack the Spaniards on their right flank, General Young at the same time taking the road at the foot of the hill.

About two and a half miles out from Siboney some Cubans rushed into camp with the announcement that Spaniards were but a little way in front, strongly intrenched. Quickly the Hotchkiss guns in the front were brought to the rear, while a strong scouting line was thrown out. Then, in silence, the troops moved forward, until a bend in the road disclosed the hill where the Spaniards stood. The guns were again brought to the front and placed in position, while the men crouched down in the road, waiting impatiently to give Roosevelt's men, who were toiling over the little trail along the crest of the ridge, time to get up.

At 7:30 a. m., General Young gave the command to the men at the Hotchkiss guns to open fire. The command was the signal for a fight that for stubbornness has seldom been equaled. The instant the Hotchkiss guns were fired, the hill-sides commanding the road gave forth volley after volley from the Mausers of the Spaniards.



COLONEL LEONARD WOOD.

"Don't shoot until you see something to shoot at," yelled General Young, and the men, with set jaws and gleaming eyes, obeyed the order. Crawling along the edge of the road and protecting themselves as much as possible from the fearful fire of the Spaniards, the troopers, some of them stripped to the waist, watched the base of the hill, and when any part of a Spaniard became

visible, they fired. Never for an instant did they falter.

One husky warrior of the Tenth Cavalry, with a ragged wound in his thigh, coolly knelt behind a rock, loading and firing, and when told by one of his comrades that he was wounded, laughed and said: "Oh, that's all right. That's been there for some time."

In the meantime away off to the left could be heard the crack of the rifles of Colonel Wood's men, and the regular, deeper toned volley firing of the Spanish

Over there the American losses were the greatest.

Colonel Wood's men, with an advance guard well out in front, and two Cuban guides before them, but apparently with no flankers, went squarely into the death trap of the Spaniards, and only the unfaltering courage of the men in the face of a fire to make a veteran quail, prevented what might easily have been a disaster.

As it was, Troop L, the advance guard under the unfor-

fortunate Captain Capron, was almost surrounded, and but for the re-enforcement hurriedly sent forward, every man would probably have been killed or wounded.

"There must have been nearly 1,500 Spaniards in front and to the sides of us," said Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, in discussing the fight. "They held the ridges with rifle pits and machine guns, and had a body of men in ambush in the thick jungle at the sides of the road over which we were advancing. Our



LIEUT.-COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

advance guard struck the men in ambush and drove them out. But they lost Captain Capron, Lieutenant Thomas and about fifteen men killed or wounded.

"The Spanish firing was accurate, so accurate, indeed, that it surprised me, and their firing was fearfully heavy.

"I want to say a word for our own men," continued Colonel Roosevelt. "Every officer and man did his duty up to the hilt. Not a man flinched."

From another officer who took a prominent part in the fighting more details were obtained. "When the firing began," said he, "Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt took the right wing with troops G and K, under Captains Llewelyn and Jenkins, and moved to the support of Captain Capron, who was getting it hard. At the same time Colonel Wood and Major Brodie took the left wing and advanced in open order on the Spanish right wing. Major Brodie was wounded before the troops had advanced one hundred yards. Colonel Wood then took the right wing and shifted Colonel Roosevelt to the left.

"In the meantime the fire of the Spaniards had increased in volume, but, notwithstanding this, an order for a general charge was given, and with a yell the men sprang forward. Colonel Roosevelt, in front of his men, snatched a rifle and ammunition belt from a wounded soldier, and, cheering and yelling with his men, led the advance. For a moment the bullets were singing like a swarm of bees all around them, and every instant some poor fellow went down.

"On the right wing Captain McClintock had his leg broken by a bullet from a machine gun, while four of his men went down. At the same time Captain Luna of troop F lost nine of his men. Then the reserves, troops K and E, were ordered up.

"Colonel Wood, with the right wing, charged straight at a blockhouse, 800 yards away, and Colonel Roosevelt, on the left, charged at the same time. Up the men went, yelling like fiends, and never stopping to return the fire of the Spaniards, but keeping on with a grim determination to capture that blockhouse.

"That charge was the end. When within 500 yards of the coveted point, the Spaniards broke and ran, and for the first time we had the pleasure which the Spaniards had been experiencing all through the engagement of shooting with the enemy in sight.

"In the two hours' fighting, during which the volunteers battled against their concealed enemy, enough deeds of heroism were done to fill a volume. One of the men of troop E, desperately wounded, was lying squarely between the lines of fire. Surgeon Church hurried to his side, and, with bullets pelting all around him, calmly dressed the man's wound, bandaged it, and walked unconcernedly back, soon returning with two men and a litter. The wounded man was placed on the litter and brought into our lines.

"Another soldier of troop L, concealing himself as best he could behind a tree, gave up his place to a wounded companion, and a moment later was himself wounded.

"Sergeant Bell stood by the side of Captain Capron when the latter was mortally hit. He had seen that he was fighting against terrible odds, but he never flinched. 'Give me your gun a minute,' he said to the sergeant, and, kneeling

down, he deliberately aimed and fired two shots in quick succession. At each shot a Spaniard was seen to fall. Bell, in the meantime, had seized a dead comrade's gun and knelt beside his captain and fired steadily.

"When Captain Capron fell he gave the sergeant a parting message to his wife and father and bade the sergeant good-by in a cheerful voice and was then borne away dying.

"Sergeant Hamilton Fish, Jr., was the first man killed by the Spanish fire. He was near the head of the column as it turned from the wood road into range of the Spanish ambushade. He shot one Spaniard, who was firing from the cover of a dense patch of underbrush. When a bullet struck his breast he sank at the foot of a tree, with his back against it. Captain Capron stood over him, shooting, and others rallied around him, covering the wounded man. The ground this afternoon was thick with empty shells where Fish lay.

"He lived twenty minutes. He gave a small lady's hunting case watch from his belt to a messmate as a last souvenir.

"With the exception of Captain Capron, all the rough riders killed in battle were buried on the field of action. Their bodies were laid out in one long trench, each wrapped in a blanket. Palm leaves lined the trench and were heaped in profusion over the dead heroes.

"Chaplain Brown read the beautiful Episcopal burial service for the dead, and as he knelt in prayer every trooper, with bared head, knelt around the trench. When the chaplain announced the hymn, *Nearer, My God, to Thee*, the deep bass voices of the men gave a most impressive rendering to the music.

"The dead rough riders rest on the summit of the hill, where they fell. The site is most beautiful. A growth of rich, luxuriant grass

and flowers cover the slopes, and from the top a far reaching view is had over the tropical forest. Chaplain Brown has marked each grave, and has complete records for the benefit of friends of the dead soldiers.

"Captain Capron's body was brought into Juragua this afternoon, but it was deemed inadvisable to send the remains north at this season, and the interment took place on a hillside near the seashore, back of the provisional hospital.

"After a brief service a parting volley was fired over the grave of the dead captain, and a bugle sounded taps as the sun sank over the mountain tops beyond Santiago."



CAPTAIN CAPRON,

Of the Rough Riders, who was killed at Las Guasimas.

SAN JUAN AND EL CANEY.

The first day of July will be a famous one in the history of the United States. The representatives of the great nations were before Santiago to witness the first great land battle of the war, and their verdict was unanimous. Whatever criticism may be passed hereafter upon the tactics adopted, the bravery of our soldiers has been established forever.

When the cavalry brigade first broke cover under the hottest fire that troops ever encountered, and stormed the first line of Spanish trenches, the British naval attaché, with a record of great fights behind him, declared that he had never witnessed so gallant an attack; German, French, Austrian, Russian, and Japanese critics were amazed. In the face of so splendid an achievement, the voice of the expert was silent—even praise was superfluous—the first day's fight at Santiago must rank as one of the glorious military deeds of the world's history.

When we left camp hurriedly, before daybreak, on the morning of the battle, no one, not even the staff officers themselves, had any conception of the struggle coming. The general impression among the well-informed was that our position before the doomed city was to be definitely established. Our guns were to be placed, and possibly an artillery duel might begin.

To grasp the situation it must be understood that the valley along which the army had been traveling since the heights of Sevilla were taken widens out about three miles from Santiago, at the point where General Shafter's headquarters are now situated. From here the main road to the city winds along the bottom, shaded by fine trees and bordered by dense underwood until the broad meadow is reached which lies just below the ridge, where the Spaniards have their outer intrenchments. Right in the center of the ridge is the main redoubt of San Juan, just a thousand yards from the city walls, our main objective point. Half way between headquarters and the redoubt a spur comes down from the hills on our left flank, just beyond the sugar factory of El Poso.

On the top of that spur our field artillery was to take up a position within 2,500 yards of the Spanish lines. Away on the right flank, two miles north of El Poso, lies the village of Caney, full of the enemy's riflemen. Judging from past experience, no one could expect any serious resistance at that point. It would be evacuated, just as Baiquiri, Juragua, and Sevilla had been evacuated before.

The general movement, therefore, was simple in the extreme. Lawton's division was to advance on the right, with one battery of artillery under Captain Capron, and take Caney en route, capturing, if possible, a few hundred Spaniards in passing. The cavalry division, under Wheeler, was sent up the center along the main road, covered by Grimes's battery on the spur at El Poso. Kent's division held the left flank, on the high ground between the road and the sea, with orders to close in for the final attack, thus flanking the main Spanish position at San Juan.

It was a pretty plan, which failed in but one respect. It entirely overlooked the possibility of a strong resistance at Caney. But even that would have availed the Spaniards little if our only object had been, as most of us thought it was, to

establish our position before beginning the final assault. As it was, the assault came with astonishing abruptness from our center and left, leaving Lawton's division still at Caney, so that our right flank was unprotected, and during the greater part of the day only one of our batteries was in position to protect our advance.

El Poso was the scene of great activity at 5 o'clock that morning. Down in the rear of the spur the yard of the sugar factory was full of cavalrymen and Cubans. The position of the guns was hardly a hundred yards in front of us. On the top of a steep incline the horses were being harnessed up to get the little

field pieces up the hill. The dynamite gun attached to the rough riders was displaying its long barrel in the center for the benefit of the curious.

The rough riders were quietly discussing the situation, while the Cubans were still eating. They have done nothing but eat since the City of Texas reached Juragua, and consequently their movements are slower than usual. Still, by 6 o'clock they got into column formation and led the way down the valley road, where they soon were lost sight of among the thick wood.

In the meantime the spectators climbed the hill to witness the early operations. The prospect was magnificent. As the sun rose the heavy mists gradually dispersed, and the city of Santiago stood out with startling distinctness, apparently not more than a mile away. We were promptly warned by the artillerymen to conceal ourselves as much as possible, in case our presence there should disclose our position to the Spaniards, and give them an opportunity of shelling the rise before our guns could be established there. Fortunately a little tree on the extreme right of the spur gave the



SERGEANT HAMILTON FISH, JR.,
Of the Rough Riders, who was the first American
killed before Santiago.

necessary cover. There we waited patiently, watching the cavalry division form in battalion preparatory to an advance down the valley.

Suddenly, at 6:40 precisely, there came the report of a three-inch gun from the hills away to the north. It was Capron's battery attacking Caney. He was avenging the death of his son, who had fallen in the first skirmish only a few days before. Soon afterward the distant firing of rifles in the direction of the village told us that Chaffey and Lawton had also got within range. The fight had begun, and we waited expectantly for our share of the fun. We had not long to indulge in expectation, for less than an hour later the first shot from Grimes's battery was sent flying over the red blockhouse on the San Juan re-

doubt. The gun was sighted for 2,800 yards, but almost immediately the range dropped to 2,500.

One shot, of course, was sufficient to disclose our position to the Spanish gunners. Consequently the spectators immediately retired a couple of hundred yards up the spur to the left. Possibly the rising sun obscured the vision of the enemy, for we were able to get to our point of vantage before the first answer was given. Once there the panorama was magnificent. With the naked eye we could easily pick out every one of the Spanish trenches. The big redoubt was right in front of us, and by turning to the north we could get a fairly accurate idea of the progress of events at Caney, two miles away.

We had the shelter of a good tree to keep off the heat of the sun, and altogether our situation was like the royal box at the opera on a gala night. Moreover, the various foreign attaches were there to give their opinions upon the plan of campaign, and we were just near enough to the line of fire to get the sensation of bursting shrapnel, while being in perfect safety, for the Spaniards knew our position exactly, and wasted no shots by shooting to right or left.

The first answer came with a wicked shriek and a twang as of an enormous fiddle string as the shrapnel scattered. The Spaniards made excellent practice, killing two men and wounding five at the batteries before the fight was many minutes old. Their tendency being to throw rather high, they proceeded further to drop shells right into the sugar factory behind the mill, where, for some extraordinary reason, the cavalry were standing ready to advance and the hospital corps had established their quarters. Fortunately, the rough riders escaped with three men wounded and a few horses disabled.

The Spaniards were firing a small two and one-half inch shrapnel shell, but considering their powder was smokeless and ours was not, they had considerably the better of it. It was impossible all day positively to locate their guns, while ours were painfully apparent. The duel lasted just an hour, and then firing ceased for a time on both sides, the Spaniards in all cases apparently following our example and refusing to take the initiative.

In the meantime our cavalry division had been moving slowly along the valley, quite out of sight, in the woods, followed and sometimes led by the balloon which had been sent up for prospecting purposes. Away on the right we could see a hot fight going on round Caney. Capron's battery was still firing with extraordinary rapidity, but the Spaniards were making a determined stand. For two hours the rifle fire was incessant, and gradually the light smoke which comes even from smokeless powder disclosed the situation. Chaffey was hemming them in on the right, having executed a complete flank movement, while Bates' division had come up on the left of Caney, and was right between us and the stone building, where the Spaniards were making their last stand at the end of the town.

The resistance was wholly unexpected, but it soon ceased to attract our attention, for suddenly, at 11:15, a hot fire was opened upon the head of our line down in the valley, from the Spanish trenches. They fired first of all upon the balloon, which of course marked our advance along the road. The balloon came down

at a rapid rate, but the damage was already done. The Spaniards knew every foot of the road, and from that moment they kept up a murderous succession of volleys upon the unhappy cavalry brigade, which had hoped to reach the edge of the meadow bottom and get into the open for the charge before their presence in the valley was known. To make matters worse, the Spanish artillery began work again, throwing shrapnel right over the heads of our advancing column. The narrow wood was literally packed, and the first results were terrible.

From the hill we could not see the effect of the Spanish volleys, but we knew that down in the trees below us there must be a veritable valley of death. Grimes's battery opened about half an hour later, and succeeded in attracting a good deal

of the artillery fire from our column, and this time without loss, for the Spaniards fired just a shade too high, and every shell burst in the sugar factory, behind where now, fortunately, there were no troops ready to go into action.

But although our battery did not suffer, our own fire seemed to be equally futile. The third shot hit the red blockhouse on the redoubt right in the center, but there was not the slightest cessation on the part of the riflemen in the pits. Every now and then, as our shrapnel burst over their heads or scattered the earth on the escarpment of a rifle pit, the next volley would be rather ragged, but as a rule each explosion was followed by a sharp, well defined volley, showing that the Spaniards were under excellent control. Indeed, from all appearances, their discipline must be as good as ours. Their officers had them well in hand, and we could see them walking bolt upright behind the trenches, directing the fire in the most unconcerned manner, while our shrapnel burst all round them.



GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER.

So the fight went on, until suddenly a thin file of men appeared against the bright green of a meadow, just to the right of the valley road and near the edge of the woods in front of San Juan. Every one was intensely astonished, for it hardly seemed possible that our men could have advanced so far under so murderous a hail of bullets and shrapnel. But there was no mistaking the dark blue shirts of the American soldiers. This was the first intimation to the spectators that our men were really going straight in to assault the ridge of San Juan. Before we had done wondering, the same file had gone through the last belt of wood, had crossed the river, whose bed was marked by a thicker line of heavy trees, and were going up the hill to the right toward a small red building, apparently a hacienda full of Spanish soldiers.

It was the cavalry brigade, led, as I learned later in the day, by Roosevelt him-

self on horseback. From the El Poso hill it was a glorious, almost incredible sight. Probably it is against all the rules of modern warfare to attack so strong a position without the aid of strong artillery. This attack was covered by only one battery of light artillery. But it was magnificent.

It was good, too, to hear the British naval attache grow enthusiastic over the gallantry of "our" men, as he always called them. Still, it hardly seemed possible that we were going to take the whole first line of trenches with so small a force, for it must be remembered that Lawton's division and Bates' independent brigade had their hands full at Caney, and could not attend to the right of the Santiago attack.

But soon we could see dark figures stealing out from the trees in the center and left. Kent's men had executed a simultaneous movement with wonderful precision, so that a quarter of an hour after the rough riders first broke cover, the whole green meadow bottom between the woods and the ridge was alive with our soldiers darting on through the grass, crouching as they went along, to avoid as much of the fire as possible. That was the most dangerous part of the journey, but for the soldier it was more pleasant to be advancing quickly in the open than to go slowly through the bush under a fire which he could not see or answer. There was not the slightest wavering. Occasionally a line of barbed wire fence caused a little delay, but that method of defence proved of small avail. In fewer minutes than it takes to tell, our front line had reached the bottom of the steep ridge under the redoubt, and there they were more or less under cover.

Up the hill they went, and as they gained the top the Spaniards retired quickly past the red blockhouse, along the plateau, and gained their second line of defence. By half-past 1 the blue shirts were in the blockhouse, and not only the main redoubt, but the whole front line, was ours. That is to say, the Spaniards were driven back to their last line, 700 yards away from us, and only a few hundred yards in front of the city itself. Our flag was within a thousand yards of the walls of Santiago. All this happened in an incredibly short space of time. We had first seen our men cross the meadow on this side of the river about 12:30, and by 1:30, an hour later, San Juan was ours. So much for the glorious side of war.

Leaving El Poso, along the valley road, the whole aspect of affairs was different. Nothing could be seen from the road except the trees on either side, and the several regiments huddled along there had not the slightest notion what had happened. All they knew was that they had gone there to be shot at, with little chance of making a reply.

The wounded were coming back to the rear with dazed expressions, as if they had been struck by some totally unknown agency, for no reason that they could imagine. Some were on stretchers, others limped along supported by their comrades, some had no help at all, and either lay by the roadside or struggled painfully along as best they could. Five minutes on the road was long enough to realize that the day had been a hard one for us. The hospital men worked nobly, but it was difficult to keep up with the demand. That road had cost us dear. It seemed as if the poor fellows with shattered limbs and bleeding faces would

never stop coming back. A few looked cheerful; those perhaps who were not badly wounded and were glad to get out of the day's work for a short space. But most of them had a look of absolute indifference, except in so far as the blankness of their gaze asked for pity. The first sight of wounded men is apt to change one's ideas on the subject of war.

The farther one got the more terrible were the evidences of slaughter. Four or five bodies lay by the roadside, absolutely uncared for, because they were past remedy, and the wounded required all the attention the brave hospital men could give them. Besides, the fight in the woods was by no means over. A number of Spanish sharpshooters were in there, and they were quietly picking off their men on the road as the reserves passed along. Nearer the first crossing of the river the fire grew hotter. Bullets whistled through the trees, and one unfortunate soldier was hit in the thigh within a few yards of Stephen Crane and myself. The bullet was probably one of the large brass mounted kind used by the guerillas, and it made a horrible wound. The pain must have been intense, for the poor fellow screamed with agony. The little incident corroborated exactly a similar instance in "The Red Badge of Courage," and, by a coincidence, Crane was there to see it. It may seem brutal to take a psychological view of the matter in the middle of so much suffering and agony, but for the inexperienced spectator the only way to prevent a condition of nauseating horror under such circumstances is to forget the claims and ties of humanity and regard each man as a mere pawn in the great kriegspiel.

That valley road will always be remembered as the Bloody Lane. To make the horror of it more intense, the Spanish sharpshooters in the trees would every now and then pick off a wounded man who was lying in a place of supposed safety, or bring down one of the hospital corps who was bravely and calmly proceeding with his work under fire. For a few moments the lane became impassable. The sharpshooters grew more aggressive, and poured something like a volley right down the road. A momentary stampede followed. Our men came rushing back, and, after retiring ingloriously into the bushes to let the stream go by, I emerged just in time to help along an unfortunate hospital man who had been shot right through the chest.

I freely confess that I was not sorry to gain a little delay by taking a hand at the stretcher and helping the man back out of the range of the sharpshooters. Men become afraid for various reasons, but probably the strongest inducement to cowardice is the unaccustomed sight of wounded soldiers. The dead count as nothing, but the silent suffering of men who are mutilated, but still live, is apt to put the fear of death upon any one who has not seen a good deal of war.

In the meantime we could hear from the valley the noise of fighting on the ridge, and knew that our men were having a hard time to hold their own, and it became absolutely necessary to reach the ridge. In the meadows beyond the fatal creek, where so much slaughter had taken place, the spent bullets were coming down freely from the Spanish rifles aimed at our men on the brow of the hill, and that was then the worst part of the journey.

But our men went along with the utmost indifference there, having faced the

real direct fire from the trenches earlier in the day. Once across the meadows, the ridge in most places afforded excellent cover, for the Spaniards were driven back 600 or 700 yards over the top, and they could not hit our men there unless they stood up on the hill. On the other hand, they could not be hit, so that all afternoon a duel went on between our men and the enemy without much damage except for a few casualties from spent bullets in the meadows below, and a few men killed while standing up above the brow of the hill.

We spectators sat just under the brow of the hill, listening in perfect safety to the bullet-storm over our heads, and hearing the stories of the men who had come up the hill in the first charge. By this time we had got used to the horrors of war, but even so it was suggestive at least to have a man wounded previously in the head die within two feet of us while we were discussing the day's battle.

Accounts differ, of course, enormously, as to the loss on either side. But we heard enough to know that our men had gained the day at great cost, and many officers and men whom we had seen only the day before were killed or so badly wounded that they would be crippled for life.

Of course at Caney many more men were lost on the enemy's side, because the town was actually taken, but even there the suffering on both sides was probably equal, although the Spaniards certainly had more men killed. One effect of modern artillery seems to be the enormous number of wounded in proportion to the number of men actually killed. In many cases, too, where a man has been wounded in one part of the body, he may be hit in another almost simultaneously, without knowing it. Cosby, of the Rough Riders, had his arm dressed, and never knew that he was badly wounded in the chest as well.

But that night on the ridge there was no time to think of dead and wounded. As the night fell our men, who had been fighting since 4 o'clock in the morning, with nothing to eat, had still with their thinned ranks to face the enemy only a few hundred yards away. It was an enemy, too, that was still full of fight, for only a few minutes before sunset they had come out of their trenches on the right and had charged right up to the front line of the cavalry brigade.

And, tired and worn as they were, the men had to set to work and dig trenches just over the ridge, so that they might in some way command the Spanish lines. That perhaps, was the hardest task of all. To ask men who have marched and fought all day to stay awake all night and work for their lives to have themselves intrenched by morning, seemed almost inhuman, but it was inevitable. There was only one cheerful sight to relieve the tension, and that was the arrival at the ridge of the commissariat wagons. All night they hurried along, so that before daybreak on the following morning every brave soldier in the front line had had at least a little hard tack and bacon. During the day the men are having a so-called rest; that is, they are lying in the trenches under a burning sun, firing every now and then at any Spaniard who raises his head.

The cavalry and infantry have done all that human beings can. Their task has been almost more than men can bear. Hereafter the artillery must do at least part of the work for them.

Before closing this hurried letter, it may be as well to state that yesterday

the Cuban cause was lost. As far as I can discover at this early period of the day the Cuban forces were yesterday entirely useless. This was not at all surprising to those who knew the Cubans—knew that they could not stand up against organized troops when it came to storming a position.

But the fact has come home so forcibly to the minds of the army generally that the outcry would be enormous if there were any attempt on the part of our government to surrender the island of Cuba to such a people. The Cubans at their best are individually charming and collectively admirable, as long as they are fighting for their lives and liberty. But to the American soldier it was maddening yesterday to feel that so much American blood was being shed for men who would not on this one supreme occasion go to the front and do honor to their nationality. The feeling in the army is that when this fight is over the Cubans should be immediately disarmed and sent about their proper business, with the possible exception of a thousand picked men.

IX

WITH GRIMES' BATTERY

Orders for the cavalry division to move to the front were received at 3 o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, June 30. Much to his chagrin, General Wheeler was confined to his Spartan hammock and stretched wagon sheet, with an attack of malarial fever. It was suicide, the division surgeon declared, for him to attempt to move. Nevertheless, the veteran would have made the attempt, but for an assurance that a good rest would probably enable him to travel the next day. Within an hour the division was on the march westward, under the command of General Sumner, of the First brigade, and the sodden heaps of ashes from the fires and the palm-leaf shelters and wigwams were all that remained of the populous camps.

The rain had been pouring down half an hour before, but the men trudged through the mire and water cheerfully. They had been encamped for three days without a change, and the monotony was beginning to pall upon them. Before them marched the "doughboys," and behind them and through their open ranks the field guns ground their way, the mules tugging at their long traces as the drivers snapped the buckskin thongs of their whips about their heads. As far as eye could see the road was bristling with the shouldered rifles and carbines, marked off at intervals with the crimson and white troop guidons and the mounted figures of the regimental commanders. Trains of wagons and pack mules trotting patiently along after the jingling bell of the lead mare brought up the rear.

At General Shafter's headquarters, half a mile past the swollen Agnadores, the cavalry division diverged to the left and struck across a wide meadow, that presently brought them out upon a narrow road walled in with almost impenetrable jungle. Along the side of this were camped Cubans by the hundreds, setting



GENERAL SHAFTER.

about their preparations for the evening meal. They grinned at once amiably and ferociously as the Americans passed, and cried, "Santiago!" pointing westward and making expressive gestures with their black forefingers across their throats.

"God help Santiago if those fellows get in," said a young lieutenant, eyeing them with strong disfavor.

Hundreds of other Cubans were on the march, slouching along in their raw-hide sandals, with bundles of provisions strapped on their backs or balanced on their heads—bundles that would have taxed the endurance of a pack mule. About dusk the advance guard reached the old fort, El Poso, where Colonel Gonzales had already made his headquarters. About 500 yards from the building—a red-tiled, rambling structure of brick and adobe—one of the hospital corps, noticing a strong odor of decomposition, stepped aside from the trail to investigate. He saw a patch of newly dug earth, from which protruded a human arm and hand. A half-naked Cuban who stood near by smoking a cigarette, explained. "Españoles," he said, smiling complacently. Then he opened and shut his fingers twice, tapped the handle of his machete, and made the sign of the riven throat.

Colonel Gonzales sent up a detachment of his men to slash away the undergrowth on the side of the ridge commanding the Spanish fortifications, and here General Sumner made his camp, using for the ridgepole of his tent the staff of a Spanish flag that had waved above the fort a week before, and then occupied himself with the disposition of his command along the ridge on the left. This took up most of the night; few of the men had more than two or three hours' rest.

By 6:30 o'clock this morning Captain Capron's battery was booming away, and shells were dropping into the blockhouse above El Caney. About the same time a battery of four field guns, commanded by Captain Grimes, took up a position on the crest of the hill at El Poso, and at 8 o'clock opened fire on the fortifications of San Juan. Twenty-five hundred yards was the range at which the gun was set, but the first shell fell far short, in the road that wound up the hill to the red-roofed bastion. The gunners ran forward and pushed the piece back from its recoil, and Captain Grimes, his shirt sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, looked carefully along the sights and elevated the muzzle a trifle. A quick jerk of the lanyard, a deafening crash, and the shell went rushing over the tree-tops, with a roar that gradually diminished to a whistle, and then died away. Then came the distant sound of the explosion, but nothing could be seen.

"Away over," shouted a lieutenant; "try her again."

This time the shell plumped fairly down among the roofs of the barracks, and a big cloud of red dust, speckled and barred with black objects, rose from their midst. The artillerymen waved their hats and cheered wildly, and the Cubans, clustering about the old fort below, yelled their everlasting "Santiago" in sympathy, and brandished their machetes.

From that time the shots went in quick succession, now falling to the right and now to the left, but in no case missing their mark. Twenty shells at least were landed where the men behind the ugly little guns wanted to put them.

"I should think they would tire of receiving these," said the Swedish military attache, Captain Gette. "Have they, then, no artillery?"

The answer came as he spoke. There was a swift, rushing shrieking sound in the air, and a shell burst thirty feet behind the battery and as many yards to the left, scattering a hail of shrapnel around. There was instant confusion. The Cubans came scampering up from the creek bed, huddled behind stumps, jumped into the great dry cistern in the courtyard, and, struggling into the port itself, filled it to overflowing, as though anything that could shut out the sight of the deadly missile would prevent its danger. There were some infantrymen of the Seventy-first New York, raw, untrained, passing along the road to the right of the stream, and their bearing was in marked contrast. Most of them certainly stooped when they heard the terrible sound above them, but it was an involuntary movement. Not one broke ranks or halted in his onward march, and when the danger of the moment had passed they laughed as if it had been a particularly good joke.

Up on the hill the horses of the orderlies were struggling and rearing madly. Some of them had been hit slightly by the shrapnel, and one of the poor little sore-backed beasts ridden by the Cubans was stretched out upon his side, his fore shoulder nearly blown away.

But the gunners were not disconcerted for a moment. Two of the four pieces were pushed into position in an instant, and sighted as deliberately as though they were being fired for target practice, champions up, and the score was even, with one to decide. Crash, went the report of the foremost, and in quick response—almost before the echo had died away—a second Spanish shell and then

a third burst, one in front of the gun that had just been fired and the other in a hollow to the left. Private Helm, who was standing at the breech, dropped the sponge he had ready in his hand and fell forward between the wheels, dead. George Roberts, his comrade, clapped his hand to his shoulder, where a dark stain was spreading through his blue flannel shirt. A party of Cubans, who had been lying in the hollow, started out of the brush and ran behind a ruined wall, leaving two men dead and half a dozen wounded and shouting frantic appeals to those within the fort to grant them a little room inside.

Then the second American gun spoke, and the wall of a house in San Juan went toppling down; but the concealed battery within the Spanish lines seemed to have gunners no less sure of aim. A shell struck the low earthwork in front of another gun, and Private Underwood, of A battery, pitched forward, killed instantly, just as Helm had been a minute before. Another shell crashed through the tiled roof of the fort, burst inside, and killed six Cubans.



MAJ.-GEN. ADNA R. CHAFFEE.

For half an hour this duel of artillery lasted, and when it was over the little courtyard before El Poso was strewn with the splinters and slugs of the Spanish shells, and on the ridge to the left, which was occupied by the Rough Riders of Roosevelt's regiment, half a dozen wounded men were groaning with pain. There was no inaccuracy about the Spanish fire in this instance. The gunners evidently had the range perfectly, beforehand. Nor were their guns silenced, for the situation of the battery was not discovered until much later. The reason why the fire ceased when it did is not explained.

At about 10 o'clock the Rough Riders on the left received orders to close in to the right and advance along a road descending into the plain and leading to El Caney. They marched in column for some little distance, the Ninth cavalry on their right and the Sixteenth and Sixth infantry on their left. Half a mile from the Marianaje blockhouse, which it was the intention to storm, they deployed into an open field, and, under a terrific fire, took their position in skirmish line. Colonel Wood and Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt were both mounted, and made no attempt to shelter themselves and their men. Roosevelt, still on horseback, led the first charge—a rush of thirty yards—and his voice encouraging his men was heard through all the din of the guns above and the crackling rifle volleys below.

Just as the men had lain down after a rush, Capt. W. O. O'Neill, of troop A, who was standing in front of the line, faced to his command. "Close in to the right, men, at the next rush," he called. "You will have a better chance there." Then he turned to speak to Capt. Robert Sewall, General Young's adjutant, who had just come up. As he did so a bullet struck him in the mouth and killed him instantly. Lieutenant Frantz ran up and bent over him for a moment, but there was no time for him to do more than to assure himself that life was extinct. He took command, and the regiment swept on.

The fire all the time had been constant, and in spite of the extended order in which the regiment was formed, the loss was heavy. Early in the action Lieut. Horace Devereux went down, with a bullet in his breast. Ernest Eddy Haskell, the young West Point cadet who was with the Rough Riders on leave, was next severely wounded. Twelve men in Troop A alone were carried to the rear. A final rush brought the First, Sixth and First volunteer cavalry into the blockhouse together, and the position was won.

In the course of the fight, General Wheeler, who was carried to the field on a litter, rode by, sitting erect on his bay horse. He was one of the few who did not deign to stoop to the flying shells or pay the least heed to the bullets that whistled thick about him. He seemed particularly in his element. At one time he called: "Keep at 'em! The Yankees are falling back." Then he corrected himself. "I mean the Spaniards," he said. But a great laugh went up, and the good old general joined in it heartily.

By night the headquarters of the cavalry division was established on the ridge before San Juan. Captain O'Neill, who was killed in the fight, was the officer who at the Baiquiri landing imperiled his life in the effort to rescue two troopers from drowning. He was mayor of Prescott, Arizona, and long ago established

a reputation for the highest courage. At the World's Fair he was at the head of the Arizona commission. In the whole regiment there was no man more universally loved.—*Kennett F. Harris, Correspondent of the Chicago Record.*

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

July 1 has been a great day for the American soldier. He has demonstrated the glorious fact that he can fight equally well on the skirmish line, in a fierce charge up a bullet-swept slope, at bushwhacking, and before well-placed and skillfully constructed intrenchments.

The odds were against us to-day, for the enemy had the choice of position;



The Chicago Record.

SOLDIERS UNDER GENERAL GARCIA MARCHING THROUGH SIBONEY TO THE FRONT.

was on the hills while we were in the tangled jungle of the valley and bottom land; lay behind intrenchments, while our boys were in the open; was invisible while the Americans were compelled to act the part of living targets. And yet when the forward movement began, it continued steadily until the stars and stripes floated over El Caney and over the blockhouse on the crest of a hill which rises in the southwestern outskirts of Santiago de Cuba.

But these advantageous positions were not gained until 300 Americans gave up their lives and 1,500 had been pulled, dragged, shouldered and carried back to the field hospitals.

From the top of the hill at the foot of which cowers the red roof of El Poso is Grimes's Battery, and, standing on this crest, the battlefield of to-day is within easy and comprehensive view. With my glasses I could see all points of attack and defense, and with the assistance of an officer in the engineer corps, who has requested me not to "drag me into print," I made a sketch map of the territory embraced in to-day's operations.

To designate in this crudely drawn map the locations of the regiments or

even brigades is a matter beyond the power of anyone at present. That map must wait until each of the commanding officers has made his report and has marked on an accurately designed map the several positions held by his command from early this morning, when the bugles sounded the reveille, until "the night cloud had lowered."

Fort San Juan, El Poso and the hill on which Capron's battery was planted this morning form the three points of a triangle of which each leg is about two miles long. El Caney is 2,400 yards (about a mile and a third) from Capron's Battery. The country between San Juan, El Poso and El Caney is heavily wooded, with tangled underbrush and acres of meadow, in which the rank grass grows four feet high. Magnificent coconut palms, mango and lime trees and a tropical jungle conceal the land from view, and regiment after regiment crossed El Poso ford, disappeared in this natural labyrinth and was lost to view until, maimed, bleeding and woefully diminished in numbers, some of them suddenly sprung out upon the slope of the hill crested by Fort San Juan, poured over the smoke-hidden intrenchments, and stood under Old Glory and over a deep trench filled with dead Spaniards, most of whom were shot through the head, and gave three times three and a tiger for the American soldier.

El Poso lies almost due east from Santiago, El Caney a little to the east of north, and Capron's Battery was northeast of the city. General Shafter's headquarters are a mile and a half to the east of El Poso. The cables have told in condensed form the plan of operations, how Lawton's division—made up of the brigades of Ludlow, Chaffee and Miles, with the assistance of Capron's Battery and 3,000 Cubans—was sent to take El Caney, so that our men could hold a position north of Santiago; how Kent's division and Wheeler's independent cavalry division, backed by Grimes's Battery, were to "feel" the enemy, and if the "feel" disclosed any weakness in the Spanish lines, to push ahead. As a matter of fact they failed to find anything but strong positions, held by Spaniards behind embankments which shielded rifle pits and strong fortifications; but the boys pushed forward, advancing nearly three miles, and holding the ground thus gained. I have just been told by a staff officer that to-morrow morning Lawton will advance on the north of Santiago, and Kent and Wheeler will hold their positions pending the naval fight which is scheduled to come off to-morrow.

All seems to be quiet at this hour (midnight) except the occasional bark of a rifle along the picket line and the moans and sighs which burden the heavy air around the field and divisional hospitals, where the tireless surgeons and Red Cross hospital and ambulance men are caring for the wounded. The merciful clouds which took the sting and death out of the Cuban sun most of the day have passed away, and a glorious moon is flooding the battlefield with its light—a blessed illumination, for the search for the dead and wounded is sending groups of soldiers into the guerrilla-infested jungle. The melancholy procession of the wounded, themselves slowly and painfully seeking the surgeon's probe and bandages, still creeping eastward in the sunken road; but those who escaped Spanish shells and Mauser slugs are sleeping on their arms, worn out, hungry and thirsty, but victorious.

Back of us wagon trains are hurrying forward ammunition and food; aids and orderlies are racing weary horses from one headquarters to another, and General Shafter, in physical pain and suffering from the heat of the day, is stretched on a camp cot in the open air, dictating orders and receiving reports by the light of the only candle burning in the headquarters tent.

The advance began last night, for the regiments forming the three divisions were marching to their positions all through the darkness. Those who were held in the road by blockades of pack mules, wagon trains and artillery, took to the sides of the road, where the men snatched a few minutes' sleep. It was a march that tested the endurance and tried the nerves of the officers and men. Late in the afternoon a heavy rain flooded the roadbed and turned the stiff clay to slippery, mushy mud, which clung to the men's shoes, growing in bulk and weight at every step. Some of the regiments began moving before supper, and until morning their soldiers were forced to quiet rebellious stomachs by nibblinghardtack. It was known that the road to the front was lined by Spanish sharpshooters, who roosted in trees at a safe distance, ready to slide to the ground and take cover in the underbrush. Canteens were emptied early in the march, the men taking the chance of an opportunity to refill them at the streams and small rivers which cross the road. But the leading regiments muddied the waters; and the order, "Move to your positions as rapidly as possible," gave the thirsty men scant time to pick up a supply of water.

So it was that thousands of men stretched themselves flat on the ground this morning, their clothing wet through with the tropical dew, and their tongues so dry they were dusty. Scores of men in each regiment fell out on the march, with reeling brains and throbbing temples, choked by the suffocating heat and humidity. Men threw their blanket rolls away, cast canned meats,hardtack and haversacks into the bushes, rid themselves of everything save the 100 rounds of ammunition, rifle, canteen and mess kit—the most precious belongings of the soldier. The Cubans reaped a full harvest, for they went foraging early this morning, and laid in clothing, blankets and provisions such as never before gladdened the eyes of the insurgents.

This morning reveille found almost the entire Fifth Army Corps in assigned position. Capron's Battery opened the ball against the blockhouse near El Caney, and at 8 o'clock the first gun of Grimes's Battery sent a shell toward San Juan. All this time the cavalry, infantry and Gatling gun battery were slowly making their way over sunken roads and obscure trails, through Spanish bayonet—the wickedest of vegetation—finally arranging themselves into an irregular, crescent-shaped line, with wide breaks here and there, the bow of the crescent toward Santiago and each end almost touching a battery.

The First Infantry, General Shafter's old regiment, had the honor of being the first to take position almost in the center. Lawton's Division occupied the right, Wheeler's the left, and between them was a part of Kent's Division, the other part being held back as a reserve. But before the day was well advanced the formation was so much changed that no one at this hour knows exactly where all the regiments are.

It is known, of course that Lawton's Division is in position around El Caney, and that the Third and Sixth Cavalry, the Sixth and Tenth Infantry, the Seventy-first New York and the Rough Riders are on San Juan hill, or near it, with the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry on the extreme left. Flanking our flanks are the Cubans, about 5,000 in number, under the command of General Garcia and General Castillo. They were sent forward yesterday afternoon, and really began to-day's engagement, for they found a Spanish outpost here and there, and "potted" some of the Spaniards early this morning.

From the stories told by the wounded, the hottest fight of the day came when the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry, the Rough Riders and the Gatling gun section stormed the Spanish intrenchments at the top of Marianaje hill. Twice the Americans made the attempt, and succeeded the second time. This is the way one of the Sixth Infantry boys described that fight to me:

"We didn't have any show, for the hill was cleared and the Spaniards peeped over the rifle pits and potted us right along. We were in plain view, and they had us at their mercy. Those Mauser rifle balls came down that slope zipping and spitting, while we lay on our bellies, giving them shot for shot. We were in front, and then the Sixteenth, or what was left of it, came up by rushes, just as we did, and we were ordered to go up the hill. I hear that the Rough Riders were there, too, but I didn't see. All I know is that when I looked up that gulch and then up that hill, and knew I was going to cross that open space in the face of that hell fire, I got cold all over. I could feel my hair move on my scalp, and my teeth chattered. I tried to pray, but I couldn't. I didn't think of my mother or anything like that. I only tried to think of some way to get out of going up that hill. You see, we had scooped out holes where we could, and had piled up the sand and clay up in front, but it wasn't any use. The bullets came at you just the same. While I was trying to make up my mind what to do, our sergeant jumped up and halloed: 'Come on, boys; give 'em hell!' and it felt as though he had grabbed me by the shoulders and yanked me out of my cover, for the first thing I knew I was at the bottom of the hill and beginning to go up. Then I heard my lieutenant's whistle, and knew we had to go back for a fresh start, and I lost my nerve and turned and jumped for my cover, but just as I did the man who had been behind me jumped at me, threw his arms around me, and we rolled on the ground together. He was shot plump through the head, for I saw the blood belching from his mouth. I don't know why I pulled him back, but I did. He was a Sixteenth man, and was dead when I got him back under cover. So I just lay down behind him.

"Good God! how those bullets did come! It was 'zip-zip-zip' faster than you could count. There, right over my head, I heard a different kind of bullet singing, and soon I knew they were going from us to the Spaniards. Then I heard the roll of the Gatling gun, and soon the 'zip-zip-zip' didn't come quite so fast; and then I heard some kind of an order halloed; then I yelled because the other fellows yelled, and then I jumped for that hill again, and we kept going up, shooting from our magazines. I don't know when we came to the rifle pits. I didn't see a single live Spaniard. No, sir, not one all day. That's God's truth. When

I shot I just blazed away where I thought one of 'em was. But I saw a stack of dead ones. They were lying in a ditch near the top of the hill, and every one was shot through the head. I heard our fellows shooting at something on the other side of the hill, and I started to go ahead, and then I got hit right here in my neck and shoulder. You see, I was stooping down, and I dropped, I was so winded and scared."

Some Spanish prisoners who were brought in to-night complained that the Americans did not fight fairly. Said one of them, a lieutenant: "When they fire a volley only half fires, and the other half comes ahead, and then they fire and the rest come ahead, and they keep doing that."

The Spaniards, it seems, have become accustomed to the Cuban method of warfare in these lands. The Cubans have a way of suddenly appearing, firing a volley, and then as suddenly disappearing. The Americans advanced by rushes from the first firing line, and gave the Spaniards a distinct shock every time. Every rush meant a gain of from ten to fifty yards, and the only check to our advance during the day came when the Sixth and Sixteenth Infantry and Rough Riders tried to carry Marianaje hill.

After the first unsuccessful trial, the Gatlings were brought forward, and while our boys were rushing up the slope the Gatling guns swept the intrenchments, weakening the Spanish fire materially. The Spanish ran down the slope back to their rifle pits when our men got close to them, and scores of them were shot in the back by our Krag-Jorgensens. Over sixty-five dead Spaniards were found in the rifle pits, and many wounded. That is the report brought back to-night, but the account probably is exaggerated, as all reports are at this time, while blood is still hot and the scent of it in every man's nostrils. It is evident, however, that our riflemen must have seen the tops of Spanish heads, for most of the dead Spaniards were shot in the face, forehead, chin, throat, or thorax. Nevertheless our men continually cried, "Show us those — — —!" For God's sake don't keep us here to be shot without giving us a show." And they cursed and raved because they could see nothing to shoot at—nothing but the cleared hilltop, and what looked like a long pile of freshly thrown-up earth.

In the field hospitals and divisional hospitals the surgeons noted the fact that a large proportion of the wounded were shot in the head and shoulders, the balls ranging downward, as though they came from an elevated position. Inquiries developed that most of such wounds were got while the men were in the bottom lands, and soon reports came in that Spanish sharpshooters posted in trees were picking off our men. The smokeless powder used in the Mauser cartridges made it extremely difficult to locate the riflemen, for the little dustlike cloud from the rifle barrel is so nearly the color of the leaves that the Spaniards were found only when some sharp-eyed American riflemen caught the flash of the gun.

For hours some of the regiments lay on the hillside, or in a sunken road leading toward Santiago, without the chance to fire a shot, exposed to the bullets from the Spanish firing line, and from the sharpshooters in high branches. The carrying power of modern rifles was well shown to-day. The Thirteenth and Ninth Infantry were held back as reserves until late in the afternoon, yet many

were wounded, although the Spanish firing line must have been 2,000 yards distant. The men were not struck by spent bullets, but were wounded by Mauser steel slugs, which even there came with enough force to go through the fleshy part of one man's shoulder and deep into the thigh of the man standing behind him.

The Spanish sharpshooters apparently made special marks of the wounded men, who were limping or being carried along the road. One of the Seventy-first New York men, Scovill by name, brought a wounded comrade to the field hospital. He stooped over to aid the surgeon when a Spaniard in a tree 200 yards away put a bullet in Scovill's head, and he fell dead. This same Spaniard wounded two of the ambulance corps who stood under the tree in front of the hospital tent, and he put a bullet into the arm of a wounded man an inch from the spot where the first bullet had drawn blood. Then he was driven out by a rough rider who happened along, and who winged him.

Two Spaniards in a palm tree dropped eight of the Tenth Infantry before they were brought down by American bullets.

While some wounded men were crossing the stream not far from one of the hospitals a squad of guerrillas who had crept down the banks opened on them. The wounded men, weak from loss of blood, exhausted by the long and painful walk (some had limped three miles) and almost prostrated by the heat, fell down in the water when the bullets came at them. Two of them fell face down and, too weak to rise, were drowning in a foot of water. Their wounded comrades tried to save them, and all the time the merciless guerrillas were shooting at them. But a dozen men from the Ninth Infantry, not far away, came to the rescue, and while half raced up stream for the Spaniards the rest lifted the wounded men from the water and carried them to the hospital.

The balloon had a checkered career to-day. It was sent up back of Gen. Shafter's headquarters, and then was pulled forward along the road by a score of signal men. Maj. Maxfield of the signal corps was in the basket with an officer of the engineer corps. The balloon was hauled far to the front, and as it went bobbing and swaying over the tops of the trees it was in plain sight all the time. "Follow the balloon, boys," was the cry, and the word was passed back to the rear guard. When almost up to the first firing line the balloon was sent up 600 feet and the wind blew it over the Spanish line. The cable held, however, but the Spaniards began shooting at it, and soon the firing became too hot for comfort. It was hauled down, and when it reached a lower level the Spaniards sent scores of bullets into the inflated bag. The anchor was dropped and the balloon hauled down, and it came to the earth between the American and Spanish firing lines. The aeronauts found themselves in most dangerous quarters, so they abandoned the balloon and crept to a place of safety. A report came back that the Spaniards had captured the balloon, but it was the Americans who did it, for by a series of rushes the first firing line was pushed beyond the balloon, and then its Mauser-riddled gas bag was safe from the enemy.

The dynamite gun carried by the Rough Riders proved a disappointment. It was fired several times, but no one seemed to know how to use it, and it was sent to the rear.

The Spaniards fought well. They have a number of excellent shots who knew all the bushwhacker's tricks and to-night the Americans entertain large respect for the "yellow canaries."

The fighting began about 7 o'clock in the morning and it was supper time before the roll of volleys, the bark of the light artillery and the crack of rifles ceased. Then orders went back to Siboney to hurry forward every man capable of shouldering a gun and the Michigan men began marching to the front. They should arrive early to-morrow morning.

The hospital corps began getting ready day before yesterday and the First Division hospital was located a few hundred yards east of Gen. Shafter's headquarters. The first field hospital was established back of Capron's Battery. The first wounded man to be brought in to the divisional hospital was a Cuban. The first wounded American was taken to the field hospital at the foot of the hill back of Grimes' Battery and while Spanish shrapnel was bursting within 100 feet of them the surgeons looked after their wounded in utter disregard of self. Regimental chaplains carried wounded men from the firing line and newspaper men found time to help carry shot cavalymen out of the sunken road to a safe place beyond.

Malcolm McDowell, Correspondent of the Chicago Record.

THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHT.

Saturday, July 2, is the beginning of the second day of the battle. This morning General Lawton's division, the right wing of General Shafter's army, is pushing on to the west of San Juan within a mile of Santiago, having been advanced by the battle of yesterday from beyond El Caney a distance of about four miles. It is the net result of fighting that cost the brigade about fifty killed and 250 wounded. The Spanish loss is not definitely known. In the fort at El Caney, about which the fighting raged for most of the day, I counted twenty-eight dead and 147 wounded. Here 158 prisoners were taken.

General Lawton's division, the Second of the Fifth corps, to which my attention was entirely devoted, began the battle at daylight yesterday morning. The general scheme of movement for the army was a grand right wheel, the purpose being to place our right wing as far as possible to the west of Santiago. El Caney, a fortified town lying on the main road four miles northeast of Santiago, offered the only formidable opposition, and it kept General Lawton's division occupied throughout the day. At 3 o'clock the intrenched fort upon the hill over the town was stormed and taken, but it was not until 5 o'clock that the enemy's fire from the town was stopped and the little remnant of Spaniards left to defend it was forced to surrender.

At daylight yesterday morning Captain Capron's light battery of four guns was placed in position on a knoll 2,400 yards southeast of El Caney. General A. P. Chaffee, in command of the Second Brigade, which comprised the Seventh, Twelfth and Seventeenth Infantry, held the extreme right and deployed his force in skirmish line along the foothills of the Sierra Madras mountains. General Ludlow, in command of the First Brigade, the Eighth and Twenty-second Infantry

and Second Massachusetts Volunteers, occupied the center under cover of the battery, and Colonel Evan Miles with the Second Brigade, comprising the Fourth, First and Twenty-fifth Infantry, formed the left wing.

General Chaffee's brigade led off the fighting. With about 200 Cubans under command of General De Coro he began a lively skirmish fire upon the enemy's outposts as soon as the dawning light defined his position. For the first hour the firing was scattered and occasional. But it soon became evident the Spanish were prepared to make a stubborn resistance. Even the most remote pickets fought our advance with grimmest determination. Only by paces was it possible to push them back from the lines of thicket behind which they shot with the deliberate aim of sharpshooters. When driven from this shelter they took up an annoying position in a blockhouse, one of the countless number that top every third hill in Cuba, a thousand yards north of the town, where it was almost impossible to reach them effectively with rifle fire.

In the meantime Captain Capron's Battery had opened upon the fort at El Caney. Along the road leading down to Santiago a long line of refugees could be seen hurrying away from the threatening storm. Mistaking them at first for a column of the enemy evacuating the town, two or three shots were fired near them; but fortunately they fell short. And yet there can be no doubt these accidental shots, harmless though they proved to be, had a bad effect upon the rank and file of the enemy, in that they seemed to confirm the frightful stories of blood-thirsty brutality in Americans which Spanish officers circulate persistently among the men in their command, and impelled them to a resistance against overwhelming odds that would be heroic were it not a consequence of pitiful ignorance. I am convinced by what I saw yesterday when I entered El Caney that every Spaniard taken—men, women and children—expected to be instantly put to death.

But Captain Capron soon corrected the mistake into which an overzealous aid thrust him. At sunrise we had seen the Spanish flag flung from the fort. It was a good mark, standing out clearly with the full light from the east upon it. A few preliminary shots found the range at 2,450 yards, and then a shell was planted fairly within the inclosure and burst out a great section of the wall.

From this on the bombardment of the fort and the brush on the side of the hill below it was constant until 10 o'clock. General Chaffee and the Cubans on the right pushed forward steadily, the latter skirmishing on the extreme flank, and moving to a position as far as possible to the westward, so as to cut off the Spanish line of retreat to the hills. General Ludlow's brigade supported the battery in the front, and advanced rapidly in the face of stubborn opposition, going first to the main Santiago highway and then to a position east of El Caney, where he occupied a sunken trail within fifty yards of the town. The banks of the trail gave him an effective breastwork in the event of his being placed upon the defensive, but it was not deep enough to protect him from the fire of the enemy's sharpshooters hidden within the shambling houses of the town.

General Ludlow's horse was shot under him, and Colonel Patterson of the Twenty-second received a bad wound. The second Massachusetts suffered severely, apparently because the Springfield rifle with which the state troops are

equipped uses black powder that invariably betrays its position and exposes the soldier to well-directed shots from the enemy.

Colonel Miles's Brigade was moving meanwhile along the left flank of our division. Holding the First Infantry in reserve, he threw the Twenty-fifth across the road at a point half way between El Caney and Santiago, around an old Spanish mansion known as the Ducrot house. The Fourth Infantry, the last to occupy Fort Sheridan, was pushed on to support General Ludlow.

A scene more superb in natural beauty has not been offered since the first soldier of the invading army reached Cuba. From the hill where Captain Capron's Battery poured shot into the little Spanish fort, and where General Lawton remained most



BATTLE GROUND OF THE ROUGH RIDERS

of the time directing the movements of his division, the whole valley, from the Ducrot house north, was spread out before us in a great panorama, framed by Mount Cobre and other lofty peaks of the Sierra Madras range. It is the highest land in the island, and yet these mountains are green to the top with semi-tropical growth, only less luxuriant than the valleys.

Major-General Breckinridge, who was present as General Lawton's guest, reminded me that it was the anniversary of the first day of the battle of Gettysburg; but even this is not pertinent. Present events are rushing forward with too great rapidity.

By 9 o'clock the battle was in full heat throughout the right. All three brigades had advanced rapidly, Ludlow having pushed within 100 yards of El Caney and drawn fire from a score of outlying houses. This led to sharp volley firing from the regiments occupying the sunken road and to a rain of shrapnel from Capron's battery. Chaffee pushed the Twelfth Infantry beyond the little blockhouse in his path, and was giving and taking volleys from the enemy's several lines of defense

as he slowly retreated upon the fort. From this time until 10 o'clock firing on both sides was ceaseless. The Spanish having no cannon in the fort and the battery upon the hill being beyond the range of the enemy's small arms, our main position was secure. But in the valley there was a continuous rattle of bullets through the foliage of the trees. To say it was like hail is putting it tritely, and yet there is no other simile so expressive as this of the constant play of bullets when they are pouring in fusillades over an intrenched position.

Having by 10 o'clock made his position safe, in the face of opposition infinitely greater than any one looked forward to, General Lawton sent word forward to desist from the attack in order to allow his tired forces to gain much-needed rest after the forced marches of the night before. Some of the regiments on the reserve line were able to prepare a cup of coffee, their first food since an early breakfast of hardtack and cold bacon. It was a moment in which to care for the wounded able to get to the rear, and to extemporize hospitals at points convenient to the advance lines. A clump of mango trees beside the main road, 200 yards to the rear of Ludlow's position, was the first hospital station, and here, where the only defense was the lower level of ground, the unfortunate wounded were brought to receive the slight attention that a half dozen earnest surgeons could afford.

It was not until 1 o'clock that the battle was resumed in earnest. General Ludlow's Brigade in the sunken road started it with blasting volleys directed at the enemy's sharpshooters and a small blockhouse at the edge of the town. General Chaffee followed immediately with renewed activity in his assault on the fort. Though Capron's shells had pierced it through and through, and torn down its flagstaff and colors, still the garrison fought with furious desperation. From trenches below the fort which cannon shot seemed to have no effect upon, they poured repeated volleys at every column showing in their front. The battery struck them repeatedly, but with no result except to silence them for a moment. So persistently was this firing kept up that the belief became prevalent that the enemy was shooting from a covered way. However, it was learned, when the place was taken, that the breastworks were narrow trenches, with perpendicular sides, very simple in construction, but affording perfect protection to the men from exploding shells and from shrapnel except when it burst directly over them.

During Chaffee's last advance upon the fort his brigade suffered most severely. Stretches of cleared land along the hillsides in his front exposed his men to a raking fire from the fort and from a supporting block house a little to the north-west. By quick rushes the Twelfth and Seventeenth got across these dangerous passes, and at 2:30 the former regiment reached the foot of the hill just below the range of fire from the enemy's pits. At the same time Colonel Miles's Brigade reached the western side of the town and was prepared to join in a united assault upon the fort.

This was the only spectacular moment in the day's engagement. The pause at the foot of the hill below the fort was for but one moment, to deploy companies for the charge. The Twelfth stood to its perilous task heroically, and the Twenty-

badly wounded, on the side of the hill. Captain Walter Dickenson of the Seventeenth was shot through the neck and fatally wounded. Three men from the ranks of the Twenty-fifth fell, killed instantly, and many were wounded.

It was not until 5 o'clock that firing in the town was checked. A considerable force of the enemy under its shelter was able, however, to cover the retreat of the commanding officer and most of his battalion. By departing from the farther side of the town they reached the cover of the brush without detection, and no one knew of their departure until the Cubans under General De Coro found themselves opposed to them and were called upon to check their retreat. Colonel Gonzales, of De Coro's staff, tells me that his general and countrymen made a hard fight and that De Coro was wounded. It is feared he was afterwards made prisoner by the Spaniards, who seem to have cut their way through without much difficulty and made good their escape to Santiago. Twenty-five Cubans were killed and forty-five wounded in the fight.

It was possible to go to the fort when the First was sent up to relieve the Twelfth and Twenty-fifth. Had it not been that the sight of death and suffering for two miles back along the road had hardened me to the fiercest hatred of whatever is Spanish, and most of all toward these men who were the immediate cause of it all, the sight would have been revolting. On the slope, in the rifle pits and about the interior of the fort dead and wounded lay so thick that they seemed to fill the place. And yet only the hopelessly wounded were left behind. In a single house in the town 145 more wounded were found. We buried the dead in their own trenches; the wounded were carried to our hospitals—more kindly treatment than they deserved if they were the same men who fired repeatedly upon Red Cross stations and men bearing the wounded from the scene of conflict. An enemy such as this is not to be respected.

During the night the reserves of General Lawton's division was advanced along the road toward Santiago to a new position west of San Juan. The formation of the three brigades of the right wing remains substantially the same as it was yesterday, except that the line now faces south, and is directed straight upon Santiago. Just beyond its position is the San Juan river, and the enemy has fortified positions on the farther bank to impede our progress.—*Herbert Billman, Correspondent of the Chicago Record.*

X

DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET

BY GEORGE E. GRAHAM.

At the time of the great naval battle that resulted in the destruction of the entire Spanish fleet commanded by Admiral Cervera, there chanced to be aboard the ships engaged only two war correspondents. These favored two were Mr. George E. Graham and Mr. W. A. M. Goode, both representing the Associated Press. Mr. Graham was with Commodore Schley on his flagship, the "Brooklyn," and thence saw the entire engagement, from the lighting of the first suspicious cloud of smoke from the Spanish ships, while they were yet hidden in Santiago harbor, to the final overhauling and capture of the last of them, the "Cristobal Colon," after a thrilling chase of forty-eight miles. Mr. Goode, the meanwhile, was at the side of Admiral Sampson, on his flagship the "New York," and shared in all the anxieties and excitements of that historic pursuit, when the "New York," seven miles east of the entrance of the harbor and headed for Siboney, turned sharply about at the first signal, and, by steaming at her utmost speed, secured for herself a fair share in the fight, and, traversing the whole line, came up in time to see the "Cristobal Colon" surrender to the "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon." In this and the following article, reprinted through the courtesy of "McClure's Magazine," Mr. Graham and Mr. Goode tell of what they saw and what they experienced under these most favorable and, at the same time, most extraordinary conditions.

Sunday morning, July 3d, off Santiago, Cuba, was every whit as monotonous in its birth as the preceding days and Sundays to the American blockading fleet had been. Five weeks before this third of July, and on a Sunday, Commodore Schley had run the Spanish quarry to hole and those first few days before quaint old Morro's guarding fortress had not seemed so monotonous. Perhaps it was because, in the sunsets and sunrises, in the cool of the night and the warmth of the noonday, we thought we found evidences of the picturesque as described in our primers



ADMIRAL CERVERA.

and geographies, a picturesqueness that exists but in a small degree off Southern Cuba. The starlit night had, like other starlit nights, been extinguished by a sudden rush of gray light, a moving away quickly of a curtain of nasty mist and the appearance of the hot sun, without a single parti-colored herald, like that which the north produces and calls sunrise. The sun does not rise in Cuba, it jumps above the horizon with a mythical hand upon an electric lever that extinguishes the myriad of stars. It paled the brilliant gems of color on the masts of the warships, and compelled the signal men to resort to flags as a medium for communication.

It was just such a morning, this day preceding the Union's national birthday, as was the morning five weeks ago when, sitting on the after-bridge of the "Brooklyn," Commodore Schley saw the fleet of Cervera in the harbor and made to me the laconic remark: "They will never get home." The sun crept up to where it compelled you for safety, if not comfort, to avoid his rays; the big awning was spread on the quarter deck of the "Brooklyn,"



COMMODORE SCHLEY, OF THE BROOKLYN.

and on all the ships preparations were made to add one more day to the monotonous count that figured up five long weeks.

Considering that evidences of movements on the part of the Spanish fleet in the harbor had been observed the night before, it cannot be said that the blockade on this particular morning looked effective. All of the American ships had drifted out to a distance of three miles from Morro, and the heavy war vessels lay bunched to the east near the flagship of Admiral Sampson, the New York. The Massachusetts, first-class battleship; the New Orleans, protected cruiser; the Newark, cruiser and flagship of Commodore Watson, had left the line and were forty miles to the eastward for coal, provisions and ammunition. The flagship at 8:55 o'clock had signalled, "Disregard the motions of the Commander-in-Chief," and had moved away toward Altares, eight miles to the east of Morro, and out of signal distance. While the wisdom of taking out of the line of blockade the only ships that in addition to the Brooklyn had the accredited speed of the Spanish squadron is open to criticism, it had been so frequently done that it had ceased to be novel. At 9:20 the New York was out of signal distance of the fleet, and the command thereupon devolved upon Commodore Schley. The Commodore had come upon deck about 9 o'clock and was sitting well aft on the quarter deck talking with the writer. There had been several fires noticed on shore to the westward of Santiago the night previous, and Commodore Schley had requested Flag Lieutenant Sears to ask the Texas, "What is your theory about the burning of the blockhouses on the hill last night?" the solution of the difficulty lying in determining whether the destruction was by Pando's Spanish reinforcements moving east to the aid of Santiago, or whether the Cubans under General Rabi had obtained control. This signal was made at 9:15 a. m., and, chatting about the smoke arising in the harbor, we were startled to hear the masthead man cry: "Smoke in the harbor; is moving to the entrance." Anxiety in that line was somewhat removed by the reassuring statement that the tug which daily supplied the forts at the entrance with necessities was moving over toward Estuella battery on the east.



CAPTAIN EULATE
of the Vizcaya.

POSITION OF SHIPS ABOUT HARBOR.

At this time the American blockade was certainly in a partially ineffective state. The half circle about the harbor was ragged, and, may I say, unkenpt. The big warships had all massed to the east, quite a common occurrence for early morning, and the half of that half circle on the west consisted of the second-class battleship Texas, the flagship Brooklyn and the small converted yacht Vixen. The Texas was exactly south of the entrance, which points southwest, while the Brooklyn and the Vixen, 5,500 yards to the west, rolled lazily in the swell of the trade wind sea. With the Texas as the central ship,



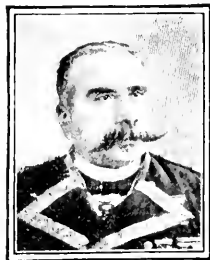
CAPT. DON JUAN LAZAGO
of the Almirante Oquendo.

the east was beautifully and effectively guarded by the Iowa, Indiana, and Oregon, battleships, and the converted yacht Gloucester, the Gloucester nearest shore. The Iowa lay at least a half mile beyond the curve of the circle, and, glasses in hand, I remember calling Commodore Schley's attention to it. He answered: "I understand her forward twelve-inch turret is broken, and they are probably trying to fix it." I remember also noticing that the Gloucester was very close into shore, and that while the eastern end of the line was so formidable that no tactician with common sense would have attempted to pass it, there were openings to the west on both sides of the Brooklyn that must have offered tempting invitation to a foe desirous of, and eagerly looking for, a chance to escape. It must also be remembered that the plan of blockade was one of immobility, the ships pointing their noses toward the entrance but not moving, and therefore allowing a fleeing enemy a chance to gain a great advantage in a flying start. This had been a source of discussion between Commodore Schley and Admiral Sampson, the former contending that a moving column, with numerous picket boats inside before the harbor, would give the blockading ships a great advantage, if the enemy came out, by preventing their spreading and compelling them to set their noses all in one direction. Such a column also did away with the serious difficulty that would naturally have ensued in a circular blockade, of American ships firing into one another, if the enemy attempted to break the line in the center.



CAPTAIN DIAZ MOREU
of the Cristobal Colon.

But enough of speculation as to tactical methods. It is but fair to add, that five weeks' waiting before Santiago had made everybody prone to carelessness, and Admiral Sampson had frequently to call attention to the looseness of methods upon the blockade. In view of these criticisms, it is surprising that, knowing great speed was attributed to the Spanish ships, he should have risked defeat by taking away from the blockade line one of the two fast cruisers. The situation upon this specific Sunday morning was, therefore, that four American battleships, the Iowa, Oregon, Texas and Indiana, with the armored cruiser Brooklyn, formed the guard, with the two converted yachts, Gloucester and Vixen, as pickets. Of the ships of battle the Indiana could not exceed a speed of nine knots, her forward thirteen-inch turret was out of order, and the guns incapacitated; the Iowa had steam up but for five knots, and was also having trouble with her forward twelve-inch turret, and the Brooklyn had some of her five-inch guns badly strained by the bombardment of the day before. None of the ships had steam for more than ten knots, and the Brooklyn's forward engines were uncoupled. That God was with us on His own day will be shown by this plain, unvarnished tale, for in the land-locked harbor lay four heavily armored and heavily armed cruisers, with a speed alleged to average eighteen and one half knots, and two torpedo boat destroyers, both of them better



CAPTAIN CONCAS
of the Maria Teresa.

armed and swifter than either the Gloucester or the Vixen. The conditions, therefore, on this Sunday morning were, that a superior force of the enemy was being held in check by an inferior force outside, and, in addition, five of the shore batteries could reach the American ships.

THE ENEMY SEEKS TO ESCAPE.

Dressed in a shabby pair of blue serge trousers, a black alpaca coat and an officer's summer white hat, with no insignia of rank upon him, Commodore Schley braced his white shoed feet against the hatch combing, tilted his chair back, plucked rather nervously at his "imperial" and remarked: "This is pretty slow." Over the water from the Texas came a sweet bngle call to church, and the bell tolled softly.

Three bells clanged out on the Brooklyn, and Captain Cook and Executive Officer Mason came on the quarter deck with their swords on. "We're going to have general muster," said Captain Cook in response to the inquiring look of the Commodore, and the men began gathering in their various divisions. General muster is compulsory every month in the navy, and the solemn act of reading the "articles of war" is gone through in all seriousness. A look through the glasses at all the ships showed similar tableaux—the typical quietude of Sunday prevailed. On the forward bridge Navigator Hodgson had relieved the officer of the deck, and Quartermaster Anderson was keeping the long glass trained on the suspicious smoke just back of the high hill at the entrance.

"That smoke is moving, sir," he said, quietly, to Mr. Hodgson.

"Give me the glass," said the navigator, and, fixing it on the hazy smoke in the entrance, he took a long look. Anderson caught the glass as it fell or it would have been smashed, while Hodgson, picking up the megaphone, yelled, "After bridge, there! Report to the Commodore and Captain that the enemy's ships are coming out."

There was little necessity for the cadet on the signal bridge to repeat the message. Before he had stumbled down the ladder to the quarter deck the strident tones of Lieutenant-Commander Mason could be heard, "Clear ship for action!" and the clanging bells notified those below of the summons to battle. Captain Cook rushed forward to the conning tower to move the ship, and grabbing up his binoculars Commodore Schley started forward.

I followed him closely, and as he passed the after bridge heard him call to Ensign McCauley, "Signal the enemy is escaping." Lieutenant Sears, who was near, shouted back: "We have already done so, sir!" and Schley, as he hurried through the gallery toward the forecastle, answered: "Signal the fleet to clear ship."

As he climbed the ladder to the forecastle, I remember his pulling out my watch, which I had lent him, and saying to me, "It's just 9:35 o'clock." Just as we

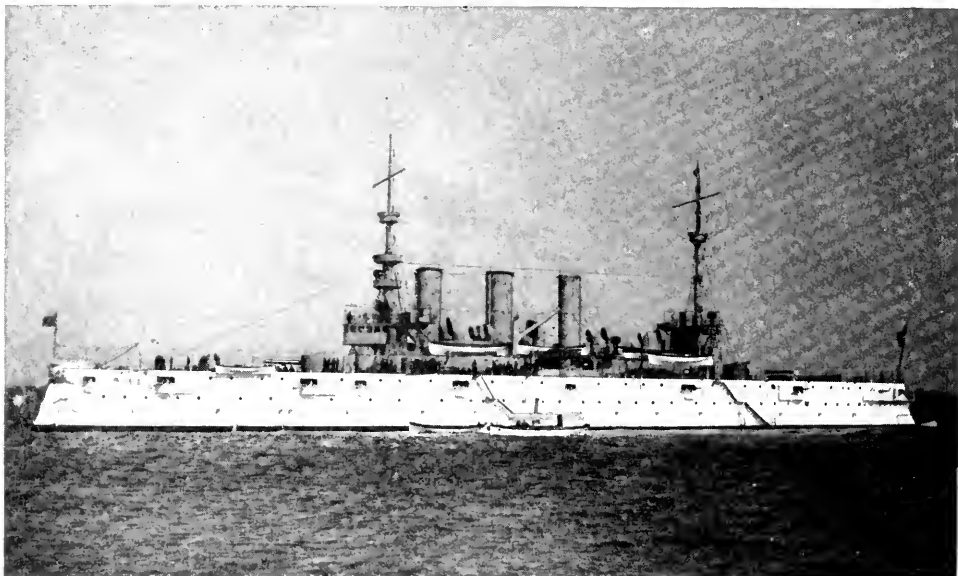


CAPTAIN VASQUEZ
of the Spanish Torpedo De-
stroyer Pluton.



CAPTAIN CARLIER
of the Spanish Torpedo De-
stroyer Furor.

reached the point of vantage, a wooden platform two feet high, elevated around the conning tower, there came the sharp detonation of a six-pounder, and we saw from the smoke that the Iowa had fired the first shot and had flying the signal, "The enemy is escaping," having run it up several seconds before the Brooklyn served the same notice. Following quickly the warning of the Iowa the doughty Texas opened with a big twelve-inch shot, and, as Captain Cook shouted to the quartermaster full speed ahead, the Brooklyn's forward eight-inch guns boomed out. From the time of Lieutenant Hodgson's announcement to the time of the



THE NEW YORK.

Armored Cruiser. Displacement, 8,200 tons; speed, 21 knots. Armor: belt, 4 in.; deck, 3 to 6 in.; barbettes, 10 in.; turrets, 5½ in. Main battery, six 8-in., twelve 4 in., rapid fire; secondary rapid-fire battery, eight 6-pounders, two 1-pounders, four Gatlings, two field guns. Admiral Sampson's flag ship.

boom of the Brooklyn's guns was barely three minutes, and what to a layman seemed the direst pandemonium and disorder was the finest of discipline and the acme of order. That men flew by you dropping their shirts from their backs as they ran, that orders flew thick and fast, and that men and officers seemed tumbling over one another was no criterion, but that every gun was ready to shoot; that fire had been started under four fresh boilers; that every battle hatch had been lowered; that every water tight compartment was closed; that ammunition was ready for the reloading of the guns; that the fire pumps were on and the decks wet down, and that every man of 500 was in the place assigned to him for battle, completes an indisputable miracle.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

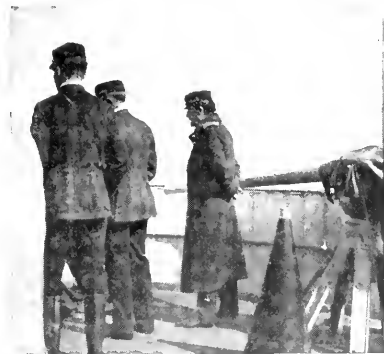
Turning so as to fire her port battery, the Brooklyn moved northeast toward the harbor entrance, while the big battleships, somewhat slower in their movements, pointed straight in. Glass in hand, Commodore Schley tried to make out the enemy's ships. It was a trying and nerve-destroying moment. The terrific effect of the eight-inch gun fire on one's ear drums, the distressing taste of the saltpetre, the blinding effect of the dense smoke and the whizz of projectiles of the enemy in close proximity, all were forgotten, and you stared through your bedimmed glasses at the entrance full of smoke, a yellow mass at which the first terrible fire of the American ships was directed with such frightful effect. Out of the midst of it there suddenly projected a black, glistening hull, the position of which showed it to be pointing westward. Would the others follow, or would they break through at different points? Still the frightful fire of the ships continued, and flashes of brilliancy from the mass of smoke in the entrance showed that the enemy had opened. The western battery on the crown of the hill was also dropping shot to the westward. At



ADMIRAL WILLAMIL.
Commander of the Torpedo Squadron
killed at Santiago.

Commodore Schley's elbow stood Flag-Lieutenant Sears also, with glasses glued to his eyes. For a minute the pall of smoke rose and the Lieutenant exclaimed: "They are all out and coming to the westward, Commodore!"

"Yes," answered this cool commandant, "and the torpedo boats are with them,"



COMMODORE SCHLEY WATCHING THE
FIRING.

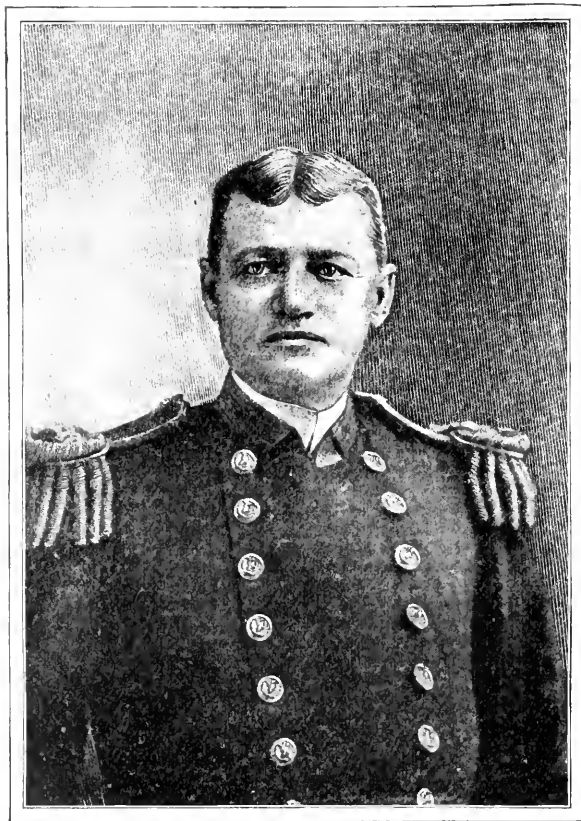


SIGNALING "THE ENEMY IS
ESCAPING."

then, turning to Captain Cook, he said: "Have your rapid-fire guns ready for those fellows, Cook," and the Captain, smiling, pointed to the guns where the men were already firing. It was just 9:45, and Ensign McCauley hoisted the signal to the fleet to "Close up."

The situation for the Brooklyn now seemed a desperate one. The great ship was pointing and moving directly toward the Spanish ships coming out to the west. Every inclination, had a decision been made suddenly, was to turn in the same direction, to the west, to head them off. But had this inclination been followed the Brooklyn's starboard side would have been so placed that any one of the Spanish fleet would have been able to ram her and sink her, or torpedo her and perform a similar duty.

The Maria Teresa, the Vizcaya, the Colon and the Oquendo were now in plain view, in the order named, with the torpedo boats Furor and Pluton following.

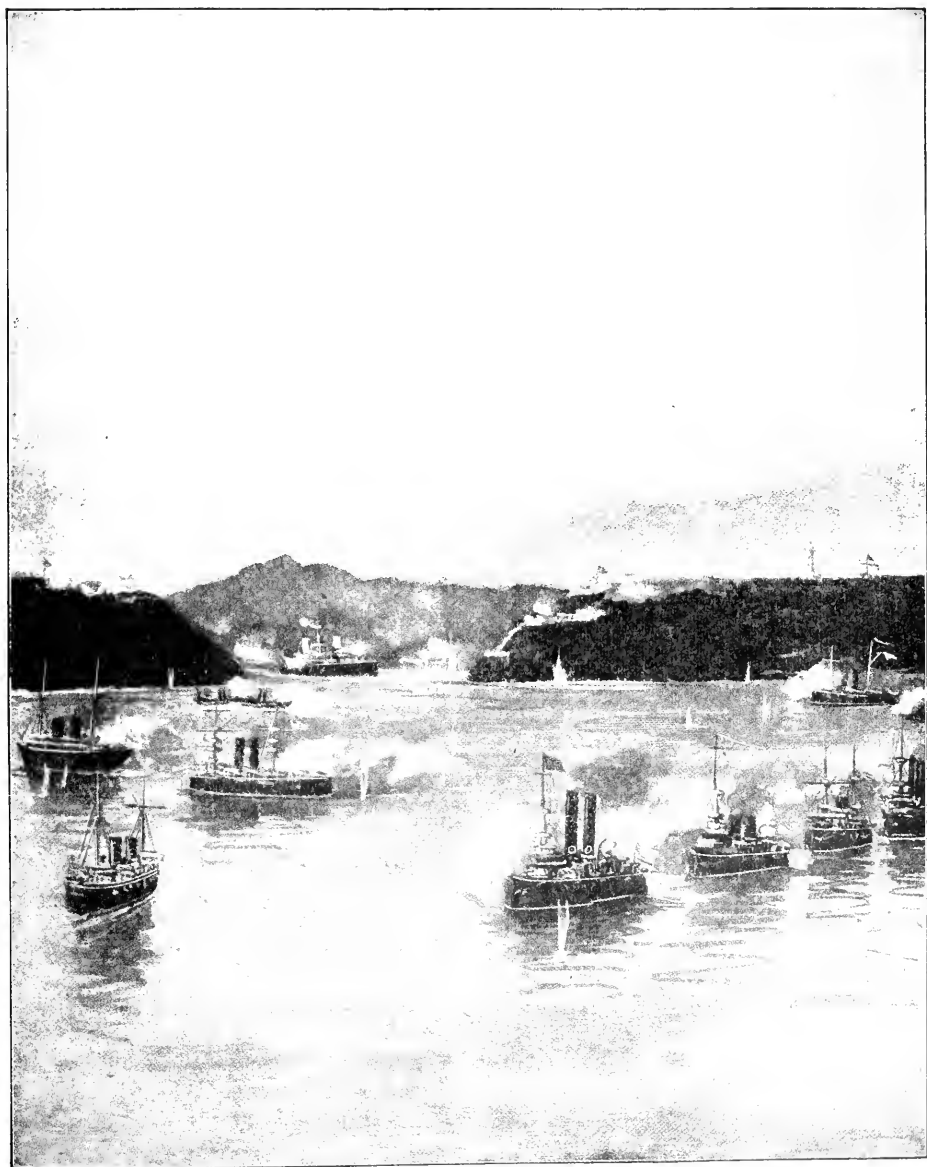


CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS, COMMANDER OF THE IOWA.

Suddenly the Vizcaya left the westward pointing line and headed straight for the Brooklyn. Almost at the same instant that Lieutenant Sears reported this, Commodore Schley said to Captain Cook: "Put your helm hard a-port," and the ship began to move around to starboard, steering a circle *toward* the enemy, instead of away from her. It was evident that neither the Vizcaya nor the Maria Teresa quite understood this movement, for both immediately changed their course and ran nearer shore. Around in a short circle moved the Brooklyn, her port side a perfect mass of flame and smoke, as the six eight-inch, six five-inch and eight six-pounders belched forth the deadly shot. Then, as she swung toward the four Spanish ships, her starboard battery opened and the din was terrific.

"Tell the men at the guns to fire deliberately and make every shot tell," called Schley to Captain Cook, and out of the choking smoke and fire Lieutenant-Commander Ma-

son could be heard quietly instructing the men in the turrets as to the distance. The Brooklyn had described a perfect circle, and, although under a deluge of shot

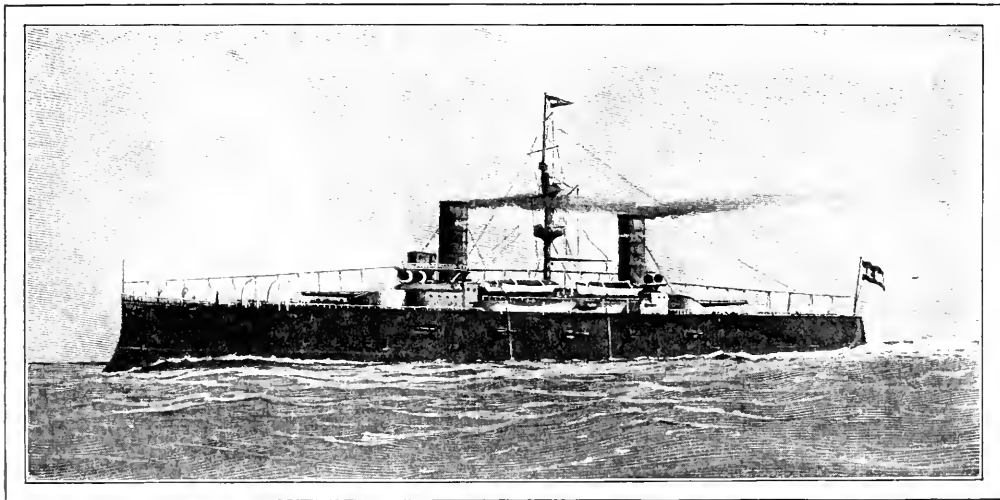


THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO BAY—THE BEGINNING.

and shell, uninjured, pointed west and began her famous fight. The Colon could be seen sneaking up behind the Spanish line, as if intent upon getting away, while the Oquendo and Maria Teresa, evidently striving vainly to shield the torpedo boats, were receiving a most horrible baptism of shot and shell.

SUNK IN FORTY MINUTES.

How terrible this rain of steel projectiles was, thrown from the battleships and the cruiser, is demonstrated when it is known that within forty minutes two heavily



THE ARMORED SPANISH CRUISER CRISTOBAL COLON.

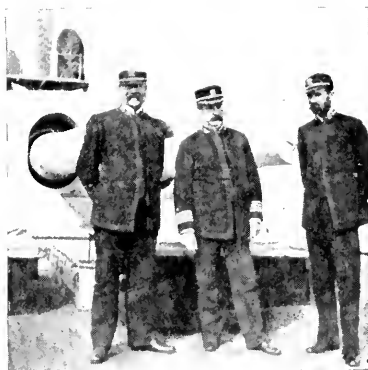
The Cristobal Colon was the fastest and most powerful of the Spanish ships destroyed off Santiago. Displacement, 6,800 tons; length, 328 feet; speed, 20 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,200 tons; complement, 500 men. Armor: belt, 6 inches; deck, 2 to 4 inches; barbettes, 5 inches. Guns—main battery: two 9.84-inch, ten 5.6-inch rapid-fire. Secondary battery: six 4.7-inch rifles, ten 6 and ten 1 pounders rapid-fire, two Maxim guns. Torpedo tubes, four. Built in Italy.

protected cruisers and two torpedo boats were destroyed and had surrendered. Yet there is evidence to show that the large twelve and thirteen-inch projectiles did little of this damage, only three of them landing. The roar of the guns, the whistle and crash of the falling projectiles, acted upon the observer like a tonic, and with absolute nonchalance to danger I watched closely the result. The instant the Colon cleared the harbor she started up the line behind the three other ships, doing but little firing. The two long, snakey torpedo boat destroyers following her also attempted to hide themselves. But Captain Wainwright, in the Gloucester, saw them and in a moment the little converted yacht was bearing down upon them. At the same instant every ship in the fleet opened upon them with the rapid-fire one and six-pounders. Like an avenging angel seeking more tribute for the Maine disaster, a great shell from one of the big warships, either the Iowa, Indi-

ana or Oregon, whizzed over the top of the Gloucester, struck the Pluton in the middle, and with a roar and a plunge she vanished from sight as if the sea had opened up a great grave to receive her. The Furor got partially behind the Oquendo, which cruiser was now directing a heavy fire on the Texas and Brooklyn, but the Gloucester, despite the shore batteries, turned in after her and fairly riddled her with small projectiles. Stung to death, she turned for shore and broke in two on a reef, the wild surf sounding her requiem. Those of her crew who survived flung themselves wildly into the surf, but some were rescued by the crew of the Gloucester.

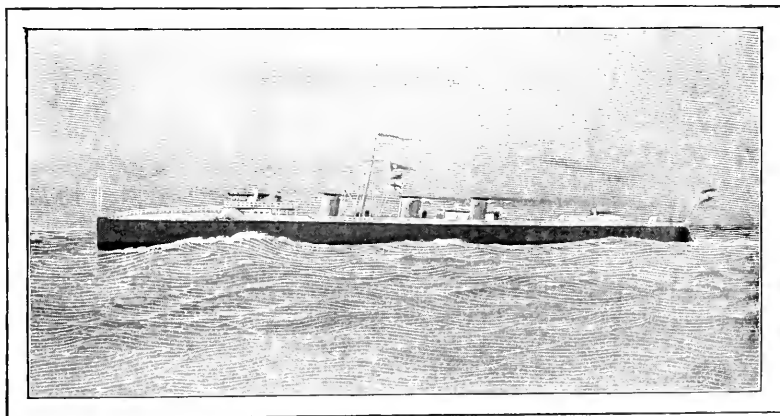
It was at this time, looking back from the quarter deck of the Brooklyn, that the frightful work being accomplished on the Spanish ships by the American squadron could be appreciated. It was one yellow pall of smoke where the

American ships were, from out of which would shoot blasting flames whose tongues licked caressingly the ends of steel projectiles as they sped on their journey; to attempt to analyze which of these engines of destruction did the terrific work on the enemy would be frightful self-assumption. No man who aided in fighting



THE THREE MEN WHO FOUGHT THE BROOKLYN.

Captain Cook in the middle, Lieut.-Com. Mason on the right, and Navigator Hodgson (who discovered the ships escaping) on the left.



THE SPANISH TORPEDO DESTROYER FUROR.

The Furor, which was sunk within twenty minutes after the time she emerged from the harbor, was a sister ship to the Pluton. Displacement, 380 tons; length, 220 feet; speed, 27 knots; maximum coal supply, 100 tons; complement, 67 men. Guns: two 14-pounders rapid-fire, two 6-pounders, two 1.45-inch automatic guns, two 14-inch Schwartzkopff torpedo tubes. Built in Spain.

the ships that day can say more than that his projectile was aimed to hit the black craft that with but a slight steam-like smoke from their guns tried vainly to creep along the coast to the west. The active firing had begun at 9:40 o'clock. The Oquendo, still working her guns, caught fire at 10:22, and for ten minutes evidently tried to put it out. But from the military tops and superstructures of the big warships was pouring a deadly fire of rapid-fire six-pounders, while the



LIEUT. RUSH AND HIS 8-INCH GUNS ON THE BROOKLYN.

Iowa and Texas were dropping four and six-inch shells in her. Just ahead of her was the Maria Teresa, the flagship, while the Vizcaya was passing along inside of the two, followed by the Colon. The punishment being inflicted on the Maria Teresa was not so heavy as that on the Oquendo, but the Brooklyn was raking her fore and aft. Suddenly in the lull, a big shell from the Texas crashed through her just above the armor belt. It evidently cut her fire mains, for the next instant, when a shell from the Brooklyn smashed through the side just forward of her beam and exploding set fire to her, she turned to the beach helpless. It was just 10:31 when the flagship of Cervera ran to the beach a mass of flames, and five minutes later, and but half a mile further west, the Oquendo, half her men killed and the ship fairly riddled with shell, followed. In less than forty minutes the two best ships in the Spanish navy had been destroyed, as well as two torpedo boats, and the superiority of guns and men over armor was demonstrated.

HEROISM OF MEN.

In this forty minutes many singular things happened, demonstrating the bravery of men. The almost hysterical enthusiasm that actuates men in a moment of great danger, passed. The coolness of a partial despair, born of a knowledge that careful work and quick work were their salvation, had grown on all in the fight. The messengers traversing the most dangerous portions of the ship had at first rushed headlong to the delivery point, shrieking the message, now began to move more sedately; the gunners watched the effect of a shot before they fired again; the men came out of the turrets for a breath of air and discussed with disdain the



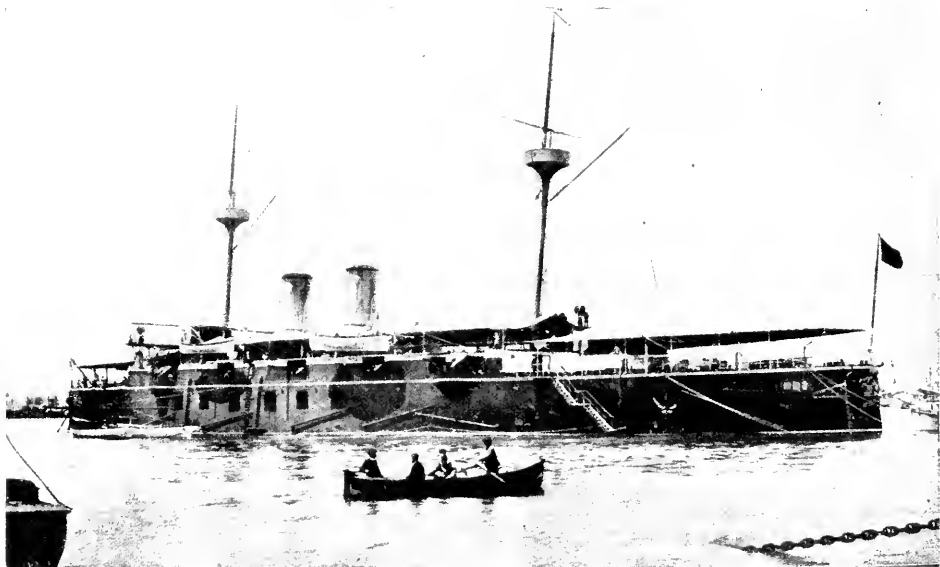
CAPTAIN COOK OF THE BROOKLYN.
From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.



CAPTAIN J. W. PHILIP, OF THE TEXAS.

shooting of the enemy, although we were hit several times. Captain Cook, on the Brooklyn, scorning the protection of eight inches of steel in his conning tower, walked about and discussed the ship's movements with Schley, and the men not busy at the guns would get in exposed positions to see "where the dagoes were." The Spanish had opened fire with their rapid-fire guns, and partly because the forecastle where I stood was covered with smoke from our own guns, and partly because I wanted to know how the men in the various divisions were conducting themselves, I started to make a tour of the ship. To the lee of the forward eight-inch turret stood a young man named George H. Ellis. He was assisting the navigator, Mr. Hodgson, to obtain the range or distance from our ship to the enemy. Captain Cook had just called him to ask him

the range. The Vizcaya, Maria Teresa and Colon were then devoting their attention to us, and the fire was hot. Without an instant hesitation Ellis stepped in the open, and with the stadimeter to his eye, obtained the range. Turning to Commodore Schley, he said: "1,400 yards to the Vizcaya, sir." There was that low moving song that a shell makes, then we saw Ellis's body waver and fall headless to the deck, while men wiped from their faces and clothes the brain that had just given us necessary information. In the turrets it was pretty hot work, and, like a whale blowing, the men would come up alternately to get a bit of fresh air. In Lieutenant Doyle's starboard eight-inch turret one of his best



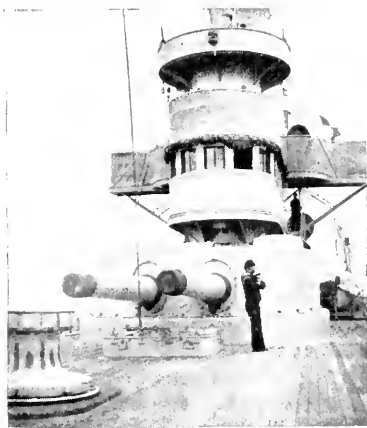
THE VIZCAYA.

gunners complained, "Sir, I can't see the shots drop," and Mr. Doyle replied, "Well, that's all right. When you don't see them drop in the water, you'll know they're hitting."

In the after turret Lieutenant Rush, with a bandanna handkerchief about his brow, ducked his head out of the turret top and sang out, "Say, which of those ships do you wish us to hit?" and Lieutenant-Commander Mason, who was coming by with a word of commendation for the men, said: "Just push the Vizcaya, she's our prey," and Rush dived below and began firing.

Up forward on the gun decks was a six-pounder gun that in this close forty-minute action had been doing valiant work. It got hot, and, in putting a cartridge in, the shell loosened from the casing and became wedged. This was on

the side near the enemy, but there was not a moment's hesitation. Out on the gun's muzzle crawled Corporal Robert Gray, of the marine corps, a rammer in his hand ready to drive the shell out. The gun was hot and he could not retain his hold, so he dropped down to the sea ladder. Over his head was the frightful blast and draft of the big gun, while around him pattered the shot of the enemy. He failed in his attempt, and Gunner Smith then tried it, but he, too, failed. It looked as if the gun would have to be abandoned, but Private MacNeal of the squad asked permission to make an attempt and was allowed to try it. Clinging to the hot gun, with death by water if he dropped or was knocked off by the concussion, and while the enemy was firing at him, he got the rammer in the muzzle and rammed out the shell amidst cheers from his comrades. I watched these men closely. None of them showed the slightest sign of heroic exhilaration. It was evidently to



FORWARD DECK OF THE BROOKLYN
JUST BEFORE THE FIGHT.



ON THE AFTER TURRET OF THE BROOKLYN DURING THE CHASE OF THE
CRISTOBAL COLON.

From a photograph taken by the author.

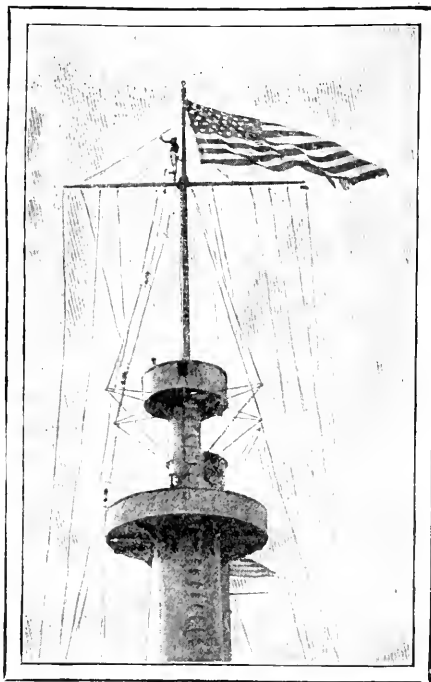
them a duty of the commonest sort. A few minutes later a six-inch projectile smashed into a compartment just below them. They laughed at the gunner's aim when they found nobody hurt. Five minutes later I photographed a man at the after masthead fixing up one of the battle flags, the halyards of which had been shot away. The fire was deadly about him. He would not give his name.

About the decks the men not actually busy at the guns enjoyed the fight hugely. When a big shell hit the upper works and exploded with a roar, they would make disparaging remarks about Spanish gunnery. At one time, during a lull in the battle, but while the Colon was near enough to us to shoot, and I believe was shooting, I took pictures of the men cheering Commodore Schley, and standing on top of an eight-inch turret in easy range of the enemy's guns.

THE FIGHT WITH THE VIZCAYA.

At 10:36 the positions of the ships were singularly favorable to the enemy carrying out his plan of escaping with at least one or two of his ships. The battleship *Indiana* had been unable to keep the pace set by the leaders of the Spanish ships, and the battleship *Iowa*, arriving at the point where Cervera's flagship had run ashore, stopped to pick up drowning Spaniards of its crew. Both the *Indiana* and the *Iowa* had done splendid work in assisting in the destruction of the two torpedo boats and the cruisers *Maria Teresa* and *Oquendo*, but their lack of speed forbade their continuing the chase. The *Oregon*, which had been at the further end of the line, had gone outside of these other

battleships and was coming rapidly to the west, smoke pouring from her funnels. The movement was at first not understood, but when the significant fact became apparent that she was leaving the other battleships behind and was coming to the aid of the *Brooklyn*, now almost alone with two heavily armored and heavily armed ships, a cheer went up from Schley's flagship for Captain Clark and his splendid crew. "Not that we can't lick 'em," said a gunner's mate to me after the cheer, but it's good to have help." I agreed with him very cordially, for at this time we were directly abeam the *Vizcaya*, the *Colon* was a half mile forward of us, and both were in a position to broadside us. The *Texas* was making heroic efforts to stay with us, but we



SAILOR REPLACING THE BROOKLYN'S
BATTLE-FLAG AFTER IT HAD BEEN
SHOT AWAY.

From a photograph taken by the author.

were going at more than her maximum speed, and she fell behind. The Oregon, at 10:38, was about one and a half miles astern of the Brooklyn, and gaining every minute. Now began a fight that was to set the naval world thinking and disparage the predictions of the prophets. The Vizcaya, with armor double the thickness of the Brooklyn and guns of larger calibre, had often been placed by critics as



"THREE CHEERS FOR COMMODORE SCHLEY."

From a photograph taken by the author.

the superior of the Brooklyn, and there was a low murmur of approval on the latter ship as the word was passed to concentrate fire on her. Commodore Schley said to Captain Cook, "Get in close, Cook, and we'll fix her," and a little turn of the helm sent the ship into within a thousand yards of the enemy, and there they were broadside to broadside. "Nine hundred and fifty yards," called the messengers into the turret decks, and the answer was the terrible boom of the big eight-inch

guns, followed by the tenor of the five-inch and the shrill treble of the six and one-pounders. The smoke was so dense that it was hard to see the target, but up forward we could see the Colon spitting out smokeless fire from her side. When five minutes had passed and we had not felt the ship tremble with the concussion of Spanish shells, we looked at one another in amazement. The water about us and between the Brooklyn and the Vixen, which had kept near us, absolutely boiled, while the song of the shells over us and a few muffled explosions on deck told that the Spanish aim was not so utterly bad. Suddenly a marine in the fore-top at a one-pounder gun shrieked down, "Every shot is telling," and as the word passed aft to the gun crews, the shooting became more vigorous and 2,000 pounds of explosive metal went banging against the Vizcaya every three minutes. The secondary battery fire of one and six pounders was unusually deadly, the Spanish gunners in the Vizcaya's superstructure being driven from the guns. At 10:50, after twenty minutes of this close engagement, the Oregon got near enough to land

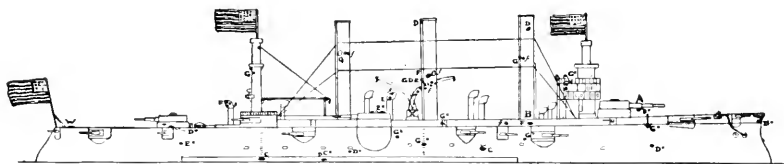


DIAGRAM OF THE BROOKLYN, SHOWING INJURIES SUSTAINED.

Drawn by George H. Warford, Carpenter, U. S. N.—A, man killed; B, man wounded; C, six-inch shot holes; D, six-pounder hit deck and glanced on turret; E, seven-millimeter holes; G, one-pounder holes; H, chest wrecked and thrown overboard; x, miscellaneous hits and dents; f, fragments.

several six-inch projectiles in the Vizcaya and to drop a few thirteen-inch shells about the Colon, which was rapidly drawing away to the westward. At precisely 10:54 the Vizcaya was seen to be on fire, and at the same time she swerved out from shore as if to ram the Brooklyn in her dying effort. The fire of the big cruiser was too hot for her, evidently, for at 12:06 she turned to shore and hauled down her colors. The Texas and Vixen were seen to be about a mile to the rear of the Oregon, and she was left to them and to the Iowa, the latter staying by her finally.

THE LONG CHASE.

What seemed to be now a forlorn hope faced Commodore Schley, but faith in the Brooklyn and in the splendid battleship Oregon, now close on the chase, never faltered, and he remarked to me, "We may be able to wing that fellow, and then Clark and Philip will get a show at him, even if he sinks us." Captain Philip's Texas could be seen about five miles astern. The fellow alluded to was the Cristobal Colon, which, so far as indications went, had up to this point escaped unharmed and now had a lead of about four miles over the Brooklyn and Oregon. The Colon's accredited speed was $19\frac{1}{2}$ knots, and while the Brooklyn's is greater than that, it was impossible to make more than 17 knots, because the forward pair of engines were not coupled up and were lying useless. The Oregon had a speed at the most of $15\frac{1}{2}$ knots, so it appeared as if the chances of escape were good,

though everybody believed that for one ship to get away would spoil the day's victory. There was one chance, however, and Schley, quick to grasp it, determined to take advantage of it. The Colon was running close in shore, and to continue her course would have had to make a long detour to the south around Cape Cruz, sixty miles west. The Brooklyn was two miles further out to sea than the Colon, and, after consultation with Captain Cook and Navigator Hodgson, it was concluded to run a straight course to Cape Cruz and try and head



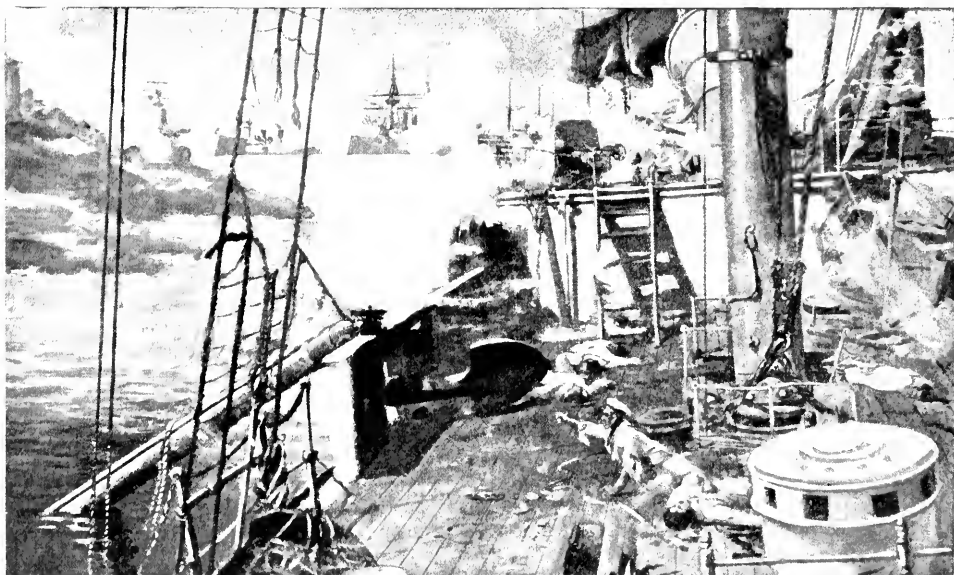
COMMODORE SCHLEY ANNOUNCING THE PRESIDENT'S CONGRATULATIONS
TO THE CREW OF THE BROOKLYN.

off the chase. The Oregon in the meantime stayed in close in order to get a range on the Colon's broadside if she tried to run directly south. This line of tactics having been decided upon, the chase, which lasted from 11:25 to 1:15, began.

Up to the masthead of the Brooklyn went the signal "Cease firing," and Commodore Schley said to First-Lieutenant Mason, "Get all your men out for an airing." In an instant the tops of every gun casemate and every turret was a mass of half-naked, perspiring, but jubilant, cheering men. Even the men from the powder magazines below the protective deck came up and joined the crowd. The Colon, in sheer desperation, was firing a few shells, but they fell so short that there were only jeers for them.

Suddenly a big fellow on Lieutenant Simpson's turret called "Three cheers for Commodore Schley," and there were three roars that drowned even the Colon's gun thunder, and made me wonder if the vigor of the jubilant Americans would not drive terror to the heart of the crew of the Colon. Then somebody aft proposed three cheers for the Oregon, and they were given with a will and returned with interest.

But if these scenes, lacking in tragedy, were going on above decks, there were



SINKING OF THE SPANISH CRUISER ALMIRANTE OQUENDO AT SANTIAGO.

When in the midst of fire and shells the Spanish cruiser Oquendo was sinking, Captain Philip, of the Texas, gave the order to his men, "Don't cheer, because the poor devils are dying."

men far below the steel protective deck still fighting for the flag; men who are seldom spoken of, but who are always heroes. At the fires in the coal rooms, and at the great engines in a temperature of from 130 to 150 degrees, were men fully as patriotic and enthusiastic as those on deck, and the successful ending of the day now depended upon them. Into the furnaces the coal was piled, while in almost a white heat naked men kept the fires clear. At the big engines stood the engineers, closely watching for any flaw. Higher and higher climbed the steam and faster and faster turned the great screws. Once and awhile the great steel prison would open while a man was lifted out, overcome by the heat, but the moment the air revived him he would go back to his fiery dungeon. One man who gave way was carried up on deck, and his four fellow workers stood about with anxious eyes to see if he would recover. He opened his eyes, looked

around at them and said: "Why the devil don't you fellows get back to work. What are yer standin' there for?" and, as they slunk away, said to the doctor, "Say, doc, are we catching the dago?"

Perhaps it is a new thing in the navy and perhaps it is not, but one thing struck me forcibly: From the beginning of the fight Commodore Schley issued instructions that all news of any advantage gained by us should be communicated



CAPTAIN COOK AND COMMODORE SCHLEY ON THE DECK OF THE BROOKLYN,
WITH CAPTAIN PHILIP OF THE TEXAS, AND THE AUTHOR.

From a photograph taken July 3d, shortly after the battle.

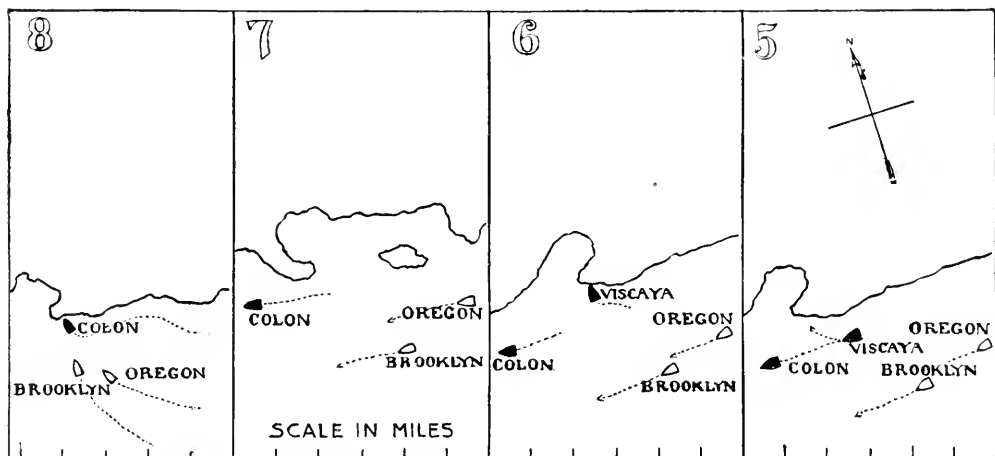
about the ship to those who could not see, and it seemed to multiply the *esprit de corps* infinitely.

The chase continued for about an hour and a half without much gain on either side, the Colon at 12:15 having a lead of about four and one-quarter miles. Forced draught for the furnaces was being used on the Brooklyn, however, and she began to gain slowly. At the same time it was apparent that the tactics adopted by Commodore Schley had worked well, and it was evident that the Colon, in rounding Cape Cruz, would be near enough for the Brooklyn, and probably the Oregon, to broadside with their large guns.

It was at this time that Captain Clark on the Oregon, in facetious mood, signalled over to Commodore Schley, "A strange vessel to the eastward. Looks like an Italian," and, knowing the ship was purchased from the Italian government, the Commodore answered back, laconically, "Yes, I guess it was built in Italy."

A moment later a pennant went up at the masthead of the Oregon, and there was a shout of approval as the glasses made it out to read "Remember the Maine," as if the burning ships on shore were not already eloquent of remembrance and retribution.

At 12:20 Commodore Schley directed the Oregon to try a large shell, and



8.—About 1.25 P.M.

7.—About 12.20 P.M.

6.—About 11.15 A.M.

5. About 11 A.M.

DIAGRAM SHOWING THE SUCCESSIVE RELATIVE

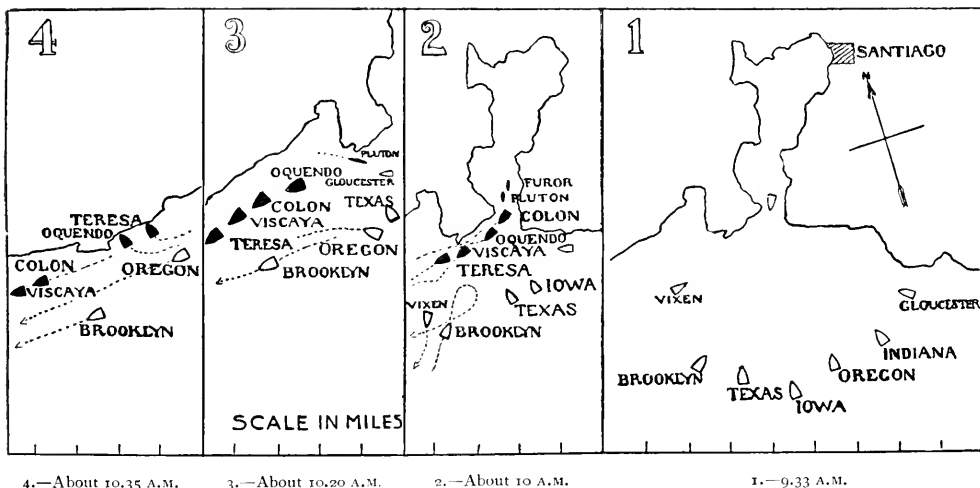
Drawn by

at 8,500 yards a thirteen-inch shell rushed like a great railroad train by the Brooklyn and struck just short of the chase. A signal was sent to tell the Oregon the effect, and then she tried another. This time it hit just astern and threw tons of water on the deck of the Colon. The effect must have been terrifying, and when at 12:40 the Brooklyn opened up with her eight-inch and landed a few against the Colon's side, it became evident that the game was cornered. However, everybody expected that the ship of the enemy would put up a last fight and only surrender when overpowered, so that we were all very much surprised when, at 1:15 o'clock, down came the ensign of Spain and the ship ran ashore.

It may have been a revengeful providence, it may have been a mere accident, but it certainly was a peculiarly strange incident that the last of the fleet of Cervera and the flower of the Spanish navy should have gone ashore at the very spot

where the ill-fated *Virginius* expedition tried to land. The ship surrendered to Captain Cook.

As the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon* moved in upon the prey, the men poured out of the fire rooms black with smoke and dirt and glistening with perspiration, but wild with jubilant excitement, and as some wag raised a broom to the masthead, there was a roar of applause from the *Oregon* and an answer from the *Brooklyn*. Climbing up to the bridge Commodore Schley gazed down at the jubilant men with just the suspicion of a tear in his eye. "Those are the fellows who made this day," he said, pointing to them, and then ordered Ensign MacCanley to make signal: "The enemy has surrendered." Five miles to the east the *Texas* saw



the signal and repeated it to Admiral Sampson on the *New York*, fully ten miles away. It was not, however, recognized by that ship, which also failed to answer Commodore Schley's two signals: "A glorious victory has been achieved. Details will be communicated later," and "This is a great day for our country."

However this story of victory, a victory as decisive as any victory in the world's history, and without parallel as regards the manner in which it was fought, should not be marred by the petty jealousies of those forbidden to take part in it by circumstances.

The man who found Cervera on Sunday, May 29th, Commodore Winfield Scott Schley, defeated him, and in command of American ships annihilated his fleet on Sunday, July 3d, in a battle lasting less than four hours, and after a chase of fifty miles. In the accomplishment of this he demonstrated that a ship's

own gun fire is its most potent defence. The Spanish losses were about 600 lives, 1,200 prisoners, and \$12,000,000 worth of property. The American loss was one man killed and three wounded, all from the Brooklyn, a fact little short of a miracle when it is known that big cruiser was hit over thirty times.

A little later, accompanied by my faithful but not always trustworthy camera, I had the privilege of coming back toward Santiago on the Vixen, in close proximity to the wrecks, and examined them carefully. It was not a sight one could exult over. It was pitiful to see these great modern war engines, helpless and destroyed, swaying slightly with the roll of the heavy surf. The Colon, which had not been fired, but sank by the dastardly work of its own crew, had rolled over on its starboard side helpless, and the sea was beating it to pieces.



MEN CHEERING THE VICTORY.

The Vizcaya, fourteen miles from the entrance of the harbor that for six weeks had been its refuge, lay up on a reef, its steel plates broken and unbolted by the terrible heat, the black sides a dull, dirty red, the military masts flat on the deck by the explosions of her magazines, and her interior a crematory for the unfortunate dead. On the bridge lay the half charred remains of an officer.

The Maria Teresa and the Oquendo, as if keeping doleful vigil with each other, lay but six miles west of Morro, tributes to the magnificent gunnery of the American fleet, and to the brief time it takes modern guns to destroy modern ships. How many men perished shut up beneath the protective deck will probably never be known, as terrible fire and frightful explosions disposed of the bodies. The Oquendo was riddled with shot, and the forward turret, safe from the flames, contained the bodies of an officer and two men standing by their guns, but killed by concussion from an eight-inch shell.

The Maria Teresa was less terribly damaged, but with all her fire mains cut by shells, and with her decks burning fiercely, had to surrender. She had been hit about thirty times, but it may be possible to save her.

So perished from the earth the bulk of the sea power of Spain.

The writer is indebted to Captain Alexander Sharp, Jr., of the Vixen, and Lieutenant Charles H. Harlow, also of the Vixen, for comparative notes of times and positions, which in most cases corresponded with those taken on the flagship by myself. The photographs of the ships burning on shore were taken by me from the Vixen, Captain Sharp courteously running in close to them. The officers of the Vixen were the only naval officers who saw the fight from start to finish without having special duty to absorb their attention.

GEORGE E. GRAHAM.

XI

THE NAVAL BATTLE OF SANTIAGO

CERVERA'S DEFEAT AS SEEN FROM THE FLAGSHIP NEW YORK BY W. A. M. GOODE,
CORRESPONDENT OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS AND THE ONLY NON-
COMBATANT ABOARD THE SHIP.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning. The day before, July the second, the fleet had bombarded the forts of Santiago for the fourth time. At half-past nine o'clock the bugler sounded the call to quarters. The quarter decks of the warships, lying lazily in front of Santiago harbor, became white with lines of Jackies, rigged



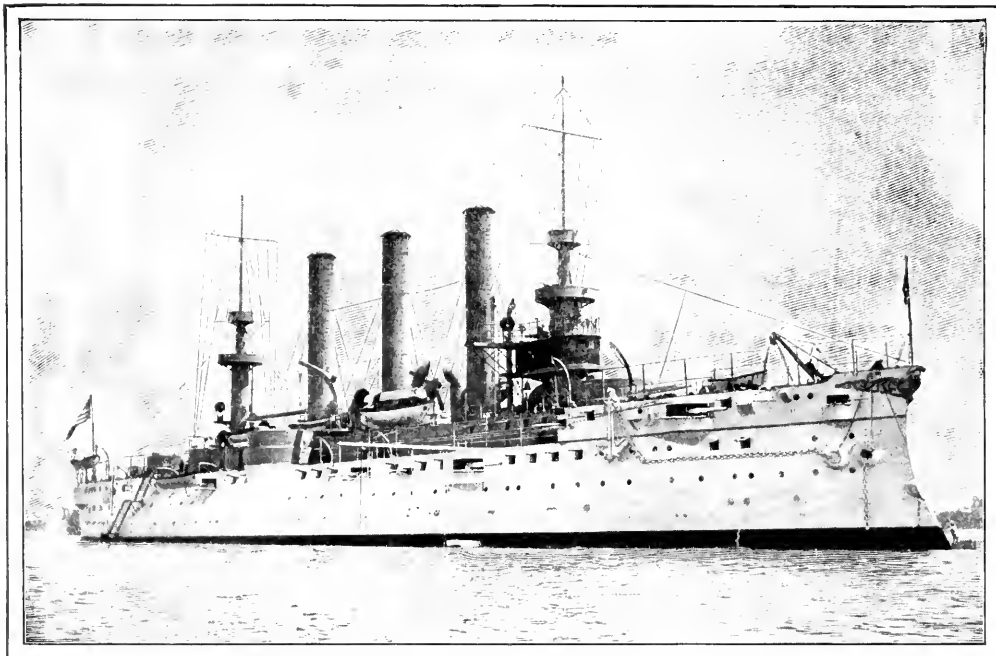
BLOCKADING SANTIAGO.

out in their Sunday jumpers. Between the lines passed the executive officers, making their regular Sunday inspections. On the Iowa, Lieutenant-Commander Rogers was pointing his finger at a man, and saying, "That jumper isn't clean, sir, you ought—" when from the bridge came a shout, "The fleet's coming out!"

In an instant ranks were broken. Jackies and firemen tumbled over each other as they rushed to their stations. The bugler snatched his bugle and blew

"general quarters." From the Iowa's yard this signal was run up: "The enemy is escaping to the westward." From the forward bridge of the Iowa a six-pounder boomed out to draw the attention of the other ships to the signal flags that fluttered in the breeze.

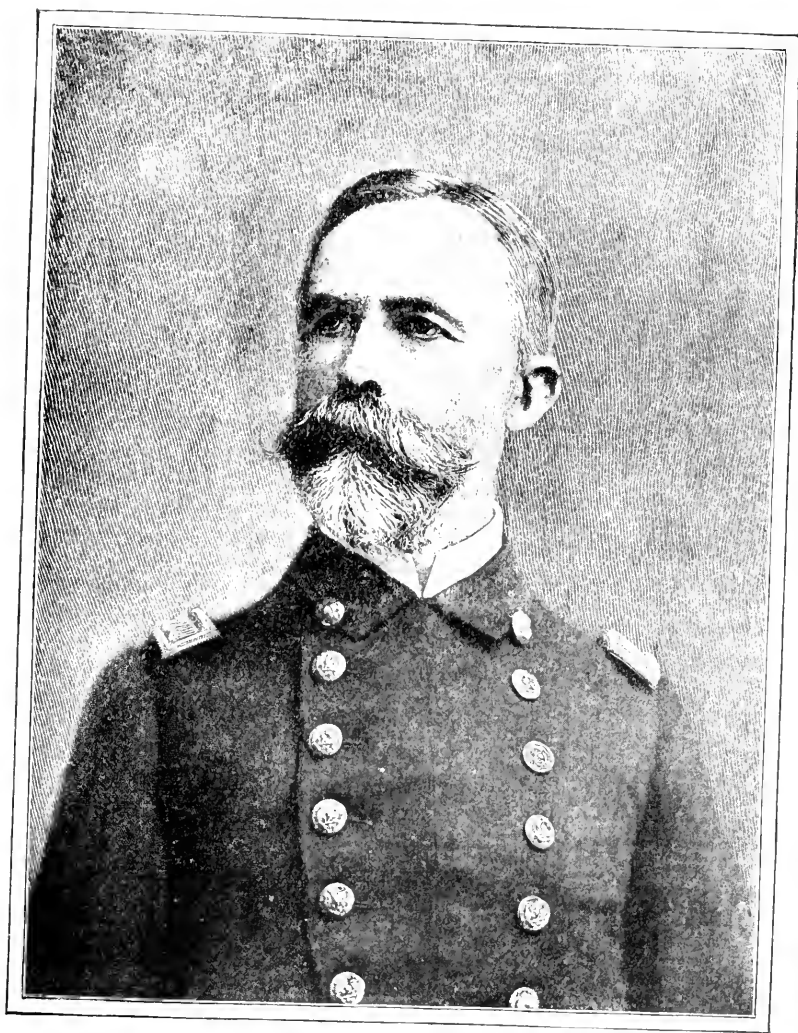
One by one the quarter decks of the other ships became deserted, as the white masses of men scrambled forward. Officers jumped into the tur-



THE ARMORED CRUISER BROOKLYN.

From a copyrighted photograph by West & Sons, Southsea, England. Reproduced from McClure's Magazine for July, 1898. The Brooklyn bore the brunt of the running fire on July 3d, and was hit more times than any other ship in the fleet. Displacement, 6,215 tons; speed, 21.9 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,461 tons; complement, 516 men. Armor: belt, 3 inches; deck, 3 to 6 inches; barbettes, 8 inches; turrets, 5½ inches. Guns—main battery: eight 8-inch, twelve 5-inch. Secondary battery: twelve 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, four Colts, and two field guns. Torpedo tubes, four.

rets through manholes, dressed in their best uniforms. There was no time to waste; scarcely enough to permit the battle hatches being screwed on tight. Captains rushed into their conning towers. "Jingle, jingle," went the engine room telegraphs. In the fire rooms officers in inspection uniforms, and firemen in clean white jumpers mixed with the grimy men already on watch. "Steam, steam!" they cried. It was for no tedious bombardment that these men grasped shovels and started blazing fires under cold boilers. It was the chance of their lifetime, the naval engagement fervently hoped for by all, from Admiral



ADMIRAL SAMPSON, COMMANDER OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON.

Sampson down. The news seemed almost too good to be true. Below decks, where men work and see not, they said: "It is a false alarm. They will turn back. It is too good to be true." But they struggled with black coal until it glowed red, and gave speed and power to the gray, steel hulls; they hauled up ammunition by the light of battle lanterns until it was piled high on the decks above; they cursed, and cheered, and worked with fierce enthusiasm that not a hundred bombardments could inspire. And when it is remembered that all the ships except the Oregon had steam in their boilers for only five knots, and that the Spanish cruisers started out at thirteen knots, it can be realized how nobly these men below our battle gratings did their duty.

About a minute after the six-pounder had been fired from the Iowa that battleship started to move in toward the harbor. From under the shadow of Morro Castle came the Maria Teresa. From her port side puffs of smoke curled up, while above and behind her, from the heights of Santiago harbor, jets of smoke shot out from the batteries. Countless geysers around our slowly approaching battleships showed where the Spanish shells exploded in the water. One by one the Spanish cruisers came out, swinging around the western point of the narrow harbor entrance, the neck of the bottle which so far had held them tight. All opened fire as soon as their bows showed around Estrella point. The battle was on, but at long range. Thirteen-inch shells from the Oregon and Indiana, and twelve-inch shells from the Texas and Iowa, spouted water between the advancing Spaniards. The two or three miles which still separated the fleets prevented great accuracy of aim. Secondary batteries had not yet been called into use.

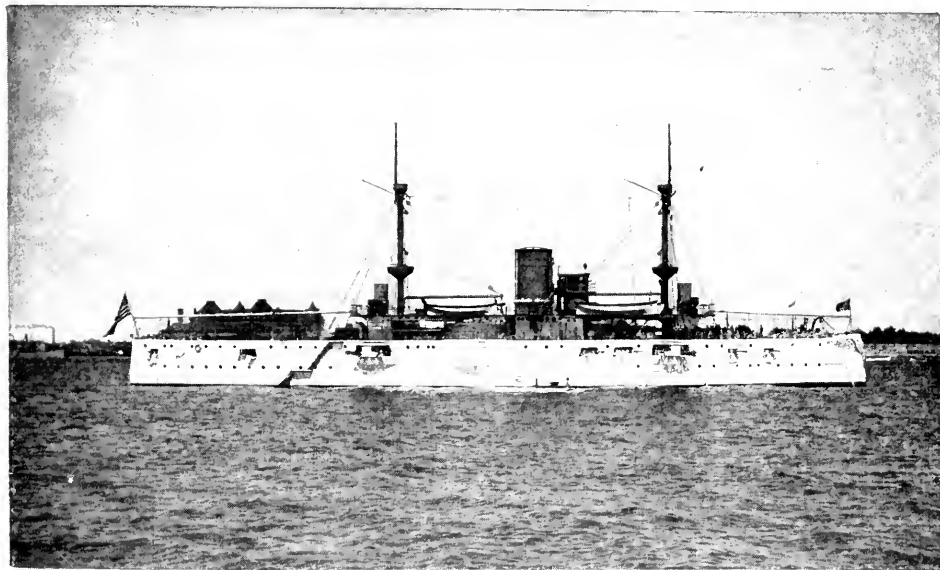


CAPTAIN CHARLES E. CLARK.
U. S. S. Oregon (1st Class Battleship).

The flagship New York was near Altares, seven miles to the east of Morro Castle, preparing to disembark Admiral Sampson so that he might visit General Shafter. Horses were waiting on shore for the Admiral and his party. Time and again Admiral Sampson had wished to visit General Shafter personally, but until this morning he had delayed his visit, saying, "If I leave, I'm sure something will happen." Then the situation of the army became critical, and demanded a personal interview between the commanders of the land and naval forces. Much against his will Admiral Sampson bowed to the inevitable. Had the Spanish fleet come out twenty minutes later the Admiral of the North Atlantic squadron, the largest ever assembled under the command of one man, would have been

riding over hills to the army's front. As it was the New York had just time to turn and chase the Maria Teresa as she came out of the harbor. During the entire engagement the flagship was within signal distance of the other ships, and those on board had even a better view of the battle than those on the ships that did the heavy fighting, so thick was the smoke from our own guns, unfortunately not provided with smokeless powder.

My first impression from the New York, standing beside Admiral Sampson, in his brown leggings, was that part of the enemy's fleet would escape. The



THE TEXAS.

Second-Class battleship. Displacement, 6,315 tons. Speed, 16 knots. Battery, two 12-in. breech loading rifles, twelve 6 pounder, and six 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, four Hotchkiss and two Gatling guns. 30 officers, 302 men. Captain L. W. Philip, Commander. Cost, \$2,500,000.

Brooklyn, whose proper position was inside the western point of Santiago Bay, was at least a thousand yards out to sea. It seemed impossible for the battleships to head off the Spanish cruisers from passing the western point. If Cervera had divided his forces it is more than likely that one or two of his ships might have escaped for the time being. For fifteen minutes, while the long range firing continued, the New York rapidly coming up from the eastward, was the only ship which stood directly in the way of a flank movement by the Spanish fleet. All glasses were trained on the enemy's ships. Their four cruisers were now so close to the western shore that it was hard to make them out. Every moment I expected to see at least two of Cervera's ships head across the mouth

of the harbor and make for the southeast, attacking the New York on the way. The torpedo destroyers *Plutona* and *Furor* came out of the harbor about two miles astern of the *Oquendo*, the last of the cruisers. White smoke from their



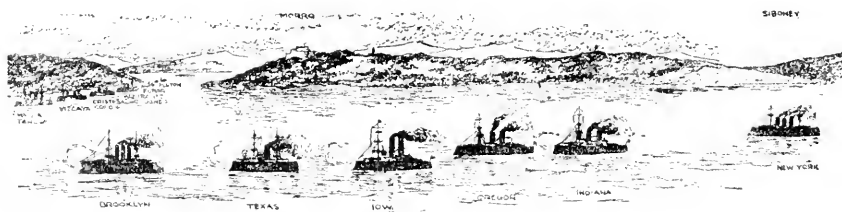
THE BROOKLYN SIGNALING THE FLEET.



FIRING A SIX-POUNDER.

tiny guns mixed with the black clouds that poured from their smokestacks. The shore batteries kept up an incessant fire to the westward.

Up to this time the scene resembled in many respects the six bombardments I had seen and grown weary of. Inside the turrets of our battleships officers and gun captains were firing deliberately and with great care. They could hear

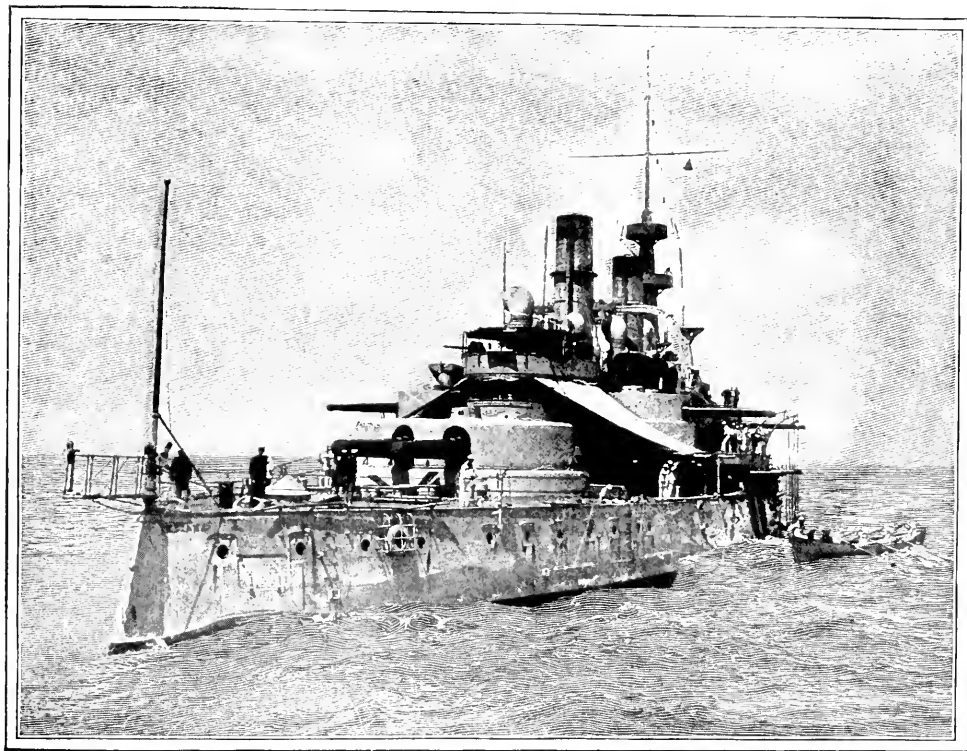


From the *New York Herald*.

POSITION OF THE AMERICAN SHIPS AS THE SPANISH FLEET CAME OUT OF SAN-
TIAGO HARBOR.

the whistle of shells passing over their heads, for the Spaniards fired high throughout. The shells sounded different from those at San Juan and Santiago bombardments. They were high power modern projectiles and did not stop to sing the weird tunes of a dropping shell. On every ship in the fleet, every man's blood was coursing through his veins with fierce pulsation, and the wild enthusiasm was only kept in check for the onslaught that was bound to come when the ships came to close quarters. At this period of the battle the hardest fight was going on in the engine and fire rooms, for it was evident that without speed

the result was doubtful. Each captain acted on his own responsibility, following out to the best of his ability Admiral Sampson's previously published plan of battle. The Admiral's instructions had been simple. All he said was, "Should the enemy come out, close in and head him off." There were no elaborate evolu-



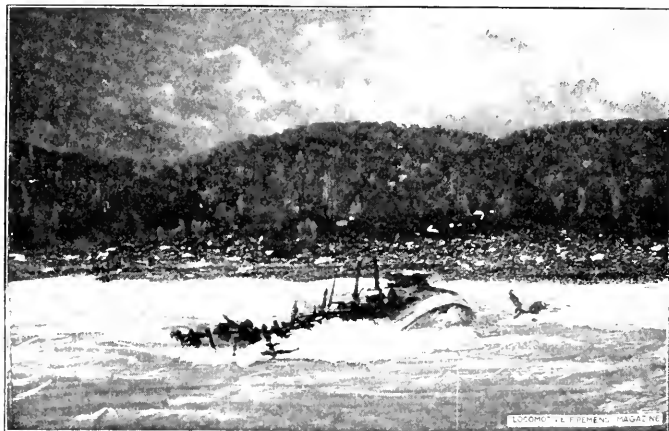
THE BATTLESHIP INDIANA.

The 13-inch shells from the Indiana entered the Maria Teresa under the quarter-deck and exploded, causing terrible havoc. Displacement of the Indiana, 10,288 tons; speed, 15.5 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,527 tons; complement, 473 men. Armor: belt, 8 inches; deck, 2½ inches; barbettes, 17 inches; turrets, 15 inches; casements, 6 inches. Guns—main battery, four 13-inch, eight 8-inch, four 6-inch slow-fire. Secondary rapid-fire battery: twenty 6-pounders, six 1-pounders, four Gatlings. Torpedo tubes, two.

tions based on signals. Each man knew what was expected of his ship. From the flagship, now abreast of Morro, fluttered the signal, "Close into the mouth of harbor and engage the enemy," but there was little need for it. In fact it is doubtful whether it was seen in the excitement of the first moments of battle.

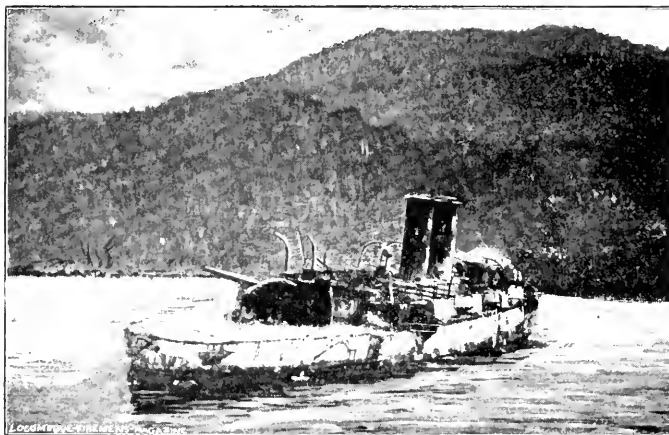
It was not until the leading Spanish cruiser had almost reached the western point of the bay, and when it was evident that Cervera, with fatal policy, was

leading his entire fleet in one direction, that the battle commenced in all its fury and awful effect. The Iowa and Oregon had headed straight across Morro for the shore, intending to ram one of the leading Spanish vessels. The Indiana



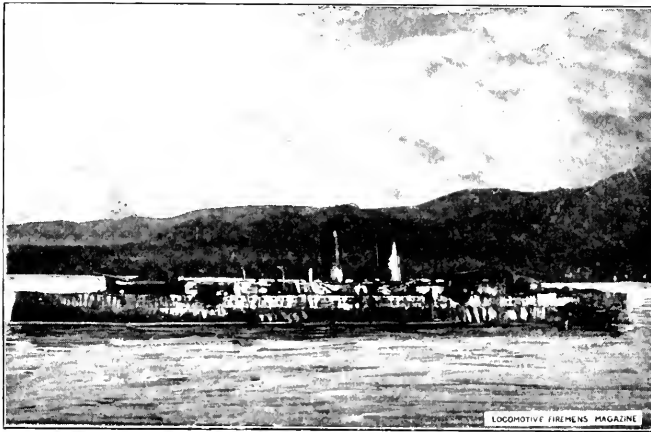
WRECK OF THE CRISTOBAL COLON.

was heading after them. The Texas was on the port beam of the Oregon, while the Brooklyn was heading straight for the western point. All were like white



WRECK OF THE OQUENDO.

clouds resting lightly on the sunlit sea, punctured every few seconds with flashes of fire. The smoke from the big turrets drifted so completely over them that it was only when it lifted for a moment that we could distinguish the ships. They



WRECK OF THE VIZCAYA.

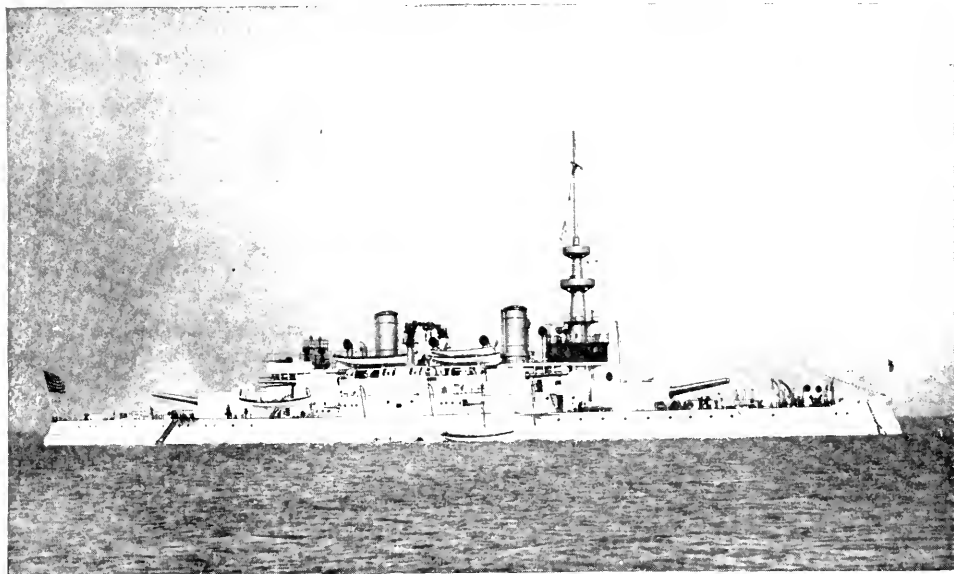
were keeping up an incessant fire on the rapidly approaching cruisers and torpedo boats. The tiny, unprotected Gloucester had steamed right across the harbor mouth and was headed for the Oquendo, at closer range than any other ship, engaging the cruiser and also firing at the Pluton and Furor, which were approaching on the Gloucester's starboard beam. Over our own and the Spanish ships huge shells winged their way, throwing the water high into the air as they exploded. Then it became apparent that the Iowa and Oregon could not ram the leading vessels, so Captain Evans and Captain Clark sheered off until on a parallel course with the leading ships of the enemy, and brought their starboard broad-

sides to bear. The Brooklyn also changed her course. The ships were in position as shown by the diagram. Then began the terrific slaughter. The rapid-fire guns of the Iowa, nearest the Maria Teresa, belched forth. The Oregon followed suit. The Indiana, Texas and Brooklyn joined in. Six-inch, four-inch, six-pounder and smaller shells were rained into the cruisers as they passed along in their desperate effort to escape. The battleships also directed a heavy fire against the Pluton and Furor, but clouds of black smoke from each of these small craft, showing where shells struck, soon proved that the bigger ships could leave the torpedo boats to the tender mercies of the Gloucester and New York. The Oregon, going like an express train, firing main and secondary batteries simultaneously, flashed across the Iowa's bows, blanketing the fire of the Texas. The Oregon's terrific broadsides at about twelve hundred yards, added to those of the Iowa, Indiana and Brooklyn, drove the Spaniards from their guns. Perfect masses of flame shot out from our battleships. Which ship did the most effective

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
of the Indiana.

fect masses of flame shot out from our battleships. Which ship did the most effective

work will never be known. Gun crews, stripped to the waist, shoved shell into the breeches until the breeches glowed with heat. Rapid-firing records were broken time and again. In the turrets officers watched as well as they could the effect of their shells, and shouted to their perspiring men what they saw. Down the black passage that opens into the turret and leads to the magazines the glad word was passed. The men who worked down there cheered, though their throats were rasped with smoke and saltpetre. Through the chinks in the conning tower—and through them "Fighting Bob" Evans says he never thought you could

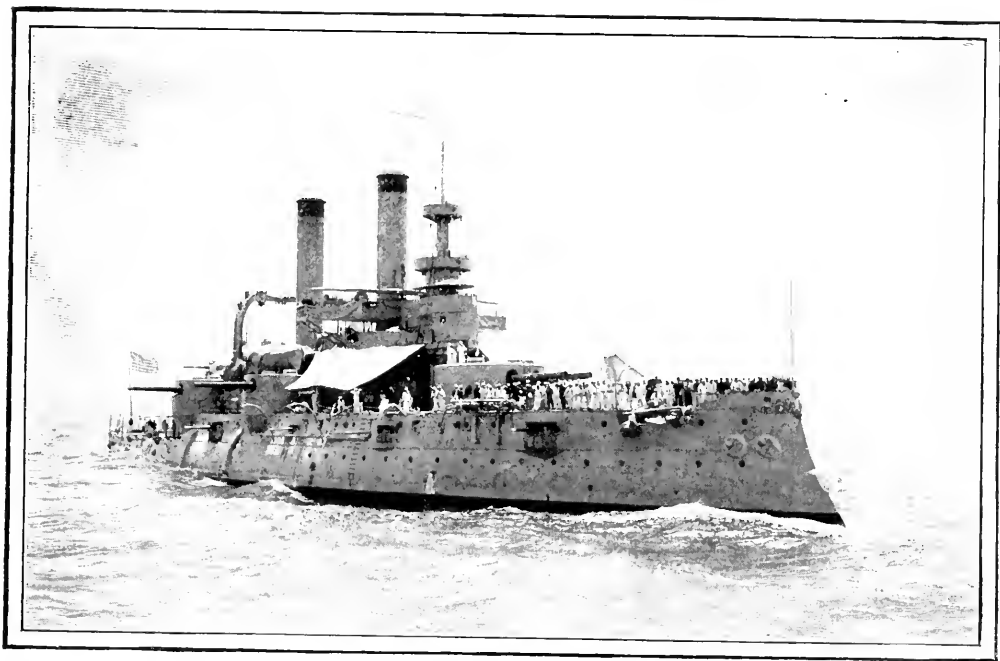


BATTLESHIP OREGON.

A first-class battleship. Steel hull. Displacement, 10,283 tons. Armor on sides, 18 in., and from 6 to 17 in. on turrets and barbettes. Speed, 16.78 knots per hour. Four 13-in. eight 8-in. and four 6-in. breech-loading rifles in main battery; twenty-eight small caliber rapid-fire guns in secondary battery. Cost over \$3,000,000.

see so much—it was seen that few flashes were coming from the guns of the Maria Teresa and Almirante Oquendo. The Vizcaya and Cristobal Colon were forging ahead, the Colon leading. A moment later clouds of smoke burst out from the after ports of the Maria Teresa and Almirante Oquendo. Flames leaped from their portholes. Slowly they turned and headed for the shore. "They're on fire! We've finished them!" shouted the gun's crews. Down came the Spanish flags. Somebody on the Iowa shouted the news through the engine room tube. From the depths of that ship came a thunderous cheer that rose above the din of battle. Lieutenant Scheutz, the navigator of the Iowa, a dignified senior

officer, threw his arms around Lieutenant Hill, another elderly officer, and embraced him with such glad vehemence that Hill's ribs were almost broken. This was at 10:20 A. M. The Vizcaya and Colon were still being pursued. The Brooklyn was some distance off on the Vizcaya's port beam. The Oregon forged after them, followed by the Iowa. Again the rapid-fire batteries did their awful work, setting fire to the Vizcaya's cabin; sending fragments of bodies floating

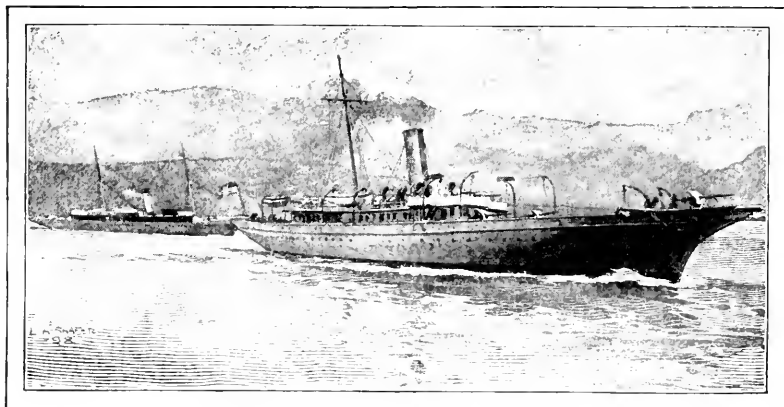


THE FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP IOWA.

The Iowa fired the first warning shot of the battle, a 3-pounder. She was struck on the starboard side during the early part of the engagement by two six-inch projectiles, one of which broke off her hatch plate and the combing of a water-tight compartment. Displacement, 11,340 tons; speed, 17.1 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,795 tons; complement, 505 men. Armor: belt, 14 inches; deck, 2½ inches; barbettes, 15 inches; turrets, 15 inches; casemates, 6 inches. Guns—main battery: four 12-inch, eight 8-inch, six 4-inch rapid-fire. Secondary rapid-fire: twenty 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, four Colts, two field guns. Torpedo tubes, four.

down the streams of water with which the Spaniards, all in vain, flooded their decks. At 10:36 A. M. the Vizcaya hauled down her flag, and, burning fiercely, headed for the shore at Aserradero. The Oregon, going sixteen knots, pushing aside the sea until it frothed up white and angry around her bow, clung to the Colon. Further to the southward was the Brooklyn. Behind came the Texas, Vixen and New York. It was a grand chase. Every now and again great puffs of smoke came from the forward thirteen-inch guns of the Oregon. The Brooklyn tried her eight-inch guns, but they fell short. Gradually the Oregon's shells began

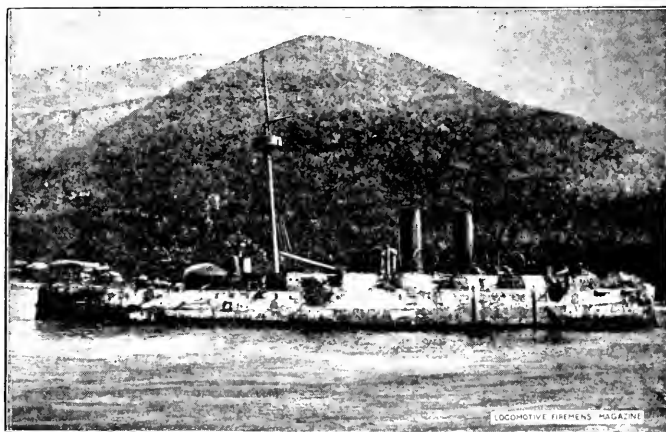
to fall around the last of the Spaniards. Smoke poured in such volumes from the Colon that many thought she was afire. Away ahead Cape Cruz loomed up.



THE VIXEN AND THE GLOUCESTER.

The Gloucester, in the foreground, is the converted yacht Corsair. The Vixen was the Josephine.

Safely inside of it, close to the shore, was the Colon (as seen in diagram 3). At fifteen minutes past one the Colon headed in for the beach, hauled down her flag,



WRECK OF THE MARIA TERESA.

and ran ashore at Rio Tarquino. Then the world never heard such cheering, such wild exultation as the Oregon, Brooklyn, New York, Texas and Vixen came up in a bunch, the Brooklyn first, having headed across the Oregon's stern,

the latter ship making a long turning circle to head off the Colon should she play any tricks.

Such was the battle in a general way, as I saw it, and as I can gather from reports, official and personal, from the ships that were engaged. Owing to the



CHEERING THE VICTORY.

smoke, accounts differ on various points, but I believe that the foregoing fairly represents the naval engagement of Santiago, in which four splendid Spanish cruisers, practically second-class battleships, and two of the best torpedo destroyers in the world were hopelessly defeated and destroyed with the loss of only one man, Yeoman Ellis, of the Brooklyn, and without serious damage to any of our ships. Only two of the enemy's shells took any serious effect, one piercing

the Brooklyn near the waterline, and the other bursting in the Iowa's dispensary. All the ships were struck several times, but the majority of shells struck armor and simply glinted off. The shell which penetrated the Iowa came in on her starboard bow a little above the waterline, passed through her unprotected five-foot coffer dam, full of corn cellulose, and exploded four yards inboard, where it hit an armor hatch on the berth deck. The accompanying sketch shows the erratic course of its fragments. The dispensary was wrecked. One small fragment, after passing through several bags of sand protecting an ammunition hoist, cut clean in two a link of the heaviest anchor chain made. At least three hundred holes were made in the thin steel deck and bulkheads in the immediate vicinity of the explosion. If any men had been standing near they would certainly have



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER WAINWRIGHT
OF THE GLOUCESTER.

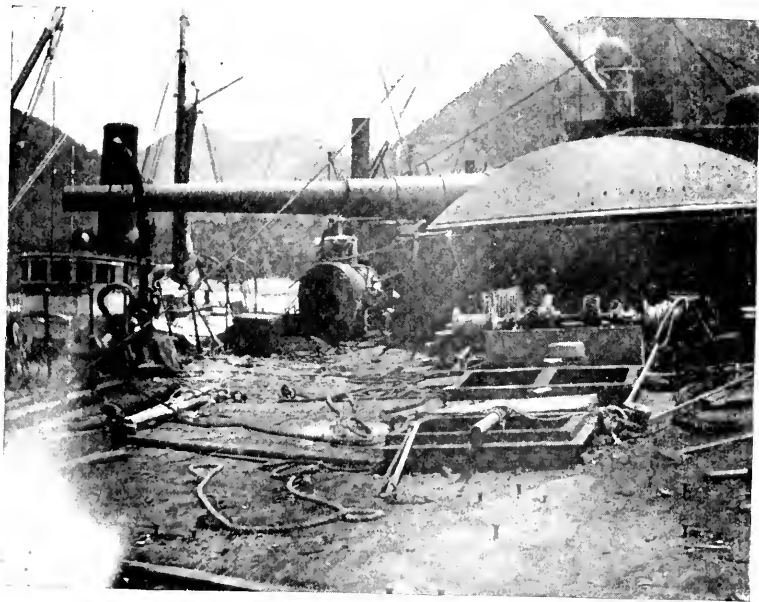
From a photograph by J. C. Hemment.

been killed or wounded. The noise when the shell exploded was terrific. One Jackie told me he thought the whole ship had blown up. The gas from the shell filled the compartment and made it almost impossible for the men to put out the fire which started on the protected deck below, where fragments of shell had passed through as the armor hatch was blown up. It is thought the shell may have held jovite. It was probably only six-inch calibre. The only way the "bosun's gang" could get at the fire was to play water from the fire main upon each other. In this way the flames were gotten under control and little damage done.

From my own point of view, the superstructure of the New York, the entire battle was splendid, the excitement intense, though the surroundings lacked the terrible energy which existed on the smoke covered battleships. However, even on the ships most hotly engaged, the scenes were not so very different from those enacted during bombardments, except that the men worked with the fierce enthusiasm that can only come with quick action and the feeling

that you are fighting an enemy after your own heart and in your own class. As the New York left Altares in the rear and sped across the harbor mouth after the Spanish fleet every man aboard was wildly anxious to get well into the fight. For two months of weary blockading and occasional bombarding the flagship and her crew had waited for such an opportunity. But above this sense of personal pride and love of ship everybody felt that the Admiral should have the chance to be in the thick of the fight. It was his firm hand that had car-

ried the tedious part of the naval campaign to this point so successfully, without one single hitch. That he should miss the battle seemed cruel. Even the firemen, who worked tirelessly below to get full steam on the boilers, felt this, and worked the harder. The intense worship of the Admiral—it is nothing less, and is inspired almost solely by his potent strength of character rather than by intimate knowledge of his personality, which few have the privilege to possess—was chiefly responsible for bringing the New York in on the heels of the Colon, after a stern chase. Until the Colon struck her colors the Admiral watched



THE DECK OF THE MARIA TERESA.

every movement. For some time he feared she would get away. His long glass was hardly ever taken from his left eye.

When the New York came up with the Gloucester, after firing four shots at one of the torpedo destroyers and hitting her fair amidships, the forts were keeping up a vigorous fire. The Admiral would not answer it, though two shells exploded right over the flagship, and others dropped all around. His continual order was: "Let us get on, on after the enemy." The Spaniards on shore, unhindered by opposing fire, proved themselves better marksmen than ever before. I had been under the fire of forts six previous times, and had never failed to duck as the shells whizzed close to us, but this morning the absorbing interest of the combat ahead of us drove away all realization of danger.

The crew got out on the forecastle, and led by Captain Chadwick waving his gold-laced cap, cheered the little Gloucester to the echo. We were then close to the torpedo destroyers, both burning fiercely amidships. Each is said to have had a crew of seventy, and only twelve men from each escaped alive. Many of them had been blown to pieces. It was pitiful to see these beautiful, long, black boats lying helpless in the water, huge columns of smoke telling of the rapid destruction going on within their hulls. They were pathetic evidences



THE MARIA TERESA BURNING.

of Spanish folly. The coming out from Morro of the destroyers in broad daylight, unprotected by the cruisers, their steaming in column along the coast, without even attempting to make a dash out, or at a ship, was the most inexcusable, unexplainable, unprecedented blunder ever made by any naval officer in the history of the world.

Right across our bows the smoking Maria Teresa was heading for the beach, closely followed by the Almirante Oquendo. By the time we passed them Cervera's flagship was ashore at Mimanima, and the Oquendo at Juan Gonzales, both in a little inlet, and distant from each other about half a mile;

from Morro Castle, about six miles. Their race had been short. The stern of the Maria Teresa was almost under water. Both ships were about half a mile from the surf that broke on the thickly wooded shore. Clustered over their decks were groups of men. At their bows was a white streak leading down to the sea. It was composed of men, dropping from the red hot decks into the water. Already in the sea were long rows of the heads of men swimming shoreward. Every now and again a magazine exploded, and the fires spread

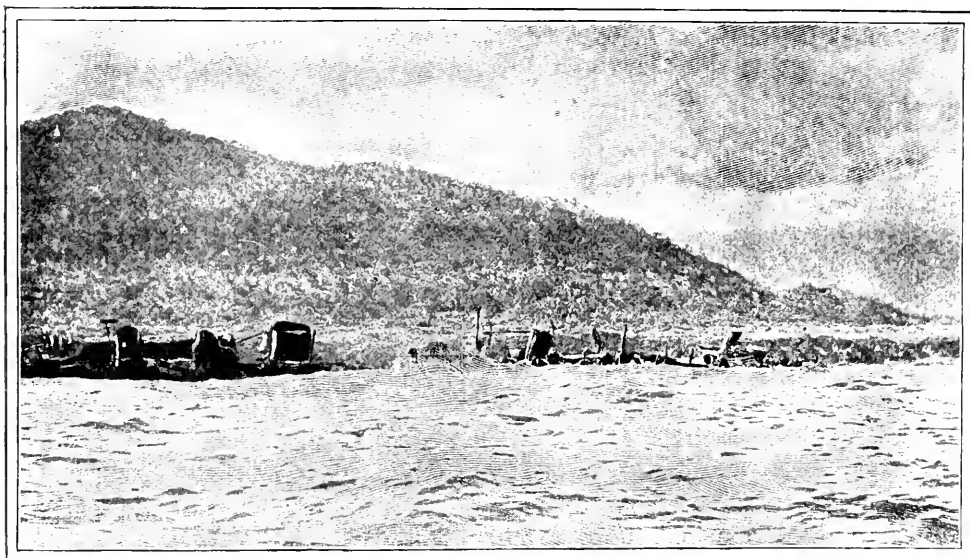


BOMBARDING THE SHORE BATTERIES.

forward. Inside the hulls the bodies of the helpless wounded were being burned. The Cubans on shore could hear, amid the hissing of flame and explosion of ammunition, the shrieks and groans of Spaniards, as the flames from the burning woodwork gradually encircled them. But the Cubans cared not, and the New York as she sped by in hot chase of the Vizcaya and Colon, knew nothing of the awful scenes going on aboard the beached vessels. It was hours afterward before we knew that many among those white groups on the burning decks were either so badly wounded or so paralyzed with fear that they could not drop over the side and swim for the shore. There was no cheering from the New York's crew as they watched the burning enemy. The sight was too grand, too awful and too

sad to allow the struggling spirit of certain victory to find vent in shouting. On we went until the Vizcaya was on our starboard beam, beached and blazing, and the Iowa close on our port side. Then we cheered the "pet of the navy," "Fighting Bob" Evans, standing at the stern shouting, "No one hurt," and the crew of the Iowa crowded over turrets, cheering for the Admiral, their old commander.

"Those damned Cubans are shooting them Spaniards!" yelled a quartermaster,

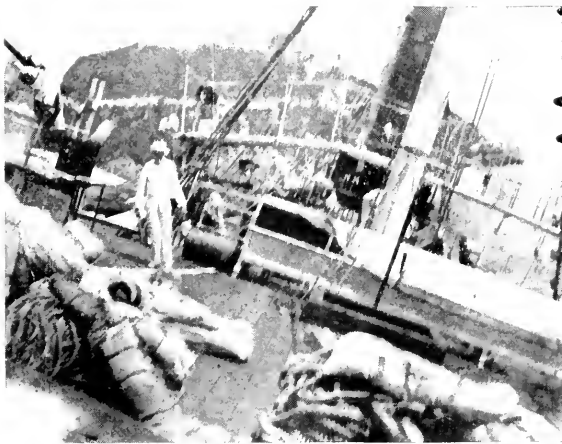


WRECK OF THE TORPEDO DESTROYER FUROR.

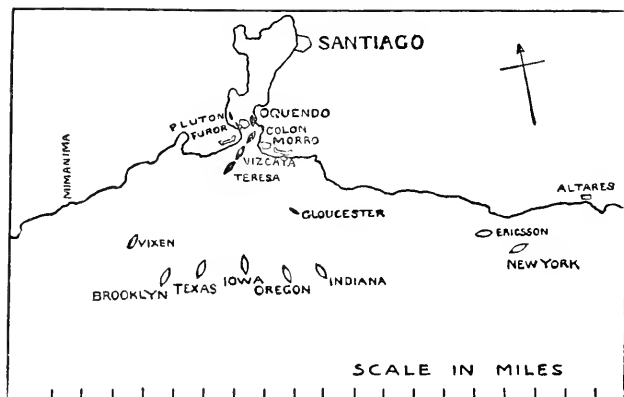
From a photograph taken the day after the battle, and kindly loaned by the New York Herald.

standing beside me. From the bushes at Asserradero came puffs of smoke. Little jets rose in the water among the Spaniards swimming from the blazing Vizcaya for the shore—bullets of half-civilized Cubans. Never did we feel so ashamed of our allies. I ran up on the bridge. "Admiral," I said, "do you see those Cubans shooting at the Spaniards, naked and escaping from a burning ship?" He waited for a moment, looked carefully, then said: "The Vizcaya couldn't have chosen a worse place. They ought to have known that Asserradero is a hotbed of Cubans." But the Iowa's boat with a flag of truce was already headed for the Vizcaya, and the Ericsson was signalled to also go in to her assistance, so the New York went on after the Colon, her decks shaking with the vibration of the engines. It was not until the next day that we heard how gallant American officers and Jackies had clambered up the red hot sides of the Vizcaya and

carried wounded men down into boats; how others swam around the Vizcaya's stern and implored the wounded men to drop into the sea from the rope ladder to which they clung with frenzied tenacity; how one Iowa man shook this rope ladder until armless, legless, half-burned Spaniards fell headlong into the water, clutching at everything they saw. They had to be knocked senseless before they could be pulled into the blood-streaked boat. All this time terrific explosions were rending the Vizcaya's red-hot decks; smoke, flames and burning splinters, rising almost as high as the green Cuban hills which formed the peaceful back-



DECK OF THE REINA MERCEDES IN SANTIAGO HARBOR.



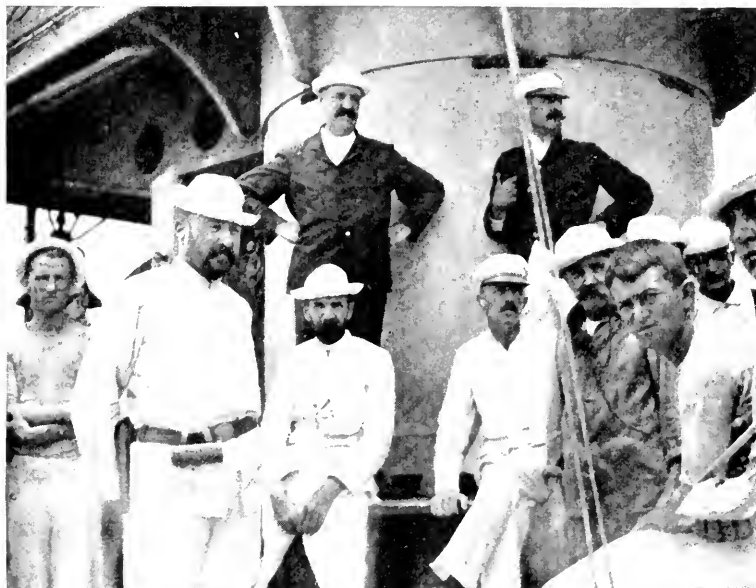
ground, and falling like the streaked glory of a rocket in a fiery shower over what once had been the pride of the Spanish navy. This was war. On our own ship it was target practice; on the Spanish ships it was hell. The Cubans demanded a receipt from Captain Evans for the naked prisoners they turned over, and Captain Evans told them they were lucky he had not opened fire on them for

their cruelty to helpless men who had struck their flag. The gallantry of our men and officers in rescuing, at imminent risk of their own lives, Spaniards from the Vizcaya, can never be overestimated.

Behind us, as we headed after the Colon, rose three great columns of smoke, marking the destruction of the crack cruisers of the Spanish navy. The torpedo destroyers had ceased burning and were sunk close inshore. Our guns were trained on the Colon, and the crew was at "general quarters," but there were no need for firing, for the shells from the Oregon had had the desired moral effect.

When we passed the Texas, Vixen, Brooklyn and Oregon there was great cheering. As we stopped within hail of the Colon we saw the flag of Spain, bedraggled, lying in folds on the quarterdeck of the stranded ship. Captain Cook of the Brooklyn had just boarded her. He was in the center of a group of Spanish officers.

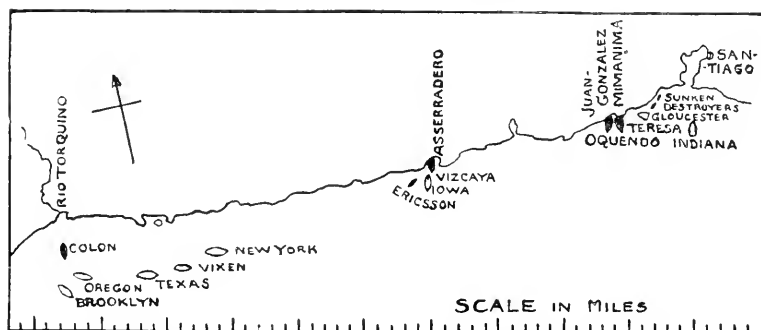
Then, when exultation, cheering and handshaking was at its height, began the woes of the war correspondent. With Associated Chief of Staff Staunton, I boarded the Vixen and headed back to Baiquiri to send despatches. Half way



OFFICERS OF THE BROOKLYN WATCHING THE CHASE OF THE COLON.

there we saw what appeared to be a Spanish battleship coming toward us. Back went the Vixen, full speed. My account of the battle was written, but it might as well have been in Central Africa. On the way we passed the Brooklyn, and she headed after the supposed Spaniard, which had changed her course to the southward. When Lieutenant Staunton informed the Admiral on the New York of the appearance of the Spaniard, he told us in turn that he was pretty sure it was the Austrian cruiser "Maria Theresa." The Austrian flag is uncommonly like the Spanish flag. But it was decided that the Vixen, on which I left my "copy," should not return at once. Then came the daring feat by Captain Chadwick, ramming the sinking Colon further onto the beach, an achievement accomplished by searchlight, watched eagerly by the Colon's former crew and officers,

and as wonderful as anything that had happened that day. All the prisoners had been put on the *Resolute* except General Paredes and his staff, who were with us on the *New York*. While the *Colon* gradually sunk, thanks to Spanish

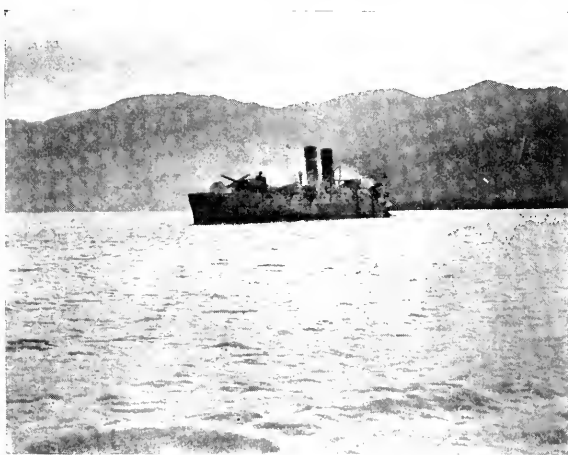


DIAGRAMS SHOWING THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE VESSELS AT THE BEGINNING AND AT THE END OF THE BATTLE.

Drawn by the author.

treachery, the torpedo-boat *Dupont* came up, having made a flying run from Guantanamo the moment the Spanish fleet was reported as moving out. Lieutenant Staunton and myself boarded her, he with the admiral's dispatches and myself without even my note book. We went back to Baiquiri at over twenty knots, and in the tiny cabin of the *Dupont* I wrote for the second time the marvelous history of that day's work. At two o'clock the next morning we were dodging ghastly land crabs and stumbling over sleeping soldiers, making our way toward the telegraph office.

The next day, after we had received on board British officers from the *Pallas* and *Alert* and the captain of the Austrian cruiser *Maria Theresa*, I went aboard the *Iowa*. An old, white-bearded, venerable man was sitting on the quarterdeck under the awning. He was talking in French to Passed-Assistant Surgeon Crandall about his country home in Spain. "Une tres petite ville, pres Cadiz," he was



THE VIZCAYA BURNING.

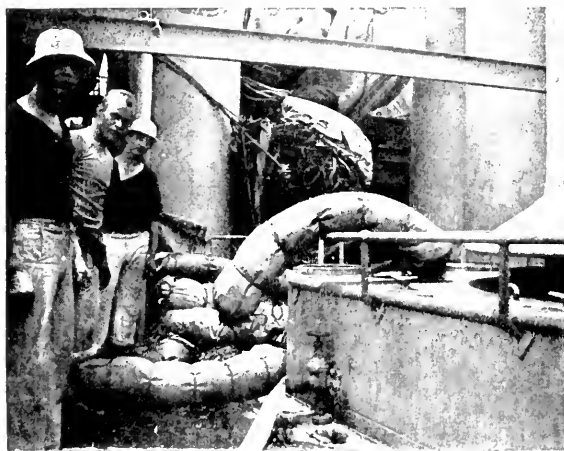
saying. Then he went on, talking poetically, pastorally; how his two daughters loved to go out, when the early morning dew lay on the ground, and gather flowers. It was Admiral Cervera. You would never have thought that the day before he commanded the flower of Spain's navy, and that since then he had seen the shell-riddled hulls of his vessels burning on the shores of Cuba. I had not the heart to interview him. Cervera's son, Captain Eulate, and thirty-four other officers were aboard the Iowa. Later in the day they were transferred to the St. Louis, with all honors due their rank, and sent north in that ship. Poor Cervera! How strangely and paradoxically God granted his prayer, signalled before leaving Santiago harbor, asking that a speedy victory would be granted! On the Iowa I was told of many acts of heroism, both on the part of the Spaniards and our own men. Captain Evans sat down in the cabin and dictated to me his



SOUNDING RETREAT ON THE BROOKLYN.

account of the battle, which has since appeared in the daily papers. It was one of the most dramatic recitals I ever heard. The Iowa, probably had a better idea of the awful results of the work of Admiral Sampson's fleet than any other ship. If you could have seen naked Spanish officers and men, burned, with limbs hanging by shreds, coming up the Iowa's sea ladder without a moan and gravely saluting Captain Evans; if you could have seen, for instance, Nicholas Gomez, the assistant surgeon of the Vizcaya, though badly wounded himself, working among his fellow countrymen and angrily refusing medical attendance until the others had been attended to, and then, when at last he consented to be operated upon, calmly smoking a cigarette, you would have realized that in the Spanish navy there are brave men, and that it was not for want of pluck that six hundred Spaniards died on doomed ships and that seventeen hundred odd

were taken prisoners. As the New York went after the Colon, she frequently veered in her course to avoid running down Spanish sailors swimming in the water, blown overboard probably and fighting for life. All that third of July, around Juan Gonzales and Asserradero, the water was tinged with blood. For days afterward charred and mangled corpses floated in the water, signs of the deadly marksmanship of the American gunner, signs of American superiority on the seas, ghastly traces of the failure of a reckless, foolhardy act that scarcely any other but a Spaniard would have dared to do.



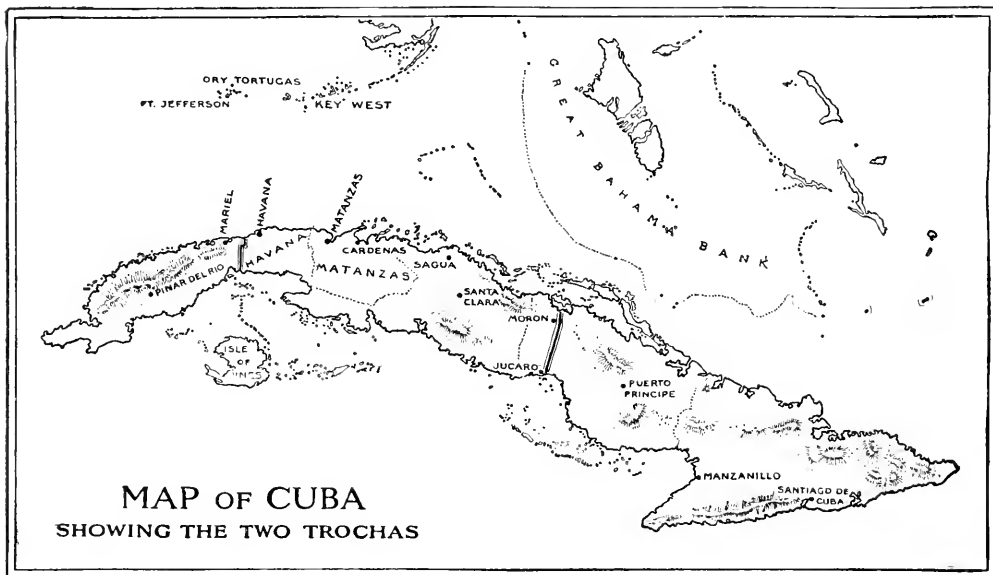
EFFECTS OF A SIX-INCH SHELL ON THE BROOKLYN.

XII

THE SURRENDER OF SANTIAGO

GEN. SHAFTER SECURES TORAL'S SURRENDER—THE NEGOTIATIONS—THE SURRENDER
—SANTIAGO AFTER THE SURRENDER.

This has been a day (July 17) of great and novel events. Over the palace of the Spanish governors in Santiago de Cuba a new flag is floating. In the Plaza de Reina, beneath the august, frowning towers of the cathedral, there are American riflemen. The legend "Vive Alfonso XIII.," on a panel inside the balcony of



the governor's palace, is dark and indistinguishable—a mere framework of rusty gaspipe, unilluminated and meaningless. And the army of the king, now become a mob of hungry, dirty men, without arms or equipment, lies out upon the hillside beneath our line of intrenchments, waiting for rations to be given them as prisoners of war.

It has been three days since General Shafter brought from between the lines the first news of the approaching end. Thirteen days only have passed since he sent in the first flag of truce by Colonel Dorst, with a demand for surrender before beginning the siege and investment. Rapid, effective work has no doubt been done during this brief period, as results are here to prove, but to men

impatient of the least delay it has seemed wearying and monotonous. One day brought forward little difference from the preceding, only changes in the front of the line, a movement of a division or brigade to the right, or the advancement of a line of intrenchments to a more commanding position or nearer by a few hundred yards to the beleaguered city.

SURRENDER OF GENERAL TORAL.

This clear, bright Sunday morning there came a sudden, enlivening change upon the whole scene. Before the sun was two hours high six Spanish officers,



SPANISH WINE HOUSE NEAR ENTRANCE OF SANTIAGO.

mounted, came up to our picket line on the Sevilla road. One carried a silver-incased sword in addition to his own. A squad of cavalry met them and they were escorted to General Shafter's tent. The sword was General Toral's. General Shafter received it and gave it in charge of an aid. Along the slope of the hill groups of mounted officers appear. The major who has ridden in front dismounts and reports to the commanding general. A bugle sounds, a troop of cavalry forms in the trail below; General Shafter mounts his great bay horse, and with Gen. Joe Wheeler by his side, the Spanish envoys, the division and brigade commanders and their staff officers following, rides off to the Sevilla road.

The place chosen for the ceremony of surrender was a gentle slope a little way in front of the Spanish intrenchments and about 200 yards beyond our picket line,

on the main thoroughfare leading eastward from Santiago and known as the Sevilla road. The cavalry was drawn up in line extending to the left of the road, General Shafter and the escorting generals taking position at the right. Their horses were hardly brought to a stand before General Toral appeared at the head of a Spanish column on the road. The Spanish commander and his escort reined their horses opposite General Shafter, and a battalion of Spanish infantry, with buglers at their head, marched before him and down the line of American cavalymen at quick-step to the music of the Spanish bugle salute. When at the end of the line they countermarched, and our buglers chimed in with their salute. It was an odd medley of blaring notes, but extremely thrilling, that lasted until the Spanish were formed in line facing the cavalry. General Shafter rode forward a few paces and was met by General Toral. A few words of greeting, with the aid of an interpreter, and the aid holding the latter's sword was summoned to restore it to its owner. General Toral then presented his junior in command, General Escarol, and General Shafter presented in turn the generals of the corps. The bugle salutes were repeated and the Spanish column marched back to the city, General Toral and his staff following.

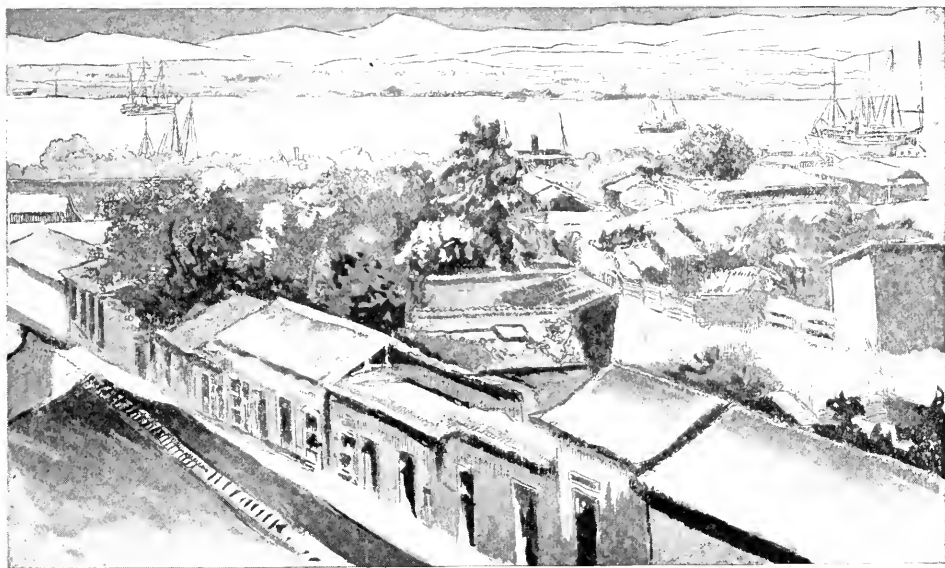
APPEARANCE OF THE SPANIARDS.

There was a moment of delay, and the column of disarmed Spanish soldiers began to file past toward the fields assigned them for their camping ground. They were a sad-looking lot, more wretched in appearance even than the scrawny little fellows we have sometimes found astray in the woods, though there was distinguishable in the faces of most of them a lurking malignity such as I have never before seen common to a company of men except in prisons or penitentiaries. Their light uniforms of striped blue hung about them in limp and dirty tatters; their shapeless chip hats drooped to their shoulders, and when their thin forms were bent under burdens of foraged provender they seemed as little like the component parts of an army as anything one can imagine. But the officers, though they, too, are pygmies beside our big West Pointers, wore their swords and held their heads up very proudly. Every four-footed creature in the town, however badly broken down, was levied upon to carry out the supplies and personal effects. Later in the day I saw two Spanish soldiers driving a pack mule with a broken leg that hung by a few shreds of clotted hide. If he put the bleeding stump to the ground and staggered from pain they prodded him on. An officer passed them on the road and made a humorous remark in Spanish, which all three enjoyed. Such brutality is disheartening, but it is part of the same savage, implacable character that made these thin-chested, dirty conscripts fight at El Caney and San Juan like demons.

The delay was of only a few minutes' duration to permit this straggling procession to pass. General Shafter, his staff and escort then proceeded on into the captured city. At the edge of the city Senor Leonardo Ros, the civil governor, met him and conducted him on toward the palace, once the proud home of the royal governors of Cuba when Santiago was its capital city, and now representing all that is left of Spanish authority in the easternmost province.

ENTERING THE CITY.

Our ride into the city was like the opening of a worn, decayed and worm-eaten book. At each turn, indeed wherever we looked, in the narrow streets, the low, lattice-windowed houses, painted blue, pink or yellow, the old, dismantled plazas and half-ruined churches, there were stories just distinguishable, but only partly told. What a multitude of great events they suggest! And yet how little of all that has happened here is even faintly divined. For we are in the oldest city in the new world, the city whence Cortez sailed to conquer



SANTIAGO DE CUBA.

Mexico and the beginning of Spanish dominion in the west. It is a passing thought that perchance it is historic irony that has directed the first great power to arise in the west to come here to Santiago, where Spain first exercised and abused her authority, and humbled her. But the memory of other events crowd upon the mind. Over there by the seashore—we catch scarcely more than a glimpse of the place as we go on toward the city—is the spot where the crew of the *Virginia* was shot in 1869. We pass directly under the long, narrow buildings of the military hospital. There are 1,739 sick men confined there, and all the grated windows are now full of pale faces eager to see what sort of men the conquerors are. As we go on, the streets become narrower and dirtier, the houses more gloomy and more forbidding without. Some are of two stories, with a balcony above, but those showing evidences of greatest respectability

are upon a single floor elevated a few feet above the pavement. The windows are generally above the reach of peeping passers-by and are provided with heavy grating or lattice-work. Wherever there is a door or window open one sees through a single room into an inner court, provided with a fountain and a bower of green plants. But the fountains are all dry, for the water supply from the mountains was cut off a week ago.

BEFORE THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE.

The head of the column of invaders has reached the governor's palace in the Plaza de Reina. It is the proudest spot in Santiago de Cuba, but to-day it is deserted, except by the poor people of the town and a dozen, scarcely more, civil officials. Even the great portals of the cathedral opposite are closed and the place is vacant. The portico of the Club de San Carlos, on the east side of the square, is deserted, and the fashionable Cafe de Venus, on the west side, entertains none except a few men of manifest station grouped about the main entrance. They gaze sullenly at the strange trespassers. We had passed through crowds in some of the humbler thoroughfares, where were heard sometimes exclamations of pleasure—"Good!" "Good Americans!" "What big men!" "What fine horses!" "Giants; they could eat us up!" But in the faces of these men there was indicated only hatred.

The civil police—soldiers undistinguishable from the rest of the Spanish army except that their uniforms were trimmed with red—prepared the way for Governor Ros and his guests. At the door of the palace they all dismounted and passed into a large audience room, an imposing apartment. Apparently it belonged to his own suite of living rooms, for there were bedrooms adjoining it, and evidence was not lacking of recent occupation, although everything was in the most perfect order. But in the great hall where the governor conducted the general and his staff was centered all the good taste and elegance I was able to discover anywhere in Santiago. And yet its decoration was simple. The floor was of tessellated tiling and the walls were plain, except for a soft tint of pale blue and trimming of gilt. On either side of the room and extending to the lofty ceiling were long mirrors of finest material. The doors and windows were hung with heavy Turkish tapestries, and the furniture was of a superb old pattern and of solid mahogany.

Here where Spain has made merry for more than two centuries our soldiers were conducted. Their sabers clanked on the stone floor. Some were thirsty and without further ceremony hurried to the water jug standing in a shady corner of the inner court. Others, wearied by days of ceaseless labor, betook themselves to the fine big-armed chairs and lit cigars.

THE ARCHBISHOP APPEARS.

In the meantime General Shafter at the head of the great room was receiving the local council and other civic officials. As the last of them passed in to address him a little old man, with the purple robe and round cap of a bishop, accompanied by three priests in black gowns, entered the main door. Those who stood at the entrance made way reverently and the prelate advanced through the

crowd of officers toward the head of the room. He was of no small importance in this Spanish community, Fray Francisco Saenz de Virturi y Crespo, archbishop of the province. He was immediately given a seat beside the general, and with the aid of an interpreter they conversed with apparent satisfaction. Then when he rose every man in the room stood with military precision at attention until he had passed and gone out.

It was now near 11 o'clock in the morning. The governor, seeking to do the honors properly, had prepared a luncheon for the general and his principal



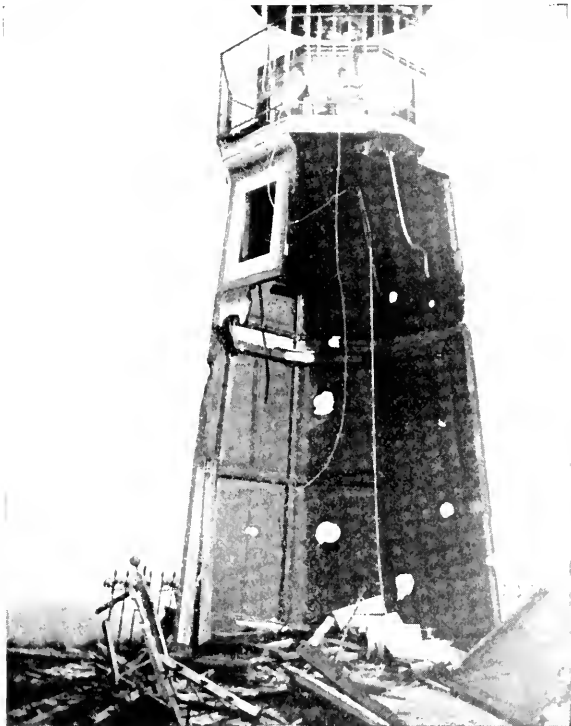
AFFECTS OF AN EIGHT-INCH SHELL ON THE SHORE BATTERIES.

officers. Members of the staff put in the time strolling about the captured city. At 11:45 every one was at his station for the raising of the stars and stripes where no flag save Spain's had ever before floated. Rafferty's squadron of the Second Cavalry stood in a formidable line before the palace. On the broad flag walks bisecting the little square were marshaled all the commanding and staff officers in the order of their seniority, General Shafter standing at the front. Behind was the Sixth Cavalry band and two battalions of the Second Infantry in line in command of that tall, grizzled Indian fighter, General McKibben. Back of the square in the narrow street in front of the cathedral the remaining battalion of the Second Infantry was drawn up.

RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES.

All stood at attention. The hands on the clock in the cathedral tower indicated 5 minutes of 12. Lieutenant Miley, Lieutenant Wheeler and Captain McKittrick were at the base of the flagpole, Lieutenant Miley, tall and commanding, in the center, holding the halyards and ready to hoist at the first stroke of 12.

It was a moment of thrilling suspense which can never be forgotten by any one who witnessed the scene.



A LIGHT HOUSE DEMOLISHED BY A SHELL FROM THE VESUVIUS.

Every window and portico at every side and corner of that little quadrangle was filled with dusky faces; the great stone steps leading up from either side to the wide portals of the cathedral were packed, and yet not a sound could be distinguished. It was the hush of awe. We felt, and the crouching Spaniard in the shade of the street corner must have had the same feeling instinctively, that a great power was moving there before us. We watched the slowly changing hands of the clock. The clock strikes. The flag jumps to the top of the mast above the legend "Vive Alfonso XIII."

"Present arms!" came from the throat of General McKibben.

There was a rattle of saber links and rifle locks. The opening strain of "The Star-Spangled Banner" filled the air.

Every hat came off and we watched our handsome banner float in the breeze, the world's token of a people's government. Until the end of the anthem we watched it silently, lovingly. Then came the merry notes, "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and we eased our full hearts with rousing cheers repeated again and again.

When the music ceased, from all directions around our line came floating across the plaza the strains of the regimental bands and the muffled, hoarse cheers of our troops.

The Infantry came to "order arms" a moment later after the flag was up, and

the band played "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys." Instantly General McKibbon called for three cheers for General Shafter, which were given with great enthusiasm, the band playing Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever." President McKinley's congratulatory telegram was then read to each regiment.

The ceremony over, General Shafter and his staff returned to the American lines, leaving the city in the possession of the municipal authorities, subject to the control of General McKibbon. The Thirteenth and Ninth regiments of infantry will remain in the city to enforce order and exercise municipal authority.

Since 4 o'clock this morning a stream of refugees has been pouring into the city, some naked and all hungry, skeletons and footsore. Many had fallen by the wayside. The town of Santiago presents a dismal sight. Most of the houses have been sacked and the stores have all been looted and nothing to eat can be had for love or money. In the streets of the city this morning, at the entrenchments, at the breastworks and at every hundred feet or so of the barbed wire fences were the living skeletons of Spanish soldiers.

Among the arrivals to-day were the German, Japanese and Portuguese consuls and their families, the British and French consuls having arrived day before yesterday.

Under Morro Castle, Harbor of Santiago de Cuba, July 17, 3 p. m. (via Playa del Este, Province of Santiago de Cuba).—At exactly 9 o'clock this morning the Spanish flag was lowered from the staff crowning the heights upon which battered Morro Castle spreads half way. The lowering of this emblem of the sovereignty of Spain, now defunct in this part of the world, was witnessed by a few Spanish and American troops on shore and by the Brooklyn, New York, Vixen and Vesuvius, lying within a few hundred yards of the harbor entrance.

Almost immediately after the flag was hauled down steam launches commanded by Lieutenants Hobson and Palmer entered the harbor, penetrating as far as the firing stations of the submarine mines. These mines were judged to be not so formidable as expected, and later in the afternoon they were all exploded under the supervision of the Vixen. It was seen that two mines had been exploded at the time of the entrance of the Merrimac into the channel of Santiago harbor, but it is not thought that either of them had anything to do with the sinking of the craft. Six or seven steamers in the harbor fall as prizes to the army and navy. The Spanish gunboat Alvarez had already been taken possession of by a prize crew from the New York. The other vessels lie at the other end of the harbor, at Santiago proper.

Soon after noon Commodore Schley, with Captain Cook of the Brooklyn, Lieut. J. H. Sears, the flag lieutenant; Lieut. R. W. Wells, the flag secretary, and three invited correspondents of the Associated Press, went into the harbor on a steam launch, which moved slowly in order to make close observations of the Spanish forts and batteries. Every one expressed satisfaction at the fact that Morro Castle was not demolished by the bombardment. Captain Cook remarked: "We need El Morro as an object lesson, and America is rather shy on ruins, anyhow." The old fort stands on the bluff, terrace fashion. From the water's edge to the cliff there are numerous caves formed by the action

of the waves, and around the base and in the superstructure are not a few caves made by the navy's projectiles. It would appear, however, that only one bastion was knocked to pieces, while the queer little sentry boxes, dating back to the sixteenth century, escaped almost intact.

Morro Castle is the only imposing fortification in the harbor, and it is only so in appearance, since not a gun is mounted within or on the crumbled walls. In fact, all the batteries, masked and open, dwindled in their terror-inspiring qualities as the inspection grew closer. Crowning the hill on the west side of the entrance were the famous six-inch rapid-fire guns from the Spanish cruiser *Reina Mercedes*. These were ugly looking and dangerous, while below, on brick foundations on the western shore of the entrance, were some revolving guns. These were the ones which poured such a bitter fire into the *Merrimac*.

Directly east of Morro Castle, on the crest of the plateau-like cliff, were six big guns, one or two of which were dismantled. The *Estrella* battery and a small neighbor further in showed no guns, while the famous *Cayo Smith* was filled with blue, white and yellow houses situated in groves of flowering trees, some of the buildings looking as if they had been the resorts of pleasure-seekers in happier times. Others were humble enough in appearance for fishermen's houses. All were deserted and, strange to say, not one apparently had been touched by a hostile projectile.

On the inside of the slope and hill to the westward some hastily constructed but very comforting casements were seen, into which the Spanish gunners were wont to retire when our ships opened fire. When the firing ceased the gunners had only a few steps to climb to their six-inch rapid-fire guns, which nearly always fired a few spiteful farewell shots. At *Punta Gorda* there were two four-inch guns, one above the other, neither protected by even sand or earth. These commanded the harbor entrance pretty well, but they could have been silenced by one well-directed heavy shell.

Commodore Schley has over and over again expressed the belief that our fleet probably could have entered the harbor without the loss of a single ship. The mines might have stopped ingress by sinking the leading ship. But this is the chance of war, and not so grave as many taken during the civil strife, nor as serious as would have been the situation had there been good batteries, properly manned, in the harbor.

Commodore Schley's party first steamed around the wreck of the *Reina Mercedes*, which lies with her bow pointed toward the city. She had a list to starboard and rested on a reef near the foot of Morro cliff. The cruiser was sunk to the upper deck, on which one six-inch gun remained. One torpedo tube was loaded and the auxiliary battery seemed in place. Evidently the crew of the *Reina Mercedes* had left in a hurry. This is less to be wondered at when it is noted that there were great gaps in her sides, showing where two twelve-inch and two thirteen-inch shells had struck her. The sea washed through the after cabin, which was decorated in old-fashion style, and the wind fluttered a red silk curtain, which could be plainly seen over an inner door as the launch steamed by. About 600 yards ahead of the *Reina Mercedes* and almost in line with her was the

wreck of the Merrimac lying in fully six fathoms of water on the very edge of the channel. Had not the current swung the doomed ship alongside instead of athwart the channel the latter would have been well blocked. When Assistant Naval Constructor Hobson took the collier into the harbor he was hunting for a four-fathom spot; he missed it by a few hundred yards.

At the firing station on the west side, which Commodore Schley inspected in person, the American party met a Spanish artillery captain, who was courteous, but gloomy. Commodore Schley was his own interpreter and advised the officer, with the few men under his command, to go up to the city and surrender as quickly as possible. When the Spanish captain was asked to point out the route to the



A CAPTURED GUN ON SOCAPA BATTERY.

six-inch battery on the west hill he said there was none and explained that the way to get there was over steep, rocky and difficult ground. It was learned later that this was not true, and it was surmised that the Spaniard was anxious to prevent the Americans from seeing the damage done by the bombardment. Commodore Schley then said he was determined to have a glimpse at Santiago city, and the launch was headed along the west side of the channel, going slowly and sticking to the shallow water lest some contact mine put an end, as the commodore remarked, "to our quiet pleasure party."

Skirting the broad, lake-like spot in the harbor, where the Spanish fleet, destroyed two weeks ago to-day, used to lie during the bombardments, and noting the brilliantly painted buoys which marked the shallows, Punta Gorda was rounded, and, distant about two miles, the city of Santiago shone out, the cathedral being

especially well defined and the masts and funnels of not a few vessels showing at its wharves. At that distance Santiago did not show any traces of the destruction wrought by the 101 out of the 106 eight-inch shells fired on the city last Monday.

Returning to the Brooklyn, Commodore Schley, accompanied by his staff, entered the harbor this evening soon after the mines were exploded.

Captain Cook of the Brooklyn is authority for the statement that the former Spanish flagship, the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, has floated off the reef on which she stranded, and that her heavy armament is practically uninjured. The captain also says this cruiser will almost surely be saved and form an addition to the United States navy, a trophy of the glorious 3d of July. The *Cristobal Colon* may also be saved, though a good deal depends upon the weather, which is very uncertain at this time of the year. A heavy storm might drive the cruiser so high on the coral reef that it would be impossible to float her.

Many of the naval men are outspoken in their criticism of the treatment of the *Colon* immediately after her surrender. They believe the ship could have been saved when she slipped back from the reef into deep waters had divers, carpenters and machinists with a competent prize crew been sent on board of her.

The crew of the Brooklyn regarded the *Vizcaya* as its particular enemy since the time when they were both present at Queen Victoria's jubilee display, when there was much comment abroad on what a good fight might be expected between the two ships if they ever met.

Of the four big ships in Admiral Cervera's fleet only two are surely doomed to destruction. They are the *Vizcaya* and the *Almirante Oquendo*, and these as a coincidence were the two cruisers which went into Havana harbor after the blowing up of the *Maine* and were moored near the wreck of the United States battleship in all the bravery of paint, gilding and bunting, seeming to gloat over the ruin caused, while the people of Havana shouted themselves hoarse, fired myraids of bombs and bragged unceasingly of what the two formidable armored cruisers of Spain would do with the United States navy should ever a fair fight be possible.

"Surely," remarked Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright of the *Gloucester*, formerly of the *Maine*, "this avenges the *Maine*."

Speaking of the military victories of July 1 and 2 and of the naval victory of July 3, Commodore Schley said, seriously: "These victories may serve not only to deprive Spain of her colonial possessions, but to bring about a change of frontiers in Europe. Spain cannot get the terms now which she might have had two months ago. What can she hope for in six months more of such warfare? 'Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad.'"—*Herbert Billman, Special Correspondent of the Chicago Record.*



GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

XIII

THE CAMPAIGN IN PUERTO RICO

BY HENRY BARRETT CHAMBERLIN,

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR THE CHICAGO RECORD

With a confidence akin to that of a great surgeon, who cuts quickly, deftly and boldly, regardless of theories, because he knows that he is master and has no fears of results, Major General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the army of the United States, operated in Puerto Rico and conducted a campaign which, even at this early day, has given him place among the great commanders of the world. It was a remarkable invasion, this entry into the country of an enemy, while the subsequent details of the army's forward movement are such as to cause surprise and admiration on the part of those who are acquainted with the art of war, although, perhaps, leading the casual observer of feats of arms to look upon the most clever bit of strategy known to modern warfare as a highly amusing exhibition of mimic strife.

Whatever the humorous side of this particular campaign of the Spanish-American war of 1898, it will be found, when the final deductions are drawn and proper credit accorded, that this specific movement was as nice an operation as any for which the most fastidious admirer of thoroughbred generalship might ask. A commanding general who is so able as to lead his men to consider war as he conducts it a mere recreation, and infuses confidence to such an extent that soldiers grumble when the word comes that peace is to put a stop to further hostilities, it is entitled to consideration.

When General Miles sailed with his expedition to Puerto Rico, his instructions, prepared by the strategists at Washington, directed that he disembark at the northeastern part of the island, where the light of Cape San Juan gleams a warning to mariners in both the Atlantic and Caribbean. Fajardo was to have been the first city captured, and then a march of some thirty odd miles was to have brought the army within striking distance of San Juan, the capital, a city so strongly fortified that a long siege would be required before its surrender could be secured. As the government at Madrid was placed in possession of the proposed plan as quickly as the information reached the commanding general, he decided that a change of program was advisable, and consequently struck at a time and place not anticipated by the Spanish.

Guanica, a little city of 1,000 inhabitants on the southern coast, and about six miles south of Yauco, of which it forms the port, was made the objective of the expedition. The bay is one of the best in the whole island, the banks to the right being steep and forming a splendid wharf, while a blockhouse on the hill was the fortification. A shell from the Gloucester fired in the direction of the small garrison was the first official intimation that the Americans had arrived, and to emphasize the fact that they had come to stay, a party of blue jackets were

landed from Wainwright's saucy yacht, followed soon after by a detachment of artillery and two infantry regiments, the Sixth Illinois and Sixth Massachusetts, the way being prepared for the last arrivals by Company A, Provisional Battalion of Engineers, under Capt. Taylor E. Brown, of Chicago. In the lively skirmishing which followed the landing half a dozen Spaniards were killed, a squadron of the enemy's cavalry driven away by shells from the Gloucester, and then, as the troops pushed on to Yauco, the Puerto Ricans appeared from their hiding places and assured the invaders that they were most welcome.

Captain Brown's engineers began the construction of a pier, and General Miles



THE CAMP OF THE 4TH OHIO, NEAR ARROYO

himself, anxious to hasten the work, went about in his steam launch, and, gathering together the pontoons dropped from the transports, towed them to the point designated by the engineers. The sight of the commander-in-chief doing orderly service for the engineer officer was one of the sights which added to the unusual in the Puerto Rican campaign. The next day came quite a brisk bit of skirmishing, in which the Massachusetts and Illinois regiments won their laurels by charging up a hill and putting to flight a squadron of cavalry, establishing themselves without loss, although the contest was one of smoky Springfields against smokeless repeating Mausers, with infantry on the aggressive, and the enemy's loss eight men killed and several wounded.

So pleased was General Miles with his initial attack and the unexpected friendliness of the native Puerto Ricans, who swore eternal loyalty to the United States and issued proclamations calling upon everyone to revere the memory of Washington and accept the Americans as brothers, that he issued this announcement, the greeting meeting with such favor that alcaldes of the smaller towns in the neighborhood came into camp to surrender their municipalities before a formal demand could be made.

PROCLAMATION.

"HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES, GUANICA, July 27, 1898.—*To the Inhabitants of Puerto Rico:* In the prosecution of the war against the Kingdom of Spain by the people of the United States in the name of liberty, justice and humanity, its military forces have come to occupy the island of Puerto Rico. They come bearing the banner of freedom, inspired by a noble purpose, to seek the enemies of our country and yours, and to destroy or capture all who are in armed resistance. They bring you the fostering arm of a nation of free people, whose greatest power is in its justice and humanity to all those living within its fold. Hence the first effect of this occupation will be the immediate release from your former political relations, and it is hoped a cheerful acceptance of the government of the United States.

"The chief object of the American military forces will be to overthrow the armed authority of Spain and give to the people of your beautiful island the largest measure of liberty consistent with this military occupation.

"We have not come to make a war upon the people of a country that for centuries has been oppressed, but, on the contrary, to bring you protection, not only to yourselves, but to your property, to promote your prosperity and bestow upon you the immunities and blessings of the liberal institutions of our government. It is not our purpose to interfere with any existing laws and customs that are wholesome and beneficial to your people so long as they conform to the rules of military administration of order and justice.

"This is not a war of devastation, but one to give to all within the control of the military and naval forces the advantages and blessings of enlightened civilization.

NELSON A. MILES,

"Major General Commanding United States Army."

When, on July 28, General Miles, leaving Brig.-Gen. Guy V. Henry in command at Guanica and Yauco, with instructions to proceed toward and occupy Guayanilla, proceeded by sea with the main body of his command to the port of Ponce, he encountered a situation which surprised him and caused the entire army to wonder whether or not the invasion of Puerto Rico was an act of war or merely a triumphal procession into a friendly country.

The day before Commander Davis of the Dixie had accepted the surrender of the place without finding an excuse for firing a single shot, while the coming of the armed forces of the United States was made the occasion for a remarkable scene of jubilation.

As the troopships steamed into the harbor hundreds of small boats filled with Puerto Ricans came out to extend a welcome. When the cutter in which the

general rowed ashore started, the Puerto Ricans followed in seemingly endless procession, shouting, "Viva Los Americanos," while one hoarse voiced individual, who had evidently prepared himself for the day, roared in broken English, "Long live Washington," a sentiment which found enthusiastic favor with his countrymen, and, thus encouraged, he shouted it again and again, to the amusement of the officers, who with difficulty restrained their merriment.

The entire population participated in the rejoicing. There was music in the streets and plazas; the houses were decorated with brilliant colors; the flags of a dozen nations flying over the consulates along the water front gave the place



A CULVERT OF THE MILITARY ROAD PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY THE SPANIARDS

the appearance of a most energetic midway, while anything that bore the least likeness to the colors in the American flag was profusely used for decorative purposes. Streamers of red, white and blue flew from every balcony and every roof. The wharf, the streets, the roofs, the balconies were crowded with men, women and children in holiday attire. The firemen and the volunteers of the Puerto Rican army paraded in uniform and petitioned General Miles to be permitted to enlist in our army, and similar requests were made by many citizens. Hardly had the landing commenced than the commanding general and staff received invitations to dine with public officials, and the outlook for a social campaign of a month was more promising than the chances of blood-letting.

The enthusiasm everywhere was intense and the sentiment of all was voiced

by a prominent merchant, who declared in a speech that "We are glad that the United States is to be our country." The good-will of the people was most winning, the country beautiful, and it almost made the Americans feel foolish to find the inhabitants of the invaded island expressing despair, not at our coming with arms in our hands to conquer them, but because of their inability to do more to assist the invaders to enjoy themselves. The local newspapers rejoiced editorially at the peaceful capture of the city and declared that Spanish rule on the western hemisphere was at an end.

Almost immediately upon the landing of the troops the brigade under Brigadier-General Ernst was pushed along the two miles of boulevard to the city of



SPANISH LIGHT ARTILLERY NEAR SAN JUAN

Ponce, lying north of the port. Here also the prevailing sentiment was that of enthusiastic Americanism. Citizens of every class vied with each other to make the welcome complete. The first ovation at the port was emphasized in the city, and our own people could not show a greater reverence for the flag than did the Puerto Ricans. Heads were uncovered when the regiments marched through the streets, with colors flying, and at the music of "The Star-Spangled Banner" the people gave ceremonious attention. It was to them the melody of liberty, indicative that the island was at last to be free, after centuries of Spanish oppression and misrule.

Proclamations enjoining the acceptance of American domination as the greatest blessing granted by God to the inhabitants of the country were frequent, and emanated from the civil authorities as well as political, commercial and social

leaders. Almost every imaginable sort of organization issued a proclamation, and the citizens appeared to have gone delirious with joy.

On the first Sunday night in Ponce after the occupation the excellent band of the Third Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry gave a concert in the plaza, and 5,000 people cheered themselves hoarse as the strains of patriotic music were heard, and stood uncovered at respectful attention when the soldiers shouted in thunderous chorus, "Hurrah for the Red, White and Blue."

But there was more than mere lip service. Earnestness of purpose marked



THE SPANISH MILITARY ROAD WINDING UP TO THE SPANISH INTRENCHED POSITION AT AIBONITO

the new era. Loyalty to the stars and stripes evidenced itself in many ways. The civil authorities, directed to resume their functions by our military commanders, recommenced their work with extraordinary vigor. The local department of public works set hundreds of laborers to the task of cleaning the thoroughfares, and the really excellent streets were soon as cleanly as any avenue forming part of an American park system. The gas and electric light companies put their plants in immediate operation, the telephone people began to extend their lines, while the ice manufactory started again, after a long idleness, with an energy never before suspected in Puerto Rico. The volunteer fire department, pride of Ponce, resumed active duty; hospital officials opened their model institutions

to the Americans, and everywhere was shown a disposition to do that which would prove by deeds the new spirit of American patriotism.

The policy of General Miles not to interfere with the local institutions of Puerto Rico was most popular, and the people, who at first feared sudden innovations, were delighted. The Spanish mediæval system of courts was permitted to continue as it had for four hundred years, provided that no obstacle was placed in American occupation of the land. All that was required was the oath of allegiance, and the Puerto Rican was allowed to go about his business as usual. The Anglo-Saxon idea of putting men on their honor was a new one, but it became immensely popular from the moment of its introduction at Ponce, finding the Puerto Ricans its strongest advocates. Every man who subscribed to the simple oath at police headquarters seemed to become imbued at once with a kind of enthusiastic Americanism which made him urge his friends to follow his example.

One of the first orders published by the military authorities was that requiring a systematic administration of the oath to all officials in towns which had surrendered, and the first men to be sworn were the three judges of the highest civil and criminal court of Ponce. For the first time in the history of the United States, judges in a foreign and supposedly hostile country swore, with God's help, to support the constitution of the United States. The situation was novel. In all the legal literature of our country no form of oath exactly fitted, so the judge-advocate, Lieutenant-Colonel Klous, extemporized this:

"I, do declare upon oath that during the occupation of the Island of Puerto Rico by the United States of America, I renounce and abjure all allegiance and fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty, and particularly to the Queen Regent and King of Spain, and that I will support the constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign or domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; further, that I will faithfully support the government of the United States as established by the military authorities of the same, on the Island of Puerto Rico, and yield obedience to the same, and that I take this obligation freely, without mental reservation or purpose of evasion, so help me God."

The ceremony was an example of American simplicity. The native judges, accustomed to Spanish ceremonial, appeared at 10 o'clock on the morning of August 2. They found the judge-advocate with an interpreter in a small room of the building occupied by General Wilson as headquarters. The judges remained standing and the colonel stared at them through his spectacles as the interpreter read the translated oath. "Raise your right hands," he said. The judges obeyed. "Do you swear?" he inquired. "Sí," came from the three men, and the ceremony was over.

The priests of the cathedral of Ponce are of the order of Vincent de Paul, and one of them, Father Janices, speaks English fluently. He it was who delivered the sermon in New York on the occasion of the Spanish memorial services after the death of Canovas. He expressed the sentiments of the loyalists when speaking of the church in Puerto Rico, during the course of which conversation he said:

"We are neither cowards nor liars. We do not deny that we have always been loyal Spaniards, but we realize that the chief duty of the church is to save

souls, not mingle in international quarrels. With all our hearts we welcome the Americans. Your constitution protects all religions, and we ask only for our church that protection which it has always enjoyed in the United States. The archbishop of Puerto Rico is now in Spain, and the vicar-general at San Juan is acting. We shall no longer look to him as the ecclesiastical head, but so soon as possible will communicate with Cardinal Gibbons and await his wishes. Should any American soldier desire the ministrations of a priest we shall always be at his disposal. We have determined to become loyal Americans."

During the first week of the occupation of Ponce the situation was one of



LOOKING INTO THE VALLEY AT CAVEY FROM THE HEIGHTS AT AIBONITO

curious interest. The forward movement was slow, not because the roads were other than magnificent boulevards, but rather because the commanding general was in no hurry. He was mapping out a plan of campaign almost perfect in its detail, for it was designed to win all that was sought with the minimum of blood-letting. In the interval the people and the soldiers became most friendly. The shop-keepers, who at first thought their stores were to be looted, found that they had better protection than ever before. They also entered upon an era of immediate prosperity, for when the exchange rate for money was two of the Puerto Rican coin for a good American dollar bill, the soldiers invested all their

cash in the new silver, and this they spent with a recklessness never before witnessed in the island.

Officers and many of the enlisted men took up their abode in the hotels, and although the streets were filled with armed and uniformed men, the atmosphere was that of a great military pleasure junket rather than the stern business of war. Everyone appeared to enjoy the affair, and one of the favorite forms of greeting, when the good fellows of the army and navy took coffee in the hotel gardens in the morning before breakfast (which is served at noon), was: "Hello, old chap! Are you going to the front this morning?" "Well, I don't know," would be the reply. "It depends upon circumstances. It's too blamed hot to ride a horse, but if I can find a decent rig I may take a drive out in the direction of the enemy in the cool of the evening."

More and more friendly became the association between the citizens and the soldiers. It was emphasized when a German merchant arrived with a dozen bales of American flags, about a week after the army landed, and everybody in town bought a bit of bunting. The city was literally covered with the tricolor. Hackmen, drivers of ox-carts, even the boatmen in the bay at the port, invested and a veritable feast of flags was on. The merchants hung out signs bearing the inscription, "English spoken here," and it was, although the speaking was done by the patrons. One energetic dealer in wines, anxious to adopt the American customs and attract purchasers, caused to be displayed this placard: "A lot of fine old Madeira for sale. Buy quick. Only several bottles left."

It was a jolly week, that first seven days in Ponce, but it was not all play. Serious business was being conducted, and a lasting impression created. Hundreds of ox-carts and thousands of laborers were employed by the army, as troops, ordnance, stores and ammunition were brought ashore from the transports. The artillery arrived, and as the field pieces, drawn by large, strong American horses, rumbled through the narrow streets, the people looked on in awe, and then, as regiment after regiment of stalwart fellows from the west marched past in fighting trim, the conviction that the Americans were invincible took deeper root in the minds of the people, and the news spread inland and on to the coast beyond the second range of mountains, where the captain-general was marshaling his forces to resist the assault to come when the invaders appeared before the capital.

But one day, at a time when those not in the confidence of the commanding general had begun to look upon the campaign in Puerto Rico as a huge joke, word came to move, and with it definite, clean-cut information regarding what was to be done, how it was to be done, and what was to result when it had been done.

Major-General Brooke, who had landed with his division of the army at Arroyo, forty miles to the east of Ponce, and had skirmished with the enemy while moving toward Guayama to the west of his base, was directed to push on to Cayey, thence to Aibonito. General Wilson was to take this command, with Ponce as a base, along the road leading through Juan Diaz and Coamo, and join with Brooke at Aibonito, and then this combined column was to proceed to Caguas, thence to Rio Piedras, taking the towns of Aguas Buenas and Guaynabo en route, and holding itself in readiness to move to San Juan from the south-

east when word was given. General Henry, with Ponce as a base, was to move to Adjuntas, thence to Utuado, and continue north until Arecibo was reached. General Schwan, with Ponce as a base, was to take the road along the coast, operating through the country marked by Guayanilla, Yauco, San German, Mayaguez and Asquidilla, at the northwestern point of the island; from there he was to march east along the north coast, joining Henry at Arecibo, the two columns to continue to Dorado, thence to Bayamon, six miles from San Juan.

This plan contemplated a movement practically covering all of Puerto Rico,



GEN. BROOKE, COL. RICHARDS, HIS ADJUTANT GENERAL, AND COL. GOETHALS,
OF THE ENGINEER CORPS, RECONNOITERING NEAR GUAYAMA

and the dispositions of the columns were such as to make it possible to outflank the enemy at every point where he appeared in any considerable force. The idea of General Miles was to avoid loss of life wherever possible, and at the same time gradually push the Spaniards into San Juan, which city he intended to invest, capture, and then, having the followers of the royal banner of Castile all together, ship them to Spain for the good of all concerned. Incidentally his movement would enable the Puerto Ricans to observe the manner of soldiers bred in the United States, thus adding to the moral effect of the campaign. This splendid scheme was not consummated, as peace was a reality, and orders came to cease hostilities at a moment when the splendid fighting qualities of our soldiers were being developed and half a dozen towns had been taken under fire.

Before the truce which became perpetual was announced, General Wilson had fought his way to Aibonito, where the Spaniards were strongly intrenched, Schwan was in possession of Mayaguez, Henry well on toward Arecibo, and Brooke in the foothills north of Guayama. The plan of General Miles was proving itself to be a bit of fine generalship. Few men had been lost, and the success of our arms was almost immediate whenever the troops went forward. And while the army was working so well, the navy was doing its full duty. At Cape San



TROOP H, 6TH CAVALRY, GEN. BROOKE'S ESCORT, DISMOUNTED AT THE SPANISH LINES ABOVE GUAYAMA, WITH SPANISH SOLDIER IN THE FOREGROUND

Juan forty "jackies" held the lighthouse against a determined attack on the part of the Spanish, who outnumbered them ten to one. To the fighters by sea is also due credit for the capture of Fajardo.

When peace came Puerto Rico was practically in possession of the American army. When diplomacy finished, more was added, and the Isla de Viques, Isla Culebra and others, smaller but beautiful and inviting, came into the fold. Now the flag of liberty flies over all of these islands so richly endowed by nature as to be of inestimable value, while the possibilities of development are such as to excite the interest of the whole world.

The American nation spoke. The army and navy acted. Puerto Rico is free.

XIV

GENERAL MERRITT AT MANILA

EXTRACTS FROM THE OFFICIAL REPORTS OF GENERALS MERRITT, ANDERSON AND GREENE.

GENERAL MERRITT'S REPORT.

Immediately after my arrival I visited General Greene's camp and made a reconnaissance of the position held by the Spanish, and also the opposing lines of the insurgent forces, hereafter to be described. I found General Greene's



GEN. WESLEY MERRITT

command encamped on a strip of sandy land running parallel to the shore of the bay and not far distant from the beach, but owing to the great difficulties of landing supplies, the greater portion of the force had shelter tents only, and were suffering many discomforts, the camp being situated in a low, flat place, without shelter from the heat of the tropical sun or adequate protection during the terrific downpours of rain so frequent at this season. I was at once struck by the exemplary spirit of patient, even cheerful, endurance shown by the officers and men under such circumstances, and this feeling of admiration for the manner in which the American soldier, volunteer and regular alike, accept the necessary hardships of the work they have undertaken to do, has grown and increased with every phase of the difficult and trying campaign which the troops of the Philippine expedition have brought to such a brilliant and successful conclusion.

I discovered during my visit to General Greene that the left or north flank of his brigade camp extended to a point on the "Calle Real" about 3,200 yards from the outer line of Spanish defenses of the city of Manila. This Spanish line began at the powder magazine, or old fort San Antonio, within a hundred

yards of the beach and just south of the Malate suburb of Manila, and stretched away to the Spanish left in more or less detached works, eastward, through swamps and rice fields, covering all the avenues of approach to the town and encircling the city completely.

The Filipinos, or insurgent forces at war with Spain, had, prior to the arrival of the American land forces, been waging a desultory warfare with the Spaniards for several months, and were at the time of my arrival in considerable force, variously estimated and never accurately ascertained, but probably not far from 12,000 men. These troops, well supplied with small arms, with plenty of ammunition and several field guns, had obtained positions of investment opposite to the Spanish line of detached works throughout their entire extent; and on the particular road called the "Calle Real," passing along the front of General Greene's brigade camp and running through Malate to Manila, the insurgents had established an earthwork or trench within 800 yards of the powder-magazine fort. They also occupied as well the road to the right, leading from the village of Pasay, and the approach by the beach was also in their possession. This anomalous state of affairs, namely, having a line of quasi-hostile native troops between our forces and the Spanish position, was, of course, very objectionable, but it was difficult to deal with, owing to the peculiar condition of our relations with the insurgents, which may be briefly stated as follows:

Shortly after the naval battle of Manila Bay, the principal leader of the insurgents, General Emilio Aguinaldo, came to Cavite from Hongkong, and, with the consent of our naval authorities, began active work in raising troops and pushing the Spaniards in the direction of the city of Manila. Having met with some success, and the natives flocking to his assistance, he proclaimed an independent government of republican form, with himself as president, and at the time of my arrival in the islands the entire edifice of executive and legislative departments and subdivision of territory for administrative purposes had been accomplished, at least on paper, and the Filipinos held military possession of many points in the islands other than those in the vicinity of Manila.

As General Aguinaldo did not visit me on my arrival nor offer his services as a subordinate military leader, and as my instructions from the President fully contemplated the occupation of the islands by the American land forces, and stated that "the powers of the military occupant are absolute and supreme and immediately operate upon the political condition of the inhabitants," I did not consider it wise to hold any direct communication with the insurgent leader until I should be in possession of the city of Manila, especially as I would not until then be in a position to issue a proclamation and enforce my authority, in the event that his pretensions should clash with my designs.

For these reasons the preparations for the attack on the city were pressed and military operations conducted without reference to the situation of the insurgent forces. The wisdom of this course was subsequently fully established by the fact that when the troops of my command carried the Spanish intrenchments, extending from the sea to the Pasay road on the extreme Spanish right, we were under no obligations, by prearranged plans of mutual attack, to turn

to the right and clear the front still held against the insurgents, but were able to move forward at once and occupy the city and suburbs.

To return to the situation of General Greene's brigade as I found it on my arrival, it will be seen that the difficulty in gaining an avenue of approach to the Spanish line lay in the fact of my disinclination to ask General Aguinaldo to withdraw from the beach and the "Calle Real," so that Greene could move forward. This was overcome by instructions to General Greene to arrange, if possible, with the insurgent brigade commander in his immediate vicinity to move to the right and allow the American forces unobstructed control of the roads in their immediate front. No objection was made, and accordingly General Greene's brigade threw forward a heavy outpost line on the "Calle Real" and the beach and constructed a trench, in which a portion of the guns of the Utah batteries was placed.

The Spanish, observing this activity on our part, made a very sharp attack with infantry and artillery on the night of July 31. The behavior of our troops during this night attack was all that could be desired, and I have, in cablegrams to the War Department, taken occasion to commend by name those who deserve special mention for good conduct in the affair. Our position was extended and strengthened after this and resisted successfully repeated night attacks, our forces suffering, however, considerable loss in wounded and killed, while the losses of the enemy, owing to the darkness, could not be ascertained.

The strain of the night fighting and the heavy details for outpost duty made it imperative to reinforce General Greene's troops with General MacArthur's brigade, which had arrived in transports on the 31st of July. The difficulties of this operation can hardly be overestimated. The transports were at anchor off Cavite, five miles from a point on the beach where it was desired to disembark the men. Several squalls, accompanied by floods of rain, raged day after day, and the only way to get the troops and supplies ashore was to load them from the ship's side into native lighters (called "cascos") or small steamboats, move them to a point opposite the camp, and then disembark them through the surf in small boats, or by running the lighters head on to the beach. The landing was finally accomplished, after days of hard work and hardship, and I desire here to express again my admiration for the fortitude and cheerful willingness of the men of all commands engaged in this operation.

Upon the assembly of MacArthur's brigade in support of Greene's, I had about 8,500 men in position to attack, and I deemed the time had come for final action. During the time of the night attacks I had communicated my desire to Admiral Dewey that he would allow his ships to open fire on the right of the Spanish line of intrenchments, believing that such action would stop the night firing and loss of life, but the admiral had declined to order it unless we were in danger of losing our position by the assaults of the Spanish, for the reason that, in his opinion, it would precipitate a general engagement, for which he was not ready. Now, however, the brigade of General MacArthur was in position and the Monterey had arrived, and under date of August 6 Admiral Dewey agreed to my suggestion that we should send a joint letter to the captain-

general notifying him that he should remove from the city all noncombatants within forty-eight hours, and that operations against the defenses of Manila might begin at any time after the expiration of that period.

This letter was sent August 7, and a reply was received the same date, to the effect that the Spanish were without places or refuge for the increased numbers of wounded, sick women and children now lodged within the walls. On the 9th a formal joint demand for the surrender of the city was sent in. This demand was based upon the hopelessness of the struggle on the part of the Spaniards, and that every consideration of humanity demanded that the city should not be subjected to bombardment under such circumstances. The captain-general's reply, of same date, stated that the council of defense had declared that the demand could not be granted, but the captain-general offered to consult his government if we would allow him the time strictly necessary for the communications by way of Hongkong.

This was declined on our part for the reason that it could, in the opinion of the admiral and myself, lead only to a continuance of the situation, with no immediate result favorable to us, and the necessity was apparent and very urgent that decisive action should be taken at once to compel the enemy to give up the town, in order to relieve our troops from the trenches and from the great exposure to unhealthy conditions which were unavoidable in a bivouac during the rainy season. The seacoast batteries in defence of Manila are so situated that it is impossible for ships to engage them without firing into the town, and as the bombardment of a city filled with women and children, sick and wounded, and containing a large amount of neutral property, could only be justified as a last resort, it was agreed between Admiral Dewey and myself that an attempt should be made to carry the extreme right of the Spanish line of intrenchments in front of the positions at that time occupied by our troops, which, with its flank on the seashore, was entirely open to the fire of the navy.

It was not my intention to press the assault at this point, in case the enemy should hold it in strong force, until after the navy had made practical breaches in the works and shaken the troops holding them, which could not be done by the army alone, owing to the absence of siege guns. This is indicated fully in the orders and memorandum of attack hereto appended. It was believed, however, as most desirable, and in accordance with the principles of civilized warfare, that the attempt should be made to drive the enemy out of his intrenchments before resorting to the bombardment of the city.

By orders issued some time previously, MacArthur's and Greene's brigades were organized as the Second Division of the Eighth Army Corps, Brig.-Gen. Thomas M. Anderson commanding, and in anticipation of the attack General Anderson moved his headquarters from Cavite to the brigade camps and assumed direct command in the field. Copies of the written and verbal instructions, referred to above and hereto appended, were given to the division and brigade commanders on the 12th, and all the troops were in position on the 13th at an early hour in the morning.

About 9 a. m. on that day our fleet steamed forward from Cavite and before

another line from the same regiment from the left flank of our earthworks advancing swiftly up the beach in open order. Both these lines found the powder magazine fort and the trenches flanking it deserted, but as they passed over the Spanish works they were met by a sharp fire from a second line situated in the streets of Malate, by which a number of men were killed and wounded, among others the soldier who pulled down the Spanish colors still flying on the fort and raised our own.

The works of the second line soon gave way to the determined advance of Greene's troops, and that officer pushed his brigade rapidly through Malate and over the bridges to occupy Binondo and San Miguel, as contemplated in his instructions. In the meantime the brigade of General MacArthur, advancing simultaneously on the Pasay road, encountered a very sharp fire, coming from the blockhouses, trenches, and woods in his front, positions which it was very difficult to carry, owing to the swampy condition of the ground on both sides of the roads and the heavy undergrowth concealing the enemy. With much gallantry and excellent judgment on the part of the brigade commander and the troops engaged, these difficulties were overcome with a minimum loss, and MacArthur advanced and held the bridges and the town of Malate, as was contemplated in his instructions.

The city of Manila was now in our possession, excepting the walled town, but shortly after the entry of our troops into Malate a white flag was displayed on the walls, whereupon Lieut.-Col. C. A. Whittier, United States Volunteers, of my staff, and Lieutenant Brumby, United States Navy, representing Admiral Dewey, were sent ashore to communicate with the captain-general. I soon personally followed these officers into the town, going at once to the palace of the governor-general, and there, after a conversation with the Spanish authorities, a preliminary agreement of the terms of capitulation was signed by the captain-general and myself. This agreement was subsequently incorporated into the formal terms of capitulation, as arranged by the officers representing the two forces, a copy of which is hereto appended and marked.

Immediately after the surrender the Spanish colors on the sea front were hauled down and the American flag displayed and saluted by the guns of the navy. The Second Oregon Regiment, which had proceeded by sea from Cavite, was disembarked and entered the walled town as a provost guard, and the colonel was directed to receive the Spanish arms and deposit them in places of security. The town was filled with the troops of the enemy driven in from the intrenchments, regiments formed and standing in line in the streets, but the work of disarming proceeded quietly and nothing unpleasant occurred.

In leaving the subject of the operations of the 13th, I desire here to record my appreciation of the admirable manner in which the orders for attack and the plan for occupation of the city were carried out by the troops exactly as contemplated. I submit that for troops to enter under fire a town covering a wide area, to rapidly deploy and guard all principal points in the extensive suburbs, to keep out the insurgent forces pressing for admission, to quietly disarm an army of Spaniards more than equal in numbers to the American troops, and finally

by all this to prevent entirely all rapine, pillage and disorder, and gain entire and complete possession of a city of 300,000 people filled with natives hostile to the European interests, and stirred up by the knowledge that their own people were fighting in the outside trenches, was an act which only the law-abiding, temperate, resolute American soldier, well and skillfully handled by his regimental and brigade commanders, could accomplish.

The amount of public funds, and the numbers of the prisoners of war and small arms taken, have been reported in detail by cable. It will be observed that the trophies of Manila were nearly \$900,000, 13,000 prisoners and 22,000 arms.

Immediately after the surrender my headquarters were established in the ayuntamiento or city office of the governor-general, where steps were at once inaugurated to set up the government of military occupancy. A proclamation was issued and published in all the newspapers of the city in English, Spanish and native dialect, and one of my two very efficient brigade commanders, General MacArthur, was appointed provost marshal general and civil governor of the town, while the other, General Greene, was selected for the duties of intendente general de hacienda, or director of financial affairs, the collectors of customs and internal revenue reporting to him. Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier, United States Volunteers, of my staff, an efficient business man of long experience, was appointed collector of the customs, and a bonded officer, Major Whipple, of the pay department, was announced as custodian of the public funds, to whom all Spanish money derived from any source was to be transmitted for safe keeping and disbursement under orders.

On the 16th a cablegram containing the text of the President's proclamation directing a cessation of hostilities was received by me, and at the same time an order to make the fact known to the Spanish authorities, which was done at once. This resulted in a formal protest from the governor-general in regard to the transfer of public funds then taking place, on the ground that the proclamation was dated prior to the surrender. To this I replied that the status quo in which we were left with the cessation of hostilities was that existing at the time of the receipt by me of the official notice, and that I must insist upon the delivery of the funds. The delivery was made under protest.

After the issue of my proclamation and the establishment of my office as military governor, I had direct written communication with General Aguinaldo on several occasions. He recognized my authority as military governor of the town of Manila and suburbs, and made professions of his willingness to withdraw his troops to a line which I might indicate, but at the same time asking certain favors for himself. The matters in this connection had not been settled at the date of my departure. Doubtless much dissatisfaction is felt by the rank and file of the insurgents that they have not been permitted to enjoy the occupancy of Manila, and there is some ground for trouble with them owing to that fact, but, notwithstanding many rumors to the contrary, I am of the opinion that the leaders will be able to prevent serious disturbances, as they are sufficiently intelligent and educated to know that to antagonize the United States would be to destroy their only chance of future political improvement.

On the 28th instant I received a cablegram directing me to transfer my command to Major-General Otis, United States Volunteers, and to proceed to Paris, France, for conference with the peace commissioners. I embarked on the steamer China on the 30th, in obedience to these instructions.

In view of my short occupancy of the office of military governor (16 days), I shall leave to my successor to report in detail and at length on the many important matters of administration and questions affecting trade and commerce, which, it was not difficult to see, would soon arise.

I may add, however, that great changes for the better have taken place in Manila since the occupancy of the city by the American troops. The streets have been cleaned under the management of General MacArthur, and the police, under Colonel Reeve, Thirteenth Minnesota, were most proficient in preserving order. A stranger to the city might easily imagine that the American forces had been in control for months rather than days.

REPORT OF GENERAL ANDERSON.

The first expeditionary force reached Manila Bay June 30, and the disembarkation of men and material began the next day. Cavite was selected as the landing place and base of operations. Rear-Admiral Dewey gave every possible assistance and favored me with a clear statement of the situation.

On the first day of July I had an interview with the insurgent chief, Aguinaldo, and learned from him that the Spanish forces had withdrawn, driven back by his army, as he claimed, to a line of defense immediately around the city and its suburbs. He estimated the Spanish forces at about 14,000 men, and his own at about the same number. He did not seem pleased at the incoming of our land forces, hoping, as I believe, that he could take the city with his own army, with the co-operation of the American fleet.

Believing that however successful the insurgents may have been in guerrilla warfare against the Spaniards, that they could not carry their lines by assault or reduce the city by siege, and suspecting, further, that a hearty and effective co-operation could not be expected, I had at once a series of reconnaissances made to exactly locate the enemy's lines of defense and to ascertain their strength.

Both outer and inner lines were located and profiles obtained of their walls and parapets.

The results of my investigations led to the conclusion that while siege operations, if necessary, could best be conducted from the east and north, that an assault with the co-operation of the navy could best be made from the south, along the bay and the line of the Cavite-Paranaque-Manila road.

On July 15 one battalion of the First California Volunteers was sent over and encamped on the west shore of Manila Bay, at the hamlet of Tambo, about three miles from the south suburb of Manila, called Malate. This was done to secure this line of advance, if it should meet the approval of the major-general commanding, on his arrival, and also to guard there a depot of transportation, which the chief quartermaster of the expedition was ordered to establish at that point. The two remaining battalions of the California regiment were sent over

from Cavite two days later and the cantonement named Camp Dewey, in honor of the hero of Manila Bay.

The second expeditionary force, under Brig.-Gen. F. V. Greene, arrived here July 17, and the third, under Brig.-Gen. Arthur MacArthur, on July 30. The several military organizations of these expeditions were transferred to Camp Dewey at various dates from July 17 to August 9. This task was at once dangerous and difficult, on account of tropical rains, sudden severe squalls on the bay, and a heavy surf beating on the shore during nearly the whole time the transfers were being made from transports in the harbor and Cavite. The landings of men and material, the latter including camp and garrison equipage, ammunition and subsistence, had to be made from native lighters, called "cascos," and small boats. Not a man was lost, and only a small amount of stores.

While selecting the camp and fixing the location of the several commands in it, I remained at Cavite and gave my personal attention to the landing of the troops and the forwarding of supplies.

As I did not go in person to Camp Dewey until 11 a. m. on the 10th of July, I will not attempt to report the operations in the trenches and the several combats between our troops and the enemy after our occupation, by mutual agreement, of the left section of the insurgents' line, extending from the Pasay road to the beach. These conflicts began on the night of July 31, as soon as the enemy had realized that we had taken the places of the Filipinos and began a system of earthworks to the front of their old line.

It may have been merely coincident, but these attacks and sorties began at the time the captain-general of Manila was relieved by his second in command.

For more than six weeks the insurgents had kept up a bickering infantry fire on the Spanish trenches, firing occasionally some old siege pieces captured by Admiral Dewey at Cavite and given to Aguinaldo. These combats were never serious, and the Spaniards, so far as I know, made no sorties upon them. But there is no doubt of the fact that the Spaniards attacked our lines with force and vindictiveness, until they were informed that the bringing on of a general engagement would lead to a bombardment of the city. After this there was for several days a tacit suspension of hostilities.

On the 9th the foreign war vessels left their anchorage in front of Manila and our own fleet cleared for action. The next morning I went to Camp Dewey, and, finding the adjutant-general there, was told by him that the general commanding wished me to issue a tactical order for a projected attack on the enemy's lines.

I had before studied the ground, but I went over the whole field again with the brigade commanders. Instructions had been received from the major-general commanding to extend our line to the right, if the consent of the insurgents could be obtained to our taking that part of their line fronting the Spanish blockhouse No. 14; but this was not to be attempted if it was likely to bring on a partial engagement before the general assault. The next day, General Aguinaldo's consent having been given that we should replace the gun he had in an advanced position on the Pasay road with one of our own, I issued a tactical

order of battle conforming to the general instructions I had received from the major-general commanding.

I had previously instructed the engineer company to prepare portable bamboo bridges, and had distributed wire cutters, which I had purchased before leaving San Francisco, to pioneer parties to enable them to cut wire entanglements in front of the enemy's works. Half of these wire cutters, with insulated handles, were given to the Colorado regiment, which had been designated to make the attack on the right of the enemy's works, and the other half were sent to General MacArthur. One-half of the engineer company, acting as pioneers, in conformity with the order, operated with each brigade.

The ground in front of General Greene's brigade was comparatively open, and roads were cut through the low bushes and briars quite close up to the enemy's first line by Colonel Hale, of the First Colorado. The night before the attack the wire entanglements were found and cut. This was a very useful and creditable performance.

I had learned from natives, and also from a bold reconnaissance of Major Bell's, that the water in the little stream emptying into the bay at the angle of the Polvorin was very shallow. No very stout resistance was anticipated to an advance of the left of our line if the naval guns silenced the guns of the Polvorin and Malate batteries.

The outlook for General MacArthur's brigade was discouraging. Its advance was hampered and intersected in all directions by swamps and paddy fields; the bush was thick and the enemy's line particularly strong at this point. It was a crenelated line of earthworks, faced with sand bags. Pieces of field artillery were known to be on the line west of blockhouse No. 14. The problem was made difficult, first, from the fact that we could not be sure whether our first attack was to be tentative or serious, this depending on the action of the navy; second, from our orders not to displace the insurgents without their consent from their position to the right of their gun on the Pasay road. This to the very last the insurgent leaders positively refused to give. Yet, if we could not go far enough to the right to silence their field guns and carry that part of their line, they would have a fatal cross fire on troops attacking blockhouse No. 14. I therefore directed General MacArthur to put the three 2.10 inch guns of Battery B, Utah Volunteer Artillery, in the emplacement of the insurgent gun, and to place the Astor Battery behind a high garden wall to the right of the Pasay road, to be held there subject to orders.

I assumed that when the action became hot at this point, as I knew it would be, that the insurgents would voluntarily fall back from their advanced position, and that the Astor Battery and its supports could take position without opposition.

Major-General Merritt came to division headquarters on the 11th. I at once summoned the brigade commanders, and, upon their reporting, we were asked when we would be ready to attack. I replied that the assault could be made the next morning (August 12). But we were informed that the naval bombardment would take place on Saturday, the 13th instant, probably at 10 a. m. I understood from the general commanding that he would be personally present

on the day of battle. I therefore only deemed it necessary to make such tactical disposition as would put my division in the best position for the commanding general's personal directions.

On the morning of the 13th General Babcock came to my headquarters and informed me that the major-general commanding would remain on a dispatch boat, and that he would accompany me and communicate any orders he might receive from his chief.

On the morning of the 13th all parts of the division were in the positions designated in my order, except that the leading battalion of the reserve, instead of taking post 500 yards in rear of the crossroads from the "Calle Real" to Pasay, had taken post in the open field abreast of the crossroad. The other battalions of the reserve moved up proportionately, and thus the whole reserve was under the fire zone, but as neither shells nor bullets fell among them I did not move them back.

Field telegraph stations were established at General MacArthur's headquarters, at the left of the intrenchments of the Second Brigade on the beach, at the reserve near the Pasay road, and near the hospital in the camp.

The fleet opened fire at 9:30 a. m. The first shots fell short, but the range was soon found and then the fire became evidently effective. I at once telegraphed General MacArthur to open on blockhouse No. 14 and begin his attack. At the same time seven of the guns of the Utah batteries opened fire on the enemy's works in front of the Second Brigade, and two guns on the right of this brigade opened an oblique fire toward blockhouse No. 14.

Riding down to the beach, I saw two of our lighter draft vessels approach and open on the Polvorin with rapid-fire guns, and observed at the same time some men of the Second Brigade start up the beach. I ordered the First California, which was the leading regiment of the reserve, to go forward and report to General Greene. Going to the reserve telegraph, I received a message from MacArthur that his fire on the blockhouse was effective, but that he was enfiladed from the right. I knew from this that he wished to push the insurgents aside and put in the Astor Battery. I then authorized him to attack, which he did, and soon after the Twenty-third Infantry and the Thirteenth Minnesota carried the advance line of the enemy in the most gallant manner, the one gun of the Utah Battery and the Astor Battery lending most effective assistance.

In the meantime the Colorado regiment had charged and carried the right of the enemy's line, and the Eighteenth Regular Infantry and the Third Heavy (Regular) Artillery, acting as infantry, had advanced and passed over the enemy's works in their front without opposition. The reserve was ordered forward to follow the Second Brigade and a battery of Hotchkiss guns was directed to follow the Eighteenth Infantry. Going to the telegraph station on the left of our line on the beach, I found the operator starting forward in the rear of the First California, and I moved forward until the instrument was established in the first house in Malate. The first ticking of the sounder informed me that General MacArthur was heavily engaged at a second line of defense near Singalong.

It was evident that the best way to assist him was to press our success on

the left. I therefore directed General Greene to connect, if possible, with General MacArthur by sending a regiment to the right. But the enemy seemed determined for a time to give us a street fight, and the Colorado and California regiments were the only ones available. At this juncture the Eighteenth Infantry and the Hotchkiss Battery appeared to be stopped by a broken pier of a bridge, but the engineer company brought forward a portable bridge, and in a few minutes these organizations pressed forward through the Malata-Ermita redoubts. Soon the men from Nebraska and Wyoming came on shouting, for the white flag could now be seen on the sea front, yet the firing did not cease, and the Spanish soldiers at the front did not seem to be notified of the surrender. In the meantime the reserve had been ordered forward, except one regiment, which was ordered to remain in the Second Brigade trenches. The seven Utah guns were also ordered to the front, one infantry battalion being directed to assist the men of the batteries in hauling the guns by hand.

The field telegraph wires, extending in a wide circuit to the extreme right, for a time gave discouraging reports. The front was contracted, the enemy intrenched, and the timber thick on both sides of the road. Only two regiments could be put on the firing line. The Fourteenth Infantry was brought forward, but could not fire a shot. Under these circumstances I telegraphed MacArthur to countermand and come to Malata by way of Greene's intrenchments and the beach. This was at 1:25 p. m., but soon after I learned that MacArthur was too far committed to retire. The guns of the Astor Battery had been dragged to the front only after the utmost exertions, and were about being put into battery. At the same time I received a telegram stating that the insurgents were threatening to cross the bamboo bridge on our right, and to prevent this and guard our ammunition at Pasay, I ordered an Idaho battalion to that point. It was evidently injudicious under these circumstances to withdraw the First Brigade, so the order was countermanded and a dispatch sent announcing our success on the left.

In answer the report came that Singalong had been carried and that the brigade was advancing on Paco. At this point it was subsequently met by one of my aids and marched down to the Cuartel de Malata by the Calzada de Paca. I had gone in the meantime to the south bridge of the walled city, and, learning that the Second Oregon was within the walls and that Colonel Whittier was in conference with the Spanish commandant, I directed General Greene to proceed at once with his brigade to the north side of the Pasig, retaining only the Wyoming battalion to remain with me to keep up the connection between the two brigades.

A remarkable incident of the day was the experience of Capt. Stephen O'Connor, of the Twenty-third Infantry. With a detachment of fifteen skirmishers he separated from his regiment and brigade at blockhouse No. 14, and, striking a road, probably in rear of the enemy, marched into the city without opposition until he came to the Calle Real in Malata. Along this street he had some unimportant street fighting until he came to the Paseo de la Calzada, where, learning that negotiations were going on for a surrender, he took post at the bridge of the north sally port, and the whole outlying Spanish force south of the Pasig

passed by this small detachment in hurrying in, intramuros. Captain O'Connor deserves recognition for the coolness and bravery displayed in this remarkable adventure.

Our loss in the First Brigade was 3 officers wounded, 4 enlisted men killed, and 35 wounded. The loss in the Second Brigade was 1 enlisted man killed and 5 wounded, making a total of 5 killed and 43 wounded.

The antecedent loss in the trenches was 14 killed and 60 wounded, making a total of 122 casualties in the taking of Manila. This is only part of the price we have paid and are paying for this success, for men are dying daily in our hospitals from disease contracted from exposure in camp and trenches. All hardships and privations have been borne by our soldiers with remarkable patience and cheerfulness.

GENERAL GREENE'S REPORT.

These troops were landed on July 27 and August 4, partly on the beach and partly on the Paranaque River, about one mile in rear. The landing was effected under great difficulties, during a heavy southwest gale, which lasted for nearly two weeks and was accompanied by high surf and downpour of rain. Considerable damage was done to rations and other property, but no lives were lost.

On the morning of July 29, in compliance with verbal instructions received the previous day from the Adjutant-General of the Eighth Army Corps, I occupied the insurgent trenches, from the beach to the Calle Real, with one battalion Eighteenth United States Infantry, one battalion First Colorado Infantry and four guns—two from each of the Utah batteries—these trenches being vacated at my request by the insurgent forces under Brigadier-General Noriel. As these trenches were badly located and insufficient in size and strength, I ordered another line constructed about 100 yards in advance of them, and this work was completed, mainly by the First Colorado, during the night of July 29-30. The length of this line was only 270 yards, and on its right were a few barricades, not continuous, occupied by the insurgents, extending over to the large rice swamp just east of the road from Pasay to Paco (shown on the accompanying map). Facing these was a strong Spanish line, consisting of a stone fort, San Antonio de Abad, near the beach, intrenchments of sand bags and earth about seven feet high and ten feet thick, extending in a curved direction for about 1,200 yards and terminating in a fortified blockhouse, known as No. 14, beyond our right on the Pasay road. It faced our front and enveloped our right flank.

Mounted in and near the stone fort were seven guns in all, viz., three bronze field guns of 3.6 inches caliber, four bronze mountain guns of 3.2 inches caliber, and in the vicinity of blockhouse No. 14 were two steel mountain guns of 3.2 inches caliber. The line was manned throughout its length by infantry, with strong reserves at Malate and at the walled city in its rear.

Shortly before midnight of July 31-August 1 the Spaniards opened a heavy and continuous fire with both artillery and infantry from their entire line. Our trenches were occupied that day by the two battalions of the Tenth Pennsylvania Infantry, one foot battery (H), nearly 200 strong, of the Third Artillery, and four guns, two of Battery A and two of Battery B, Utah Artillery.

All the troops in camp were under arms within fifteen minutes after the firing began. Captain Hobbs, with Battery K, Third Artillery, proceeded to the trenches at once, without waiting for orders.

I then ordered one battalion of the First California Infantry to move forward to the trenches, the second battalion of the same regiment to move forward as far as the crossroad to Pasay, about 1,200 yards in rear of the trenches, the third battalion of the same regiment and the three battalions of the First Colorado Infantry to move forward to a line just out of range of the Spanish infantry fire, and there await orders. The First Nebraska Infantry and the battalion of Eighteenth United States Infantry were held under arms in camp. The Third Artillery and First California met with considerable loss in advancing through the infantry fire in rear of our trenches. Captain Hobbs, of the Third Artillery, was slightly wounded, and Captain Richter, of the First California, mortally wounded. One sergeant was killed and eight men of these two commands were also wounded before reaching the trenches. When they reached there the fire of the Spaniards had practically ceased. Meanwhile the attack had been sustained by the Tenth Pennsylvania Infantry, Battery H of the Third Artillery, and the four guns of the Utah Artillery. For about an hour and a half the firing on both sides, with artillery and infantry, was very heavy and continuous, our expenditure of ammunition being 160 rounds of artillery and about 60,000 rounds of infantry. That of the Spaniards was nearly twice as much.

The heaviest losses were sustained by the second battalion of the Tenth Pennsylvania, under Major Cuthbertson, which was posted on the right of our intrenchments and without cover. Major Cuthbertson reports that the Spaniards left their trenches in force and attempted to turn our right flank, coming within 200 yards of his position. But as the night was intensely dark, with incessant and heavy rain, and as no dead or wounded were found in front of his position at daylight, it is possible that he was mistaken and that the heavy fire to which he was subjected came from the trenches near blockhouse No. 14, beyond his right flank, at a distance of about 700 yards. The Spaniards used smokeless powder, the thickets obscured the flash of their guns, and the sound of a Mauser bullet penetrating a bamboo pole is very similar to the crack of the rifle itself.

As the firing slackened I ordered the First Colorado and the third battalion of the First California to return to camp, and then proceeded to the trenches and remained there till nearly daylight. The firing ceased about 2 a. m., and was renewed for a short period about 9 a. m. The losses of the night were as follows: Killed, 10; wounded, 43.

This attack demonstrated the immediate necessity of extending our intrenchments to the right and, although not covered by my instructions (which were to occupy the trenches from the bay to Calle Real, and to avoid precipitating an engagement), I ordered the First Colorado and one battalion of the First California, which occupied the trenches at 9 a. m., August 1, to extend the line of trenches to the Pasay road. The work was begun by these troops, and continued every day by the troops occupying the trenches in turn, until a strong line was completed by August 12, about 1,200 yards in length, extending from

the bay to the east side of the Pasay road. Its left rested on the bay and its right on an extensive rice swamp, practically impassable. The right flank was refused, because the only way to cross a smaller rice swamp, crossing the line about 700 yards from the beach, was along a crossroad in rear of the general line. As finally completed the works were very strong in profile, being from five to six feet in height and eight to ten feet in thickness at the base, strengthened by bags filled with earth.

The only material available was black soil saturated with water, and without the bags this was washed down and ruined in a day by the heavy and almost incessant rains. The construction of these trenches was constantly interrupted by the enemy's fire. They were occupied by the troops in succession, four battalions being usually sent out for a service of twenty-four hours, and posted with three battalions in the trenches, and one battalion in reserve along the crossroad to Pasay; Cossack posts being sent out from the latter to guard the camp against any possible surprise from the northeast and east. The service in the trenches was of the most arduous character, the rain being almost incessant and the men having no protection against it; they were wet during the entire twenty-four hours, and the mud was so deep that the shoes were ruined and a considerable number of men rendered barefooted. Until the notice of bombardment was given on August 7, any exposure above or behind the trenches promptly brought the enemy's fire, so that the men had to sit in the mud under cover and keep awake, prepared to resist an attack, during the entire tour of twenty-four hours.

After one particular heavy rain a portion of the trench contained two feet of water, in which the men had to remain. It could not be drained, as it was lower than an adjoining rice swamp, in which the water had risen nearly two feet, the rainfall being more than four inches in twenty-four hours. These hardships were all endured by the men of the different regiments in turn, with the finest possible spirit and without a murmur of complaint.

On the night of August 1-2, the trenches were occupied by the First Colorado Infantry. Firing from the Spanish lines began about 10 p. m. and was kept up for more than an hour. It was replied to by the guns of Battery B, Utah Artillery, but in compliance with instructions the infantry made only a slight response. Casualties were one killed and one wounded. A Spanish shell struck one of the guns, carrying away the sight. The Spanish fire again opened at 5 a. m., August 2, and continued half an hour, but was not replied to.

August 2 the trenches were occupied by the First Nebraska and one battalion Eighteenth United States Infantry. Heavy fire was opened by the Spaniards at 9:45 p. m. and continued for three-quarters of an hour. The commanding officer (Colonel Bratt, First Nebraska), being convinced that the Spaniards had left their trenches to attack him, replied vigorously with both artillery and infantry. Casualties, one killed and two wounded.

August 3 and 4 there was no firing, except occasionally between pickets in advance of the trenches.

August 5 the trenches were occupied by five companies Fourteenth United States Infantry and four companies Twenty-third United States Infantry, then

temporarily under my command. The Spaniards opened a heavy fire at 7 o'clock in the evening with both artillery and infantry. The artillery fire ceased at 8 o'clock, but the infantry fire, particularly on our right flank, was kept up until 10 o'clock. Under the impression that the Spaniards had left their trenches to attack us, the fire was vigorously returned by our troops. Casualties, three killed and seven wounded.

August 6 there was no firing except occasionally between pickets.

August 7 the notice of bombardment after forty-eight hours, or sooner if the Spanish fire continued, was served, and after that date not a shot was fired on either side until the assault was made on August 13. It was with great difficulty, and in some cases not without force, that the insurgents were restrained from opening fire and thus drawing the fire of the Spaniards during this period.

Owing to the heavy storm and high surf it was impossible to communicate promptly with the division commander at Cavite, and I received my instructions direct from the major-general commanding, or his staff officers, one of whom visited my camp every day, and I reported direct to him in the same manner. My instructions were to occupy the insurgent trenches near the beach, so as to be in a good position to advance on Manila when ordered, but meanwhile to avoid precipitating an engagement, not to waste ammunition, and (after August 1) not to return the enemy's fire unless convinced that he had left his trenches and was making an attack in force. These instructions were given daily in the most positive terms to the officer commanding in the trenches, and in the main they were faithfully carried out.

More ammunition than necessary was expended on the nights of August 2 and 5, but in both cases the trenches were occupied by troops under fire for the first time, and in the darkness and rain there was ground to believe that the heavy fire indicated a real attack from outside the enemy's trenches. The total expenditure of ammunition on our side in the four engagements was about 150,000 rounds, and by the enemy very much more.

After the attack of July 31-August 1, I communicated by signal with the captain of the United States Steamer Raleigh, anchored about 3,000 yards southwest of my camp, asking if he had received orders in regard to the action of his ship in case of another attack on my troops. He replied:

"Both Admiral Dewey and General Merritt desire to avoid general action at present. If attack too strong for you, we will assist you, and another vessel will come and offer help.

In repeating this message, Lieutenant Tappan, commanding United States Steamer Callao, anchored nearer the beach, sent me a box of blue lights, and it was agreed that if I burned one of these on the beach the Raleigh would at once open fire on the Spanish fort.

On the second and again on the third I reported to General Merritt that I was perfectly confident of being able to hold the trenches against any force that could be brought against them, and that as the losses in sending forward supports were so heavy before they could reach the trenches, I had increased the force posted in them so that they could probably hold them without assistance from

camp. On both days General Merritt replied approving what I had done, but repeating the caution against bringing on an engagement or wasting ammunition in reply to the Spanish fire. On the fourth the Monterey arrived about noon, and as we had then lost nearly sixty men in killed and wounded without being permitted to make a counter attack, I reported to General Merritt requesting that the Monterey be anchored off Fort San Antonio de Abad and that she demolish it the instant the Spanish artillery again opened fire. On the morning of the fifth General Merritt telegraphed for me to meet him at Bakoor, opposite Cavite, and on arriving there I accompanied him to the Newport, and later, at his request, visited Admiral Dewey on the Olympia.

I explained the situation fully to both, viz: That I was perfectly able to hold the trenches against any possible attack, but that nearly every night my men were being killed by Spanish shells or bullets; that my own artillery was not sufficient to silence that of the enemy, but that the larger guns of the navy could destroy their fort in half an hour. I considered it my duty to make known these facts to them. The admiral explained his plans in detail and stated the reasons why he desired to avoid engaging his ships at that time, but said positively that if I burned the blue light any night, the Raleigh would instantly open fire and would be followed by three other ships, all of which were under steam. I reported this to General Merritt and was by him instructed to continue the passive defense in accordance with previous instructions, and not give the signal for the navy unless in imminent danger of being driven out of the trenches, a contingency which I considered most improbable.

On the evening of August 6, Brigadier-General MacArthur, commanding First Brigade, whose troops had been arriving during the last two days, arrived in camp. Our commissions were of the same date, but he was senior to me by length of service, and on the morning of the seventh I reported to him and asked his instructions. In reply he desired me to continue in command of the trenches and the supervision of the landing of troops and stores until the arrival of the division commander, or the establishment of his own headquarters. At 3 p. m. he received a telegram from the division commander directing him to "assume command," which he did. He continued, however, until the arrival of the division commander, to direct the officers commanding his troops detailed for trench duty to report to me for instructions.

On the eighth I accompanied General MacArthur in an examination of the entire line of trenches and the Spanish position as seen from them. He was good enough to approve, in every respect, the selection and construction of the line and the disposition I had made for defending it. On returning from the trenches that afternoon we found General Merritt in camp and he instructed General MacArthur and myself to prepare a plan of attack on the land side of Manila and submit it to him when called upon.

On the ninth the foreign fleet of war vessels which had been anchored in front of Manila withdrew, and was followed by a number of private launches bringing persons and property out of Manila; this in consequence of the forty-eight hours' notice of bombardment which expired at noon of that date.

On August 11 General Merritt was in camp and summoned the two brigade commanders to division headquarters, and notified them that the bombardment would take place on Saturday, August 13, and that it would depend on the result whether it was to be followed by an immediate assault or whether this would be deferred until the insurgent trenches on the right had been secured.

During the twenty-five days that I was at Camp Dewey, daily reconnoissances were made by officers and men of the volunteer regiments under my command, supplemented by Company A of the engineer battalion after it was assigned to me and fairly accurate maps of the country in our front had been prepared. Captain Grove and Lieutenant Means, of the First Colorado, had been particularly active in this work and fearless in penetrating beyond our lines and close to those of the enemy. As the time for attack approached, these officers made a careful examination of the ground between our trenches and Fort San Antonio de Abad, and finally, on August 11, Maj. J. F. Bell, United States Volunteer Engineers, tested the creek in front of this fort and ascertained not only that it was fordable, but the exact width of the ford at the beach, and actually swam in the bay to a point from which he could examine the Spanish line from the rear. With the information thus obtained it was possible to plan the attack intelligently.

The position assigned to my brigade extended from the beach to the small rice swamp, a front of about 700 yards. I placed three additional guns, making seven in all, in the trenches between the beach and the Calle Real. Seven battalions, viz, First Colorado, Eighteenth United States Infantry, and Third United States Artillery, were placed in the trenches, and eight battalions, viz, First California, First Nebraska, and Tenth Pennsylvania, were in reserve. Two navy boat guns, 3-inch caliber, manned by detachments from Batteries A and B, Utah Artillery, were placed on the right, near the swamp, facing the Spanish trenches, near blockhouse 14, at 600 yards. Three Hotchkiss revolving cannon, 1-inch caliber, manned by a detachment of the Third United States Artillery, were with the reserve. The troops were in the trenches at 8 a. m. and the reserve in position at 10 a. m. The day opened with heavy rain, which continued at intervals until nearly noon.

The navy opened fire at 9:30 a. m. and the guns in the trenches at 9:35. The firing was deliberate and careful, and nearly every shot took effect in San Antonio de Abad, which was silenced at the first round and made no response. Only twenty-seven shots were fired in fifty-five minutes. General Babcock, adjutant-general, was present with me in the trenches and brought instructions from General Merritt to advance with infantry as soon as the artillery was silenced, and to make this a demonstration or a real attack according to the amount of resistance encountered. At 10:15 I sent forward the First Battalion of the First Colorado along the beach and in the field on its right, and followed this up with the Second and then the Third Battalion of the same regiment, at distances of about 200 yards. They met a light fire from the woods on their right flank, in rear of the Spanish trenches and in the direction of Cingalon and Paco. They replied to this with volleys and the companies nearest the beach forded the creek, advanced through the water on the beach, turned the right

flank of the trenches, and entered Fort San Antonio de Abad from the rear, hauling down the Spanish flag and hoisting the American flag about 11 a. m. The fort was found empty except two dead and one wounded; four guns were in it, two field pieces of 3.6-inch and two mountain guns of 3.2-inch, from which the breech blocks had been removed.

Seeing the fort captured without resistance, I ordered the Eighteenth United States Infantry to move by the left flank over the trenches and along the road to Manila in column of fours, not anticipating any resistance. As they showed themselves, however, a sharp fire was met from the woods near Cingalon, and the Second Battalion deployed to the right of the road in the formation for attack. Although the enemy could not be accurately located on account of his using smokeless powder, this fire was replied to by volleys, which had the effect of subduing it. The battalion then moved forward by rushes, followed by the First Battalion, until it reached the Spanish trenches, which had been abandoned, leaving three dead. When the Eighteenth United States Infantry advanced, I sent orders to the Third United States Artillery to advance to the front from its position on the right, and their advance was made in the formation for attack at the same time as the Eighteenth United States Infantry. They were subject to the same fire from their right and front near the Cingalon woods, to which they replied, subduing it, and then advancing to the Spanish trenches, which they found deserted.

Just as the advance of the Eighteenth Infantry and Third Artillery began, the commanding officers of the reserve which had been ordered up by the division commander, reported to me, and I directed them to follow by the beach and ordered the artillery to follow on to Manila as soon as they could get the assistance of the infantry to haul their guns. As the bridge near the fort appeared to be broken by artillery fire, I directed the engineer company to carry forward some large trestles and flooring of bamboo which had been prepared the previous day, and this was done under fire.

Having made these dispositions I rode forward rapidly by the beach and through the creek to the fort. A portion of the First Colorado was in the Spanish trenches replying to a fire from a second line of defense running along the road from Malate to Cingalon; the rest of the Colorado regiment and all of the California were in the houses a few hundred yards in our front replying to this same fire from the flank. The engagement here lasted about fifteen minutes before the enemy's fire was subdued, and resulted in the loss of one killed and one wounded in the Colorado regiment.

The First Nebraska and Eighteenth United States Infantry having now come up, I directed them to move forward, the former along the beach and the latter along Calle Real. The Colorado regiment was directed to protect the right flank from any possible attack from Cingalon and Paco. The California regiment was already in advance on Calle Real. In this way the brigade moved through Malate from street to street, meeting a straggling fire from the direction of Paco, but no serious resistance. The United States Steamer Callao, commanded by Lieutenant Tappan, and carrying several machine guns and one 3-inch gun,

kept abreast or slightly in advance of the head of column, and within 200 yards of shore all the way to the walled city, and was always in position to render most valuable assistance had determined resistance been met.

After advancing through Malate and Ermita the open space at the luneta, just south of the walled city, was reached about 1 p. m. A white flag was flying at the southwest bastion, and I rode forward to meet it under a heavy fire from our right and rear on the Paco road. At the bastion I was informed that officers representing General Merritt and Admiral Dewey were on their way ashore to receive the surrender, and I therefore turned east to the Paco road. The firing ceased at this time, and on reaching this road I found nearly 1,000 Spanish troops who had retreated from Santa Ana through Paco, and coming up the Paco road had been firing on our flank. I held the commanding officers, but ordered these troops to march into the walled city. At this point the California regiment a short time before had met some insurgents who had fired at the Spaniards on the walls, and the latter in returning the fire had caused a loss in the California regiment of one killed and two wounded.

My instructions were to march past the walled city on its surrender, cross the bridge, occupy the city on the north side of the Pasig, and protect lives and property there. While the white flag was flying on the walls yet, very sharp firing had just taken place outside, and there were from 5,000 to 6,000 men on the walls, with arms in their hands, only a few yards from us. I did not feel justified in leaving this force in my rear until the surrender was clearly established, and I therefore halted and assembled my force, prepared to force the gates if there was any more firing. The Eighteenth Infantry and First California were sent forward to hold the bridges a few yards ahead, but the Second Battalion, Third Artillery, First Nebraska, Tenth Pennsylvania, and First Colorado were all assembled at this point. While this was being done I received a note from Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier, of General Merritt's staff, written from the Captain-general's office within the walls, asking me to stop the firing outside, as negotiations for surrender were in progress.

I returned within the walls with the messenger and found the late Governor-General Augustin, the Acting Governor-General Jaudenes, Admiral Montojo, Lieutenant Colonel Whittier, and Lieutenant Brumby, of the navy. The Spaniards had drawn up terms of surrender, which Colonel Whittier informed me would probably be accepted by General Merritt, who was now on his way ashore from the Newport. I then returned to the troops outside the walls and sent Captain Birkhimer's battalion of the Third Artillery down the Paco road to prevent any insurgents from entering. Feeling satisfied that there would be no attack from the Spanish troops lining the walls I put the regiments in motion toward the bridges, brushing aside a considerable force of insurgents who had penetrated the city from the direction of Paco, and were in the main street with their flag, expecting to march into the walled city and plant it on the walls. After crossing the bridges the Eighteenth United States Infantry was posted to patrol the principal streets near the bridge, the First California was sent up the Pasig to occupy Quiapo, San Miguel, and Malacanan, and with the First Nebraska I

marched down the river to the captain of the port's office, where I ordered the Spanish flag hauled down and the American flag raised in its place.

The Nebraska regiment was posted in that part of the city occupied by the custom-house and warehouses; the Third Artillery was posted to guard the bridges on the right; the First Colorado to protect the territory near San Sebastian and Sampaloc, on the left of the California regiment, and the Tenth Pennsylvania to occupy Santa Cruz, between the Colorado regiment and the Third Artillery. In this way every bridge and principal street leading into the city on the north side of the Pasig was occupied before dark; the Utah batteries, Hotchkiss guns and engineer company were stationed in the center, near the Hotel de Oriente, where I established my headquarters. The streets were filled with large crowds, but there was no disorder. The shops were all closed. The orders to the troops were to preserve order in the streets, protect all property, and prevent any armed bodies of insurgents from entering the city.

The night passed quietly, the troops for the most part sleeping in the streets. In the morning the Third Artillery, Tenth Pennsylvania, and First Colorado were advanced so as to occupy a line of broad thoroughfares, Paseo de Axcarraga, Calle Nueva, Calle del Gral Izquierdo, Calle de San Bernardo, and Calzade de Iris, extending from the bay on the west to the Pasig River on the east. Accommodation was found for the men in barracks, public offices, or private buildings, substantially in the districts above indicated, where they have since remained.

To recapitulate, this brigade reached Manila Bay July 17, landed, and established camp, July 19-21; was attacked by the Spaniards July 31, August 1, August 2, and August 5; led the advance in the attack and capture of Manila, August 13. Our losses were as follows: Killed, sixteen; wounded, sixty-six.

It is impossible to give any accurate figures of the losses of the Spaniards. Deserters reported that the day after the first attack carts containing over thirty dead passed through the streets of Malate, coming from the trenches. The Manila papers of the same day gave the names of thirty-seven wounded and brought to the hospitals. On the thirteenth we found five dead in the trenches; how many were removed is not known. The Manila newspapers gave the names of forty-three wounded brought to the hospitals. It is probably safe to say that their losses from August 1 to 13 were at least forty killed and one hundred wounded.

XV

PEACE

NEGOTIATIONS FOR PEACE—THE PROTOCOL.

With the beginning of August there came rumors from abroad that Spain was about to sue for peace. The President, however, did not relax his efforts against the enemy. Manila surrendered to General Merritt and Porto Rico was captured by General Miles.

The first official overtures from Spain came through Jules Cambon, the ambassador from the French Republic at Washington. He demanded the terms upon which the United States would allow peace. An ultimatum was then prepared by President McKinley which was forwarded through M. Cambon to the Spanish government. After several days of debate between the two governments, a protocol was finally agreed upon, and hostilities were stopped. The text of the protocol is as follows:

"Protocol of agreement between the United States and Spain, embodying the terms of a basis for the establishment of peace between the two countries, signed at Washington, August 12, 1898. Protocol: William R. Day, Secretary of State of the United States, and his Excellency, Jules Cambon, Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary of the Republic of France at Washington, respectively possessing for this purpose full authority from the government of the United States and the government of Spain, have concluded and signed the following articles, embodying the terms on which the two governments have agreed in respect to the matters hereinafter set forth, having in view the establishment of peace between the two countries—that is to say:

ARTICLE I.

Spain will relinquish all claim of sovereignty over and title to Cuba.

ARTICLE II.

Spain will cede to the United States the Island of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies, and also an island in the Ladrones, to be selected by the United States.

ARTICLE III.

The United States will occupy and hold the City, Bay and Harbor of Manila, pending the conclusion of a treaty of peace, which shall determine the control, disposition and government of the Philippines.

ARTICLE IV.

Spain will immediately evacuate Cuba, Porto Rico, and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies, and to this end each government will, within ten days after the signing of this protocol, appoint commissioners,

and the commissioners so appointed shall, within thirty days after the signing of this protocol, meet at Havana for the purpose of arranging and carrying out the details of the aforesaid evacuation of Cuba and the adjacent Spanish islands; and each government will, within ten days after the signing of this protocol, also appoint other commissioners, who shall, within thirty days after the signing of this protocol, meet at San Juan, Porto Rico, for the purpose of arranging and carrying out the details of the aforesaid evacuation of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies.

ARTICLE V.

The United States and Spain will each appoint not more than five commissioners to treat of peace, and the commissioners so appointed shall meet at Paris not later than October 1, 1898, and proceed to the negotiation and conclusion of a treaty of peace, which treaty shall be subject to ratification according to the respective constitutional forms of the two countries.

ARTICLE VI.

Upon the conclusion and signing of this protocol hostilities between the two countries shall be suspended, and notice to that effect shall be given as soon as possible by each government to the commanders of its military and naval forces.

Done at Washington, in duplicate, in English and in French, by the undersigned, who have hereunto set their hands and seals, the 12th day of August, 1898.

WILLIAM R. DAY.

JULES CAMBON.

The commissioners appointed by the two governments were as follows:

For Spain: Eug. Montero Rios, Gen. R. Cerero, W. Z. de Vi Larrutia, Bonaventura Abarzaza, J. de Garnica.

For the United States: William R. Day, Whitelaw Reid, Senator William P. Frye, Senator George Gray, Senator Cushman K. Davis, Mr. Moore.

For nearly two months the two commissions were in session and the diplomatic struggle was a keen one. It seemed at one time that the sittings might be dragged out indefinitely. The American commissioners, however, gradually and skillfully bound down their adversaries to the real issue. Toward the middle of November it became manifest that the moment had arrived when Spain must decide between accepting the essential conditions of the United States and the resumption of hostilities. At the session the commissioners completed a long, detailed reply to all the Spanish objections. Their arguments were shown to be inadmissible. The different points of law raised by Spain were discussed and disposed of and the Americans finally pointed out that as the negotiations had now lasted over two months it was impossible to prolong the unreasonably strained situation that at any moment might jeopardize anew the peace of the civilized world. They therefore, in diplomatic but unmistakable language, gave Spain the choice between an acceptance of their terms or a fresh appeal to arms.

AMERICAN TERMS.

These terms were, first, the relinquishment of Spanish sovereignty in Cuba; second, the complete and unconditional cession to the United States of Porto Rico, the Island of Guam and the Philippines between latitudes 5 degrees and 20 degrees north and longitudes 115 degrees and 130 degrees east.

This delimitation of the Philippines cannot have an afterthought upon the part of the commissioners, for a careful collation of information from various sources proves that from the very beginning they included the Sulu archipelago in the Philippine group, to which it belongs both geographically and politically, as it has always been governed from Manila—a view amply borne out by the action of Germany and Great Britain some twenty years ago.

Upon the condition that these preliminaries should be accepted, the United States expressed their willingness to discuss amicably the settlement of the various questions which the change of regimes made it desirable to have regulated.

Among these were the purchase of an island in the Carolines, preferably Ualan, the most easterly of the group, for a cable station, the release of political prisoners and the establishment of religious freedom in the Caroline Islands.

AS TO POLITICAL PRISONERS.

With reference to the second point, the release of political prisoners, the United States could not humanely take any other attitude than that of commiseration toward those who have fallen into chains while struggling to throw off the rule of Spain in either Cuba, Porto Rico or the Philippines.

The establishment of genuine religious freedom in the Carolines was intimately concerning the United States. These islands have offered a wide and fertile field for American missionaries. The majority of the natives are Christians, and their conversion is to a preponderating measure the working of the American church. Therefore, in endeavoring a real as opposed to a theoretical religious freedom, the United States commissioners were only assuring their countrymen peaceful enjoyment of the fruits of their labors in the cause of Christianity.

TRADE PRIVILEGES FOR SPAIN.

The commissioners further went on to discuss the treatment to be accorded to Spanish importations to the Philippines. After assuring the Spaniards of a United States open door in those islands, they offered to guarantee during a certain period identically the same commercial privileges to Spain as would be accorded to America, and, indeed, to Europe. This agreement would still be binding upon the United States, even though their policy in this respect might otherwise undergo modification. This term of years is sufficiently long to be worth consideration, while not so extended as to unduly bind the United States. The commissioners, in fact, desired, on the one hand, not to pledge the government here for a definite policy for too definite a period, and, on the other hand, to avoid the accusation of trifling with their adversaries by making a derisive offer of commercial advantage.

The proposition of the United States commission was in brief as follows:
Cession of Porto Rico to the United States.
Evacuation of Cuba.
Cession of the Island of Guam, in the Ladrões.
Cession of the Philippine archipelago to the United States upon the payment of \$20,000,000.
Renunciation of all claims for indemnity.
Religious liberty in the Carolines.
Liberation of all political prisoners.
Restoration of past treaties and commercial relations.
The taking over of the Island of Kusaie, or Ualan, in the Carolines, for a telegraphic and naval station.
Cable station rights at other points in Spain's jurisdiction.
To this ultimatum Spain replied at the session of November 28.

TENOR OF THE REPLY.

The document presenting their acceptance contained only 300 words. It opened with a reference to the final terms of the United States and said that the Spanish commissioners, after having taken cognizance of the terms proposed by the Americans, replied that their government had tried to give as equitable an answer as possible, but that they were not prepared to commit their government to the acceptance of the principles embodied in the American argument. Spain rejects these principles, the note continues, "as she always has rejected them."

Basing her attitude upon the justice of her cause, the note then says she still adheres to those principles "which she has heretofore invariably formulated."

However, the note adds, in her desire for peace she has gone so far as to propose certain compromises which the Americans have always rejected. She has also attempted, it is further asserted, to have submitted to arbitration some of the material particulars upon which the two governments differed. These proposals for arbitration, it is added, the Americans had rejected.

These allegations in Spain's reply as to attempted arbitration refer to her proposal to arbitrate the construction of the third article of the protocol and also to submit the Spanish colonial debt of Cuba and the Philippines to arbitration. The Americans refused both propositions for arbitration.

Spain's reply in substance declares that the United States has offered, as a kind of compensation to Spain, something inadequate to the sacrifices the latter country makes at this moment, and she feels therefore that the United States' proposals cannot be considered just and equitable.

UNABLE TO RESIST.

Spain has, however, exhausted all the resources of diplomacy in an attempt to justify her attitude. Seeing that an acceptance of the proposal made to Spain is a necessary condition to a continuance of negotiations and seeing that the resources of Spain are not such as to enable her to re-enter upon war, she is prepared, in her desire to avoid bloodshed and from considerations of humanity and patriotism,

to submit to the conditions of the conquering nation, however harsh they may be. She is therefore ready to accept the proposals of the American commission as presented at the last sitting.

Not a word is said about the indemnity of \$20,000,000 offered by the United States, this being tacitly accepted by Spain as part and parcel of the agreement.

So ended the war of three months which deposed Spain from the Western hemisphere and gave to the United States a territory nearly 200,000 square miles.

SUMMARY OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR OF 1898.

FEB. 15—Battle ship *Maine* blown up in Havana harbor.

APRIL 20—President authorized by congress to intervene in Cuba with army and navy.

APRIL 22—Blockading proclamation issued. First gun of the war fired by gunboat *Nashville* in capturing the prize *Buena Ventura*.

APRIL 23—President calls for 125,000 two-year volunteers.

APRIL 25—War with Spain is declared.

APRIL 29—Cervera's fleet sails for Cuba.

MAY 1—Rear Admiral Dewey destroys entire fleet of Admiral Montojo in Manila bay.

MAY 11—Ensign Bagley killed at Cardenas.

MAY 19—Cervera's fleet seeks refuge in Santiago de Cuba bay.

MAY 25—President calls for 75,000 additional volunteers.

JUNE 3—Hobson sinks the *Merrimac* in Santiago harbor and is taken prisoner with seven volunteers who accompanied him.

JUNE 10—Six hundred United States marines landed at Caimanera.

JUNE 13—Camara's fleet sails from Spain.

JUNE 22—Shafter's army lands at Baiquiri and Siboney.

JULY 1—Lawton and Kent and rough riders take San Juan hill, losing 231 men, with 1,364 wounded.

JULY 3—Cervera's fleet destroyed by Sampson's squadron.

JULY 17—Torre surrenders Santiago and eastern portion of Cuba.

JULY 25—General Miles lands in Porto Rico, near Ponce.

JULY 26—Spain proposes peace through French Ambassador Cambon.

JULY 31—Battle of Malate, near Manila.

AUG. 12—Spain and United States sign peace protocol defining terms.

AUG. 25—United States peace commission named.

Nov. 28—Final terms of United States accepted by Spain at Paris.

COST OF WAR TO BOTH NATIONS.

SPANISH LOSES:

Cuba	\$300,000,000
Philippines	450,000,000
Porto Rico	150,000,000
Cost of war	125,000,000
Loss of Commerce	20,000,000
Thirty ships lost	30,000,000
Total	\$1,075,000,000

UNITED STATES LOSES:

Maine	\$ 2,500,000
Cost of war	200,000,000
Indemnity to Spain	20,000,000
Total	\$222,500,000

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED:

The United States—

Killed, about	253
Wounded, about	1,324
Died in camp, about	2,000

These figures do not include the 266 sailors lost on the Maine or the men who died of fever after being mustered out.

Spain—

Killed, about	2,500
Wounded, about	3,000

No official statement of Spain's losses has been made.

The new empire acquired by the American republic in the war with Spain is vast in area, rich in resources and teems with population of many kinds. Of this empire there is one part very important to the United States in many ways. That is the Philippine Islands. Spain surrendered to the United States all her possessions in America and all but an insignificant fraction of her possessions in the East. By this surrender the kingdom has been practically bereft of colonies. And these colonies, with all their tropical wealth and splendor, have been added to the national wealth of the United States, or, to speak more accurately, serve to establish the first colonies of America. The United States are now entering upon a new experiment. Their first experiment was that of a modern republic; their second and last is that of American colonies. If they succeed, as the wise ones think they will, in the last as brilliantly as they have succeeded in the first, there

will be no cause for complaint from any quarter. What follows is a table of important statistics concerning our new possessions (including Cuba, which, so far as Spain is concerned, belong to us as much as to anybody) :

Name—	Area in sq. m.	Population.
Philippine Islands	114,650	7,670,000
Cuba	41,655	1,631,687
Porto Rico	3,670	813,937
Sulu Islands	950	75,000
Caroline Islands	560	36,000
Total	161,485	10,226,624

The revenues of the Philippines for 1895, the last available statistics, are said to have been \$13,579,900; those of Cuba to have been (in 1894) \$24,440,759, and those of Porto Rico for the same year \$5,454,958. Of the Philippines the largest island is Luzon. It is the land on which the City of Manila (nearly 200,000 population) is situated, and is very productive. The chief exports of the Philippines are sugar, hemp, leaf tobacco, cigars and copra, and their chief imports are rice, flour, wines, dress, petroleum and coal. There are only 720 miles of telegraph in the islands and seventy miles of railway. The Carolines and Sulu islands are unimportant except for small trade and naval stations. Porto Rico, another of the new absolute possessions of the United States, is a most prosperous country. Its chief products are coffee, sugar, molasses and tobacco. Of Cuba little can be said that is not now known by the people of the United States.

THE END.

